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THE MINIMUM WAGE

BY JOHN BATES CLARK

Of pending measures of economic reform few appeal so strongly to public feeling as does the minimum-wage act, and perhaps none has a better right to appeal to it. If in every large city thousands of persons must continue to work hard and get less than a living, the fact is an indictment of civilization. Labor, as Robertus said, is an 'economic merit' which deserves good and sure returns; and if a competitive system of industry necessarily starves many of its workers, it is time to give to Socialism or some other new plan of living a candid hearing. If the starving is due, not to the basic quality of the existing industrial order, but to a fault which can be remedied, the responsibility for it rests, not on the system as such, but on all of us, in so far as we can control public action and remove the fault. As citizens let us do our duty, and the evil will shrink and perhaps vanish.

The situation certainly calls for some action by the state; and the measure which has been adopted in a few cases, and demanded in many more, consists in legally fixing rates below which wages may not go. How effective is law for this purpose? Can wages be raised by the *fiat* of the state? It certainly cannot conjure into existence a fund of new wealth from which the additional wages can be drawn. Ordering mills, shops, mines, farms, and so forth, to produce more than they do would be like ordering the tide to rise. No one intelligently supposes that the government has an Aladdin's lamp with its magical quality raised to the *n*th power, but there are many who think that it has a supply of talismans which would enable workers to conjure modest sums of money out of employers' pockets into their own. Are they right in this opinion? Whoever will support a law which fixes minimum rates of pay needs first to assure himself that the thing can be done, and be done without causing more hardship than it remedies; but it is more emphatically true that whoever will reject such a law should exhaust the power of study and research before concluding that it cannot be done without causing a balance of harm. The proposal makes for itself a vast *prima facie* claim, in that it promises to end untold hardships and wrongs; and it is safe to say that no one at present can be sure enough that it is not workable to justify him in definitively rejecting it. If it were our own lives and comfort which were at stake, we should sift to the bottom any argument that should claim that nothing could be done for them.

Practical tests of the proposed policy

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are now in progress in Australia and New Zealand, in England, and in our own State of Massachusetts, and the results of these trials will be carefully watched; but a few things can be asserted in advance as necessarily true. We can be sure, without further testing, that raising the prices of goods will, in the absence of counteracting influences, reduce sales; and that raising the rate of wages will, of itself and in the absence of any new demand for labor, lessen the number of workers employed. The amount of this lessening of the force will vary with the amount of the raising of the rate of pay, and some of the legal minimum rates actually proposed would throw great numbers of persons into idleness. In some quarters rates are demanded which, if actually secured, would have an effect akin to that of a tornado or a Mexican revolution on the business immediately affected.

Enforcing a minimum wage of ten or twelve dollars a week for working women would cause a grand exodus from many industries; and yet even such rates are supported by plausible arguments. That they ought to be paid is asserted without due regard to the question whether or not they can be paid. They have been pronounced 'necessary for decent living,' and it is invidious for well-to-do persons to say that they are not so. The real issue, however, is whether industry can be made to yield these rates. If the demand that they be made obligatory carries with it a confidence that they will actually be paid without further ado, and that few workers or none will be discharged, the expectation is based on a vague trust in the great returns which the business is supposed to yield, and an undue confidence that these can be utilized for the purpose in view.

Now, first of all, certain basic facts concerning wages need to be realized. The rate that can be paid is limited by the specific productivity of labor. The man A must be worth to his employer what he gets, and so must B, C, and D. The total product of the business as a whole is not the basis of the payment, but the part of that total which is due to the presence of particular individuals; and if any person asks more than his own labor yields, he is virtually asking for a ticket of leave, with permission to return only when his demand is reduced or his product increased. Only when his specific product equals his specific pay can he expect to continue in the employment.

Now, there are several reasons why some workers create more wealth than others. Not only do they vary in personal quality, but their employers vary greatly in their capacity to make the most of their laborers' quality, and one may get five dollars a week and another six dollars or seven dollars from the product of workers who are personally on the same plane of productive power. If we look at an industry as a whole, we often see evidences of large profit. Some employers are clearly rich, and it is easy to infer that the industry in its entirety represents a great income, some of which is ground out of the very lives of the workers. There may be thousands of women employed who, with the hardest labor, barely keep soul and body together; and if some of them, under such pressure, barter virtue for food, the business takes the guise of a devil's traffic, the cruelty of which is enhanced by the gains secured by it.

What we need above all things is discrimination. An entire department of business does not stand condemned because of grave evils in some parts of it. If there is cruelty, we must find it where it exists, rather than conclude that it exists everywhere. The gains of the business as a whole do not afford the needed evidence. Of the employers

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some get large returns, some small ones, and some none; and a certain number are always getting a minus quantity and are on the ragged edge of failure. There is no available way of drawing on the returns of the successful employers to make up a fund to increase the wages paid by the unsuccessful ones. The policy we are discussing does not propose to annul rights of property, and short of doing that we cannot tax the returns of A, B, and C and make over the proceeds to the employees of their rival, D.

In the shops in which they are employed, workers need to produce all that they get in the way of wages, and there are always 'marginal' shops in which they barely do this, since in these the gross returns from the business, over and above what is paid to labor, barely yield enough to make good the wear and tear of machinery, the cost of replacing antiquated appliances, and perhaps interest on borrowed capital. If so, these particular employers are already in a bad way, and a forced increase of wages will send them out of business. If it be a fact, however, that they are already foreordained to fail in any case, it may not do much permanent harm to precipitate the failure. On that point there is not a little to be said, and we must return to it. What is clear at present is that, if we do precipitate a failure, we shall throw laborers for the time being into idleness.

Again, we cannot tax the product of efficient workers and make over the proceeds to the inefficient. Unless the employees A, B, and C are worth to their employer six dollars a week, we cannot make him pay them that amount, even though D, E, and F are worth seven dollars. The employer who is enjoined from paying less than seven to any one will do the assorting which his interest impels him to do and will keep those who are personally worth what he has to pay them.

Finally, we cannot make an employer pay to a force that in mere number is large, as high wages *per capita* as he could afford to pay to a smaller force. Here we go a little more deeply into the law of wages. Mere quantity of labor employed in connection with a fixed amount of capital has an effect on its productive power per unit. With one million dollars in capital it is possible to employ nine hundred laborers or one thousand or eleven hundred; but if we make no change in the amount of the capital, the laborers will be worth each a little more when there are only nine hundred of them. The larger force will produce fewer goods per capita than the smaller force, although it produces a larger total output. It would carry us too far afield to prove this particular point; but it is not likely to be denied by many persons who have had practical experience, that crowding mills fuller and fuller of laborers would lessen the importance of each one to his employer, and that depleting the force would increase the importance of each of them. If we compel the owner of a factory to pay more than he can pay to his present force, he will reduce it till he can afford to pay the higher rate to the persons who remain.

For all these reasons, a forcible raising of the rate of wages for workers of the lowest grade will lessen the number employed. Some producers who can barely run their factories at present will drop out of the ranks. Some of the workers who produce barely enough to hold their places even under successful employers will drop out. Some establishments that can afford to keep a large number of workers at a certain rate of pay will find it for their interest to keep a somewhat smaller number when the rate is made higher. How

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great the effect of any one of these influences will be, no one can predict with confidence, and it will require not a little experience to take this problem out of the realm of crude guesses; but what can be asserted with entire confidence is that the higher the obligatory rate of pay, the larger will be the number of persons remanded to idleness. A twelve-dollar rate would deplete many shops where a six-dollar rate would have relatively little effect in this direction. A rigorous qualitative assorting of employers, a similar assorting of employees, and the survival of the fit in both cases, are the most obvious effects of a law which increases in any considerable degree the wages of a class of laborers.

Now it is perfectly clear that the legitimacy of such a policy depends on the rate of pay that the law requires. A certain low minimum rate may be clearly and wholly legitimate; and moreover, prescribing even this rate may have a very important effect in ruling out some of the hardest practices that now prevail. In the absence of a strong trade union an employer may take advantage of the necessities of an individual employee and secure his or her labor at a rate that is distinctly below what it is worth as measured by the productivity test. This fact affords the clearest justification of the principle of the trade union. Hunger-discipline disqualifies the worker for making a successful bargain, and if the employer were everywhere at liberty to take men for what, under such pressure, they might individually offer to work for, he might get them for very little. If when they became better fed they should demand more, he might conceivably turn them off and replace them by others whom the discipline of starvation would by that time have made amenable to such treatment. A process of rotation, whereby the working force should often be recruited from the ranks of necessitous men and women, might reduce the general level of pay below that which the test of actual productivity would yield.

Trade unions go far toward removing this evil, and in the absence of such unions the law might remove it. If it should place the rate of wages at the level fixed by the productive power of the individual workers, it might not cause many to be discharged and it might raise the rate of pay for a larger number. It would thus change for the better what passes for the 'market rate of wages,' provided that this market rate has been reduced by starving the candidates for employment; and yet it might not change the legitimate market rate, as determined by the productive power of the laborer himself.

Suppose, however, that the law goes much further: suppose it fixes a minimum rate which is distinctly more than many workers are worth. It is self-evident that some will be discharged, and that they cannot be reëmployed in the ordinary way unless they manage to acquire a greater productive power. Till they can do this they must wait for employment, and, under a law that calls for double the amount they have heretofore been receiving, there is a good chance that they may wait until the end of their lives. Only such a drastic cutting down of the working force as should create a labor famine would raise the minimum of pay from five dollars a week to ten or twelve, as has sometimes been demanded. Even though the discharged workers could make themselves personally as competent as other members of the force, they could not be reëmployed, since that would put an end to the scarcity of labor and, by mere increase of supply, reduce the value of the individual laborer to his employer. Between the

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conservative policy, which estimates as best it can the productive power of labor in ill-paid occupations and prescribes a corresponding amount as the minimum of pay, and the radical policy which boldly demands whatever labor needs for a life of modest comfort, there are various gradations of policy, and the guiding principles in choosing between them are: first, that any legal rate above the value of labor to its employer will cause idleness; second, that the amount of the idleness will be greater the higher the rate established; and third, that any idleness created in this way and not relieved by natural causes will give to the workers an unanswerable claim on the state for emergency employment.

But will not the employers give the required pay and pass the tax at once on to the public? Will they not keep as many workers as ever and simply add the amount of the extra wages to the prices of their goods? Would not this make the community stand the cost of rescuing the class that at present has to bear the worst buffets of civilization — a burden which it may properly be asked to accept? It will not do naïvely to assume that producers can add what they please to their prices. They are now getting all that they can get for the amount of goods that they are putting on the market. If they continue to produce as much as they now do, they cannot get higher prices for it. An added cost will not, in itself, help them to get it. If they raise their prices, they will to some extent reduce their sales; and that will cause them to discharge some workers — which is the point we are studying. Raising prices will cause some discharges.

What is probable, even as the result of a more modest legal increase of pay, is as follows. Of the lowest grade of workers some would be promoted to a higher rank and some would be discharged. The output of the business would be reduced, and that would make it possible to raise the prices of its products, and thus pay the legal wages to all the workers remaining in the industry. Discharging some of them is the condition of getting the advance in prices and so retaining the others.

Will automatic changes relieve this evil? In a paper recently read before the Social Science Association, Professor H. R. Seager mentions movements which tend in this direction. The law which ends the 'sweating' of home laborers may give a stimulus to factory labor and select the more capable of the discharged workers for transfer to that sphere. In the course of the transfer some workers may change their residence to better localities than the tenement districts. It is not claimed that these influences will relieve those who are unable to make the transfers, or that they will act promptly enough to give immediate relief to any class.

The transfer from homes to factories and from the poorer factories to the better ones is, indeed, the chief means which, in the future, may be counted on for gradually raising the general level of pay. Many factories are now so efficient as to afford higher wages than home labor and still compete successfully with it. And as time goes on they are destined to become more and more efficient, since it is in them that the influences which make industry progressive or, as the term is, 'dynamic,' operate most effectively. If the discharged workers were in a position to wait for such changes, they might have their recompense for suffering in the interim; but asking them to rely on this is asking that they satisfy the hunger of the present with the bread of the future; and the state that, with its eyes open to what it is doing, puts them in that position, incurs a

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clear obligation to care for them while they are thus helpless.

Mere need and helplessness give citizens a certain valid claim on the state, even though it has done nothing to cause their troubles. Privation that is traceable to social defects makes a more cogent claim. This, in fact, is the basis of the demand for minimum-wage laws, since the ill-paid workers are regarded as victims of social arrangements. Curing the evil, however, by laws that throw any class into idleness is causing suffering by a direct and purposeful act; and this suffering is more intense, though probably less widespread, than that which it cures. If five dollars a week means privation for thousands, nothing per week would mean quick starvation for hundreds; and this might result from too radical a change of the minimum wage. If five dollars a week forces persons into vice, no wages at all would do it more surely and quickly; and here is a further claim upon the state which no one can for a moment question. Emergency relief needs to accompany the minimum-wage law, and effective measures for it must be ready to act the moment the law is passed. It will not do to discharge the workers and then debate the question as to how best to give them work. Moreover, such employment as we furnish should be such as self-respecting persons may properly accept.

The amount of emergency relief which will be needed will vary with the extent of the rise in pay which the law requires. If the statute does nothing more than correct the harsh action of competition and establish a rate corresponding with the existing productive power of labor, it may be that not more persons will be thrown into idleness than the present agencies of relief can be made to care for. Even that implies some stimulating of these agencies to do more rapid and effective work, and a law which should go far enough to make the required rate materially higher would demand a new and elaborate system of relief. Are we ready to establish it? If not, we are not justified in enacting the law that would require it. Moreover, although we might invent a system or borrow it from a foreign country, the question would arise whether we could introduce it without encountering strong opposition. Emergency employment has never been easy to provide. Keeping prisoners at work has often been difficult, and during a recent period of business depression, committees which met to devise measures of relief for idle workers found every proposal thwarted by some interest, and they ended by doing practically nothing.

Can we avoid this fate and so be justified in causing unemployment by our own action? A benevolent despot might conceivably do it. It looks much as though a democratic government could not do it without devising a system which would depart from all American precedents. The conditions call for something which, besides being very thorough-going, will be free from the objections which organized labor has offered to proposals heretofore made.

The situation, then, is briefly this: Minimum-wage laws are urgently demanded. If they greatly raise the present minimum, they will throw workers out of employment and make it far more difficult than it now is for them to find new places under private employers. Without efficient relief in readiness, the measure would amount to starving some of the workers in order to avoid half-starving the remainder. The relief system will need to be more extensive than any which has ever been undertaken, and will need either to avoid or to overcome the opposition which has defeated efforts of this kind during business depressions.

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What are some of the qualities which the system of emergency employment must have? First, it must provide a living that is at least as good as that which is afforded by the worst wages now offering. Secondly, it must not offer attraction enough to lure workers from private employment. If the positions furnished by the state are better than those furnished by private employers and yielding the new minimum rate, the relief bureau is likely to be swamped by throngs of applicants. Thirdly, it must not make products which would be sold in the market in a way that would afford a basis for the accusation that wards of the state are competing with independent labor and reducing its pay. To meet these three conditions will involve a bold departure from plans which, in America, have thus far been tried.

These conditions point to such an organization of all the idle and needy workers that they can supply their own wants by their own labor and send little or nothing to the market. It would amount to creating a self-contained society, including all for whose living the state provides; and it would be nearly independent of markets in buying and in selling. Its relation to the private merchants would be like that of a New England farm before the Revolution, or a modern baronial estate in a region where feudalism lingers; but it would be more completely independent than they are of commercial traffic. It would make all manner of articles for itself; and if it needed to draw anything from markets of the ordinary kind, it could do it by a bartering process which would not react appreciably on values or on wages.

If the pay of the workers were altogether in kind — if it consisted in food, clothing, shelter where necessary, and a moderate number of articles of comfort — such real wages might be fairly high without making the general attractions of the system great enough to deplete private shops or congest the public ones. It would be a large experiment in governmental production, and it would be of advantage to incorporate into it some industries now going on in prisons and workhouses. It could be made to afford a certain practical test of the capabilities of Socialism, and would at least be a better object-lesson than is elsewhere afforded, since it would consist, not in an agricultural colony selling its own products and buying others from merchants, but in a little community directly making nearly everything it would consume. It would not be politically independent, since laws would be made for it by a state legislature and enforced by state and local policemen; but in economic relations it would be as self-contained as a modern community well can be.

State Socialism challenges a comparison between its results and those of private industry generally. To justify itself it would have to make its workers better off than they now are under successful employers and highly paid trades. Such a community within a community, as is here described, would challenge comparison only with the less successful parts of the present system, and would need only to make its workers better off than the more ill-paid ones now are. It would be a socialistic society reduced to a microcosm, and enjoying the great advantage of having the present state as its guardian. Behind it there would always be a government able to sustain it if its own finances should show a deficit. On the side of profit and loss it would have the disadvantage of having to depend on workers taken from an unsuccessful class, but would enjoy the compensating advantage of having

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capital furnished by the state and free from interest charges.

The chance of securing competent management would be vastly greater than it would be if the whole burden of general industry were to be assumed and the direction of it were to be given to elected officers. The management of the little society could watch private shops and keep pace with them in improving its machinery. If they did not do it, an inference could be drawn as to what progress they would make without these examples to guide and incite them. Something which we greatly wish to know is whether state industry is naturally progressive — whether it has within itself the springs of origination, and will be inventive and enterprising. A microcosm which will picture a collective state will reveal facts that we are profoundly interested in knowing, and throw light on an even larger problem than that of minimum wages. A confident Socialist should welcome it in order that he may see the claims of collective industry justified, and a confident opponent of Socialism should welcome it in order that he may see them refuted; but a candid inquirer should willingly consent to it in order that a vital question may be fairly decided.

There are not wanting several paradoxes and a certain grim humor in the situation that would face us if we should enact a law placing the minimum wage much above the market rate. This would involve some form of radical treatment of the problem of involuntary idleness. The whole policy would be judged largely by its relation to State Socialism. The proposed wage law leads logically to a bold assertion of the duty of the state to furnish employment for a helpless class, which, in this case, is a class made helpless by a still bolder public action. To relieve privation which already exists, the government will intervene by its legal minimum of pay. It will proceed on ethical grounds, and undo an effect of demand and supply. In rescuing workers who are suffering under the influence of an economic law, it will forbid some of them to earn the living which they now get.

In order to undo the harm caused by this prohibition, the state will come to the rescue of its own victims. It will, perhaps, do an unprecedented thing and set up within the field of competitive industry a completely coöperative society. It will recognize, however, that this is an emergency measure, and will hope that no capable workers will long stay in public employment. To justify this hope, and guard against the danger of having greatly to enlarge the public workshops, the sponsors of the policy will resume an orthodox attitude and appeal from the state to a natural economic tendency, which they hope will turn the tide of unplaced labor toward private shops. In doing so they will single out what has been called a particularly cruel feature of a competitive system. They will cherish the hope that factories will grow larger and more efficient by natural selection, and that displaced laborers will later find places in them. We should thus be invited to pin our faith to the crushing of small shops by big ones, and of inefficient employers by efficient ones. It is the process which is now going on against many protests, and which furnishes the ground for sharp denunciation of the system which permits it. We should expect to give it a new impulse and to hope that it will act quickly and sweepingly.

We know that the legal raising of wages to the extent proposed will crush some employers who might have survived, and will hasten the crushing of those who are foredoomed to this fate; but after the state has forced wages

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upward we have to trust to this sacrificing of the less capable, and to the increased growth of the large and successful shops, to provide for the workers whom the new statute displaces. Of the employers who will be driven from the field we are not thinking. We have workers only in view; and we say to the employers something akin to what Dickens makes the lawyer, Tulkinghorn, say to Lady Dedlock: 'The sole consideration in the case is the workers. Under other conditions we should have been pleased to make you a consideration.' Our philanthropy has brought us to a reliance on the crushing of the unfit, and the survival of the fit among the captains of industry. It is, indeed, a sure reliance, though not a favorite one with philanthropists.

Society certainly must secure more and more efficient production, and laborers particularly must have it. The sole hope for future comfort and modest luxury for the working class is dependence on the law of survival of productive methods and efficient managers. This tendency, whose remote effects give promise of translating all labor to a higher level of comfort, affords, by its nearer effects, the best promise of rescuing the workers who lose their places in consequence of the minimum-wage law. The action of it, however, is at best gradual, and we are forced again to appeal to the state and ask it to furnish emergency employment. The state must do this on a scale that will suffice to provide for the number of laborers whom its wage law will displace. If its policy is very conservative — if it only legalizes a rate that a normal market would itself yield — the relief measures may not need to be planned on any radically new lines. If the law itself prescribes no minimum, but creates a commission with power to prescribe it for each particular occupation, there is ground for thinking that this commission may proceed in such a conservative way that its action will displace relatively few persons. If so, the system may do an unexpected amount of good and avoid a grave danger.

To displace many laborers and count on taking them into public employment would be hazardous; but displacing them with no such provision would be an inhumanity outclassing that which critics find in the present condition. As between such a devil and a moderately deep sea of experiments in relief, the latter is preferable, but a wise conservatism will keep clear of perilous depths.

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OUR LOSS OF NERVE

BY AGNES REPPLIER

If any lover of Hogarth will look at the series of pictures which tell the story of the Idle and the Industrious Apprentice, he will feel that while the industrious apprentice fitted admirably into his time and place, the idle apprentice had the misfortune to be born out of date. In what a different spirit would his tragic tale be told to-day, and what different emotions it would awaken. A poor tired boy, who ought to be at school or at play, sleeping for very exhaustion at his loom. A cruel boss daring to strike the worn-out lad. No better playground given him in the scant leisure which Sunday brings than a loathsome graveyard. No healthier sport provided for him than gaming. And, in the end, a lack of living wage forcing him to steal. Unhappy apprentice, to have lived and sinned nearly two centuries too soon! And as if this were not a fate bitter enough for tears, he must needs have contrasted with him at every step an industrious companion, whom that unenlightened age permitted to work as hard as he pleased, even for the benefit of a master, and to build up his own fortunes on the foundation of his own worth. Hogarth's simple conception of personal responsibility and of personal equation is as obsolete as the clumsy looms at which his apprentices sit, and the full-skirted coats they wear.

Yet the softening of the hard old rules, the rigid old standards, has not tended to strengthen the fibre of our race. Nobody supposes that the industrious apprentice had an enjoyable boyhood. As far as we can see, going to church was his sole recreation, as it was probably the principal recreation of his master's daughter, whose hymn-book he shared, and whom he duly married. *Her* home-life doubtless bore a strong resemblance to the home-life of the tumultuous heroine of *Fanny's First Play*, who tells us with a heaving breast that she never knew the joy of existence until she had knocked out a policeman's tooth. Hogarth's young lady would probably have cared little for this form of exercise, even had the London policemen of 1748 been the chivalrous sufferers they are to-day. She is a buxom, demure damsel; and in her, as in the lad by her side, there is a suggestion of reserve power. They are citizens in the making, prepared to accept soberly the restrictions and responsibilities of citizenship, and to follow with relish the star of their own destinies.

And all things considered, what can be better than to make a good job out of a given piece of work? 'That intricate web of normal expectation,' which Mr. Gilbert Murray tells us is the very essence of human society, provides incentives for reasonable men and women, and provides also compensations for courage. What Mr. Murray calls a 'failure of nerve' in Greek philosophy and Greek religion is the relaxing of effort, the letting down of obligation. With the asceticism imposed, or at least induced, by Christianity, 'the sacrifice of one part of human nature to another, that it may live in

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what survives the more completely,' he has but scant and narrow sympathy; but he explains with characteristic clearness that the ideals of Greek citizenship withered and died, because of a weakening of faith in normal human resistance. 'All the last manifestations of Hellenistic religion betray a lack of nerve.'

It is with the best intentions in the world that we Americans are now engaged in letting down the walls of human resistance, in lessening personal obligation; and already the failure of nerve is apparent on every side. We begin our kindly ministrations with the little kindergarten scholar, to whom work is presented as play, and who is expected to absorb the elements of education without conscious effort, and certainly without compulsion. We encourage him to feel that the business of his teacher is to keep him interested in his task, and that he is justified in stopping short as soon as any mental process becomes irksome or difficult. Indeed, I do not know why I permit myself the use of the word 'task,' which by common consent is banished from the vocabulary of school. Professor Gilman said it was a word which should never be spoken by teacher, never heard by pupil, and no doubt a well-disposed public cordially agreed with him.

The firm old belief that the task is a valuable asset in education, that the making of a good job out of a given piece of work is about the highest thing on earth, has lost its hold upon the world. The firm old disbelief in a royal road to learning has vanished long ago. All knowledge, we are told, can be made so attractive — if only we have a very up-to-date teacher — that school-children will absorb it with delight. If they are not absorbing it, the teacher is to blame. Professor Wiener tells us that when his marvelous little son failed to acquire the multiplication tables, he took him away from school, and let him study advanced mathematics. Whereupon the child discovered the tables for himself. Mrs. John Macy, well-known to the community as the friend and instructor of Miss Helen Keller, has informed a listening world that she does not see why a child should study *anything* in which he is not interested. 'It is a waste of energy.'

Naturally, it is hard to convince parents — who have the illusions common to their estate — that while exceptional methods may answer for exceptional cases (little William Pitt, for instance, was trained from early boyhood to be a prime minister), common methods have their value for the rank and file. It is harder still to make them understand that enjoyment cannot with safety be accepted as a determining factor in education, and that the mental and moral discipline which comes of hard and perhaps unwilling study is worth a mine of pleasantly acquired information. It is not, after all, a smattering of chemistry, or an acquaintance with the habits of bees, which will carry our children through life; but a capacity for doing what they do not want to do, if it be a thing which needs to be done. They will have to do many things they do not want to do later on, if their lives are going to be worth the living, and the sooner they learn to stand to their guns, the better for them, and for all those whose welfare will lie in their hands.

The assumption that children should never be coerced into self-control, and never confronted with difficulties, makes for failure of nerve. The assumption that young people should never be burdened with responsibilities, and never, under any stress of circumstances, be deprived of the pleasures which are no longer a privilege, but their

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sacred and inalienable right, makes for failure of nerve. The assumption that married women are justified in abandoning their domestic duties and dawdling about Europe, because they cannot stand the strain of home-life and housekeeping, makes for failure of nerve. The assumption that invalids must yield to invalidism, must isolate themselves from common currents of life, and from strong and stern incentives to recovery, makes for failure of nerve. The assumption that religion should content itself with persuasiveness, and that morality should be sparing in its demands, makes for failure of nerve. The assumption that a denial of civic rights constitutes a release from moral obligations makes for such a shattering failure of nerve that it brings insanity in its wake. And the assumption that poverty justifies prostitution, or exonerates the prostitute, lets down the last walls of human resistance. It is easier to find a royal road to learning than a royal road to self-mastery and self-respect.

A student of Mr. Whistler's once said to him that she did not want to paint in the low tones he recommended; she wanted to keep her colors clear and bright. 'Then,' replied Mr. Whistler, 'you must keep them in your tubes. It is the only way.' If we want bright colors and easy methods we must stay in our tubes, and avoid the inevitable complications of life by careful and consistent uselessness. We may nurse our nerves in comfortable seclusion at home, or we may brace them up in Paris and Nice; it does not matter; we are tube-dwellers under any skies. We may be so dependent on amusements that we never call them anything but duties, or we may be as devout as La Fontaine's rat, which piously retired from the society of other rats into the heart of a Dutch cheese. We may be so rich that the world forgives us, or so poor that the world exonerates us. In each and every case we destroy life at the roots by a denial of its obligations, a fear of its difficulties, an indifference to its common rewards.

The seriousness of our age expresses itself in eloquent demands for gayety. The gospel of cheerfulness, I had almost said the gospel of amusement, is preached by people who lack experience to people who lack vitality. There is a vague impression that the world would be a good world if it were only happy, that it would be happy if it were amused, and that it would be amused if plenty of artificial recreation were provided for its entertainment.

A few years ago an English clergyman made an eloquent appeal to the public, affirming that London's crying need was a score of 'Pleasure-Palaces,' supported by taxpayers, and free as the Roman games. Gladiators being indeed out of date, lions costly, and martyrs very scarce, some milder and simpler form of diversion was to be substituted for the vigorous sports of Rome. Comic songs and acrobats were, in the reverend gentleman's opinion, the appointed agents for the regeneration of the London poor. It is worthy of note that the drama did not occur to him as a bigger and broader pastime. It is worthy of note that the drama is fast losing ground with the proletariat, once its stanch upholders. A very hard-thinking English writer, Mr. J. G. Leigh, sees in the substitution of cheap vaudeville for cheap melodrama an indication of what he calls loss of stamina, and of what Mr. Murray calls loss of nerve. 'When the sturdy melodrama with its foiled villainy and triumphant virtue ceases to allure, and people want in its place the vulgar vapidities of the vaudeville, we may be sure there is a spirit of sluggish impotence in the air.'

To-day the moving pictures present

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the most triumphant form of cheap entertainment. They are good of their kind, and there is a visible effort to make them better; but the 'special features' by which they are accompanied in the ten and fifteen-cent shows, — the shrill songs, the dull jokes, the clumsy clog-dances, — are all of an incredible badness. Compared with them the worst of plays seems good, and the ill-paid actors who storm and sob through *Alone in a Great City*, or *No Wedding Bells for Her*, assume heroic proportions, as ministering to the emotions of the heart.

The question of amusement is one with which all classes are deeply concerned. *Le Monde où l'on s'amuse* is no longer the narrow world of fashion. It has extended its border lines to embrace humanity. It is no longer an exclusively adult world. The pleasures of youth have become something too important for interference, too sacred for denial. Whatever may be happening to parents, whatever their cares and anxieties, the sons and daughters must lose none of the gayeties now held essential to their happiness. They are trained to a selfishness which is foreign to their natures, and which does them grievous wrong. A few years ago I asked an acquaintance about her mother, with whom she lived, and who was, I knew, incurably ill. 'She is no better,' said the lady disconsolately, 'and I must say it is very hard on my children. They cannot have any of their young friends in the house. They cannot entertain. They have been cut off from all social pleasures this winter.'

I said it was a matter of regret, and I forbore to add that the poor invalid would probably have been glad to die a little sooner, had she been given the chance. It was not the mere selfishness of old age which kept her so long about it. Yet neither was my acquaintance the callous creature that she seemed. Left to herself, she would not have begrudged her mother the time to die; but she had been deeply imbued with the conviction that young people in general, and her own children in particular, should never be saddened, or depressed, or asked to assume responsibilities, or be called upon for self-denial. She was preparing them carefully for that failure of nerve which would make them impotent in the emergencies of life.

The desire of the modern philanthropist to provide amusement for the working-classes is based upon the determination of the working-classes to be amused. He is as keen that the poor should have their fill of dancing, as Dickens in his less enlightened age was keen that the poor should have their fill of beer. He knows that it is natural for young men and women to crave diversion, and that it is right for them to have it. What he does not always clearly understand, what Dickens did not always clearly understand, is that to crave either amusement or drink so weakly that we cannot often — very often — conquer our craving, is to be worthless in a work-a-day world.

Miss Jane Addams, in her careful study of the Chicago streets, speaks of the 'pleasure-loving girl who demands that each evening shall bring her some measure of recreation.' Miss Addams admits that such a girl is beset by nightly dangers, but does not appear to think her attitude an unnatural or an unreasonable one. A very capable and intelligent woman who has worked hard for the establishment of decently conducted dance-halls in New York and elsewhere, — dance-halls sorely needed to supplant the vicious places of entertainment where drink and degradation walk hand in hand, — was asked at a meeting last winter whether the girls for whose welfare she was pleading never stayed at home. 'Never,'

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was the firm reply, 'and will you pardon me for saying, Neither do you.' The retort provoked laughter because the young married woman who had put the question probably never did spend a night at home unless she were entertaining. She represented a social extreme, — a combination of health, wealth, beauty, charm and high spirits. But there were scores of girls and women in the audience who spent many nights at home. There are hundreds of girls and women in what are called fashionable circles who spend many nights at home. There are thousands of girls and women in more modest circumstances who spend many nights at home. If this were not the case, our big cities would soon present a spectacle of demoralization. They would be chaotic on the surface, and rotten at the core.

It is claimed that the nervous exhaustion produced by hours of sustained and monotonous labor sends the factory girl into the streets at night. She is too unstrung for rest. That this is in a measure true, no experienced worker will deny, because every experienced worker is familiar with the sensation. Every woman who has toiled for hours, whether with a sewing machine or a typewriter, whether with a needle or a pen, whether in an office or at home, has felt the nervous fatigue which does not crave rest but distraction, which makes her want to 'go.' Every woman worth her salt has overcome this weakness, has mastered this desire. It is probable that many men suffer and struggle in the same fashion. Dr. Johnson certainly did. With inspired directness he speaks of people who are 'afraid to go home and think.' He knew that fear. Many a night it drove him through the London streets till daybreak. He conquered it, conquered the sick nerves so at variance with his sound and righteous principles, and his example is a beacon light to strugglers in the gloom.

Naturally, the working girl knows nothing about Dr. Johnson. Unhappily, she knows little of any beacon light or guide. But, if she be a reasonable human being, she *does* know that to expect every evening to 'bring her some measure of recreation' is an utterly unreasonable demand, and that it can be gratified only at the risk of her physical and moral undoing. She has been taught to read in our public schools; she is provided with countless novels and story-books by our public libraries; the lightest of light literature is at her command. Is this not enough to tide her over a night or two in the week? If her clothes never want mending or renovating, she is unlike any other woman the world has got to show. If there is never any washing, ironing, or housework for her to do, her position is at once unusual and regrettable. If she will not sometimes read, or work, or, because she is tired, go early to bed; if her craving for amusement has reached that acute stage when only the streets, or the moving pictures, or the dance-hall will satisfy it, she has so completely lost nerve that she has no moral stamina left. She may be virtuous, but she is an incapable weakling, and the working man who marries her ruins his life. Such girls swell the army of deserted wives which is the despair of all organized charities.

The sincere effort to regenerate the world by amusing it is to be respected; but it is not the final word of reform. The sincere effort to regenerate the world by a legal regulation of wages is a new version of an old story, — the shifting of personal obligation, the search for somebody's door at which to lay the burden of blame. It is also a denial of human experience, inherited and acquired, and a rejection of the only doctrine which stands for self-

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respect. 'Temptations do not make the man, but they show him for what he is.' Qualities nourished by this stern and sane doctrine die with the withering of belief.

So much well-meant but not harmless nonsense — nonsense is never harmless — has been preached concerning women and their wages, that we are in the predicament of Sydney Smith when Macaulay flooded him with talk. We positively stand 'in the slops.' A professor of economics in an American college offers, out of the innocence of his heart, the following specific — and novel — remedy for existing ills. '*My idea* is that one of the best ways to get an increased remuneration for women is to make them worth it.'

'My idea'! This is what it is to have the scientific mind at work. A perfectly original proposition (what have we been thinking about with our free schools for the past hundred years?), unclogged by detail, unhampered by ways and means. And if we do not see salvation in truisms, if we are daunted by the gap between people who are theorizing and people who are merely living, we can take refuge with the reformers who demand 'increased remuneration for women' whether they are worth it or not; who would make the needs of the worker, and not the quality of the work, the determining factor in wages.

That such a law would swiftly relegate the inefficient to beggary, because, in the final issue, nothing in this world can command more than it is worth, does not seem to trouble its upholders. That to lift from the worker the incentive to work well is to undermine the foundations of character, does not seem to trouble anybody. That to break down the barriers of restraint, to furnish a girl with a plausible excuse for following the line of least resistance, to give her to understand that she is not responsible for her own moral welfare, is to blight the hardy growth of honesty and courage, might trouble us all, if we were in the habit of considering consequences. The choice between poverty and prostitution is not an 'open question.' It is closed, if human reason and human experience can speak authoritatively upon any subject in the world.

The injury done by loose thinking and loose talking is irremediable. When the State Senate Vice Investigating Committee of Illinois permitted and encouraged an expression of what it was pleased to call the 'shop-girl's philosophy,' it sowed the seeds of mischief deep enough to insure a heavy crop of evil. I quote a single episode as it was reported in the newspapers of March 8, — an episode which, if inaccurate in detail, must be correct in substance. A young woman named Emily, who had been in the employ of Sears, Roebuck & Co., was on the stand. She was questioned by Lieutenant Governor O'Hara.

'If a girl were getting $8 a week, and had to support a widowed mother, would you blame that girl if she committed a crime?'

The witness looked up frankly and replied, 'No, I would n't.'

'Would you blame her, if she killed herself?'

'No, I would n't,' came the emphatic reply.

'And would you blame her, if she committed a greater crime?'

The young Lieutenant Governor's meaning was in his embarrassed tones and his heightened color. The girl was the more composed of the two. She paused a moment, and then repeated distinctly, 'No, I would n't.'

The room had been painfully quiet, but at this there was a round of applause, led by the women spectators.

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It was the first general spontaneous outburst of the session. 'Emily' was then dismissed.

Dismissed with the 'round of applause' ringing in her ears, and in her mind the comfortable assurance that her theory of life was a sound one. Also that a warm-hearted public was prepared to exonerate her, should she find a virtuous life too onerous for endurance. Is it likely that this girl, and hundreds of other Emilys, thus encouraged to let down the walls of resistance, can be saved from the hopeless failure of nerve which will relegate them to the ranks of the defeated? Is it likely that the emotional hysteria of the applauding audience, and of hundreds of similar audiences, can be reduced to reason by such sober statistics as those furnished by the Bureau of Social Hygiene in New York, or by the New York State Reformatory for Women at Bedford Hills? Less than three per cent of seven hundred girls examined at the Bedford Hills Reformatory pleaded poverty as a reason of their fall, and, of this three per cent, more than half had been temporarily out of work. On the other hand, twenty per cent were feeble-minded, were mentally incapacitated for self-maintenance, and as much at the mercy of their instincts as so many animals. These are the blameless unfortunates whom vice commissioners seem somewhat disposed to ignore. These are the women who should be protected from themselves, and from whose progeny the public should be protected.

It is evident that triumphant virtue must have strong foundations. Income and recreation are props, but slender ones. Becky Sharp was of the opinion that, given five thousand pounds a year, she could be as respectable as her neighbors; but, in our hearts, we have always doubted Becky. 'Where virtue is well rooted,' said the watchful Saint Theresa, 'provocations matter little.' All results are in proportion to the greatness of the spirit which has nourished them. When Cromwell made the discomforting discovery that 'tapsters and town apprentices' could not stand in battle against the Cavaliers, he said to his cousin, John Hampden, that he must have men of religion to fight with men of honor. He summoned these men of religion, fired them with enthusiasm, hardened them into consistency, and within fourteen years the nations which had mocked learned to fear, and the name of England was 'made terrible' to the world.

For big issues we must have strong incentives and compelling measures. 'Where the religious emotions surge up,' says Mr. Gilbert Murray, 'the moral emotions are not far away.' Perhaps the mighty forces which have winnowed the world for centuries may still prove efficacious. Perhaps the illuminating principles of religion, the uncompromising principles of morality, may do more to stiffen our powers of resistance than lectures on 'Life as a Fine Art,' or papers on 'Eye-Strain and Mental Hygiene.' Perhaps the stable government which insures to the Industrious Apprentice the reward of his own diligence, is more bracing to citizenship than the zealous humanity which protects the Idle Apprentice from the consequences of his own ill-doing.

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THE MAGIC FORMULA

BY L. P. JACKS

I

MANY years ago I had a schoolfellow and a bosom friend whom I knew as Billy, but whose name as it stood in the Register was William Xavier Plosive. Where his family came from, or where they got their outlandish name, I know not. From its rarity I infer that the Plosive family has not multiplied lavishly on the earth. Only twice, since the days of my friendship with Billy, have I encountered that name. There is, or was, a wayside public-house in Devonshire, the landlord of which was a Plosive; it bore the sign of the 'Dog and Ladle,' which the sign-board interpreted by a picture of a large retriever in precipitate flight with a tin-ladle tied to his tail. The other Plosive of my acquaintance kept a shop in a Canadian city; he was a French half-breed, and, as I have heard, a great rascal.

Billy's father was a Roman Catholic; and I infer from the name he bestowed on his son that he had a turn for waggishness of a sort. Plosive senior must have foreseen what would happen. No sooner, of course, was the name William X. Plosive seen on the outside of the poor boy's copy-books than a whisper passed through the whole school, —'Billy Burst.' And that name remained with him to the end. It was more appropriate than its bestowers were aware of.

'*When* did Billy burst?' '*Why* did Billy burst?' 'Will Billy burst again?' and a hundred questions of the like order were asked all day long apropos of nothing. They were shouted in the playground. They were whispered in class. They broke the silence of the dormitory in the dead of night. With them we relieved our pent-up feelings in hours of tedium or of gloom. Introduced *pianissimo*, they profaned the daily half hour devoted to the study of Divinity. Innumerable impositions followed in their train. One morning the Rev. Cyril Puttock, M.A., who 'took' us in Divinity, saw written large on the blackboard in front of him these words: 'What burst Billy?' I spent my next half-holiday in writing out the Beatitudes a hundred times.

Billy and I slept in the same dormitory and our beds were side by side. Both of us were bad sleepers, and many a deep affinity did our souls discover in the silent watches of the night. As a place to observe the workings of telepathy I know of no spot on earth to compare with the dormitory of a boarding-school. The atmosphere of our dormitory was, if I may say so, in a state of chronic telepathic saturation, and the area where the currents ran strongest was in the space between Billy's bed and mine. This is the sort of thing that would go on: —

'Billy, are you awake?'

'Yes; I knew *you* were.'

'Shall we talk?'

'I want to, ever so.'

'I say, we are going to have that beastly pudding for dinner to-morrow.'

'That's just what I want to talk about.'

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'I've got an idea. Billy, I found out yesterday where they cook those puddings. They boil them in the copper of the out-house, and the cook leaves them there while she looks after the rest of the dinner.'

'Ripping!' answered Billy. '*I'll* tell you what we'll do. — Hush! Is old Ginger awake? — All right. Well, we'll sneak into the out-house to-morrow when the cook is n't looking, pinch the puddings out of the copper and chuck 'em in the pond.'

'Why, Billy, that's just what I was going to say to you. But won't we scald ourselves?'

'I've thought of that. We'll get the garden fork and jab it into the puddings. They boil 'em in bags, you know.'

'There's a better way than that. We'll get in before the copper has begun to boil.'

'I had n't thought of that, *but I was just going to*,' said Billy. 'Yes, that's the way.'

Enterprises such as these, however, were episodic, and merely serve to show how great souls, born under the same star, are united not only in the grand trend of their life-directions, but in the minor details of their activity. The seat of our affinities lay deeper. Both Billy and I were persons with an 'end' in life, and breathed in common the atmosphere of great designs. We were like two trees planted side by side on a breezy hill-top. Our roots were in the same soil; our branches swayed to the same rhythm; we heard the same secrets from the whispering winds! We were always on the heights. I cannot remember a single day of our companionship when we were not infatuated about something or other; and I sometimes doubt whether even yet I have outgrown the habit, so deep was its spring in my own nature and so strong the reinforcement it received from the influence of Billy. Sometimes we were infatuated about the same thing; and sometimes each of us struck out an independent line of his own; but always we were the victims of one mania or another.

At the time this history begins the particular mania that afflicted me was the collecting of tramcar tickets. My friends used to save them for me; I begged them from passengers as they alighted from the cars; I picked them up in the street; and I had over seven thousand collected in a box. I thought that when the sum had risen to ten thousand the goal of my existence would be reached; and it may be said that I lived for little else.

Billy's mania was astronomy. He would spend the hours of his playtime lying on his stomach with a map of the stars spread out before him on the floor. Oh, yes, Billy was a great astronomer — in secret. On the very day when he and I were being initiated into the mysteries of Decimals, he whispered to me in class, 'I say, I wonder how people found out the weight of the planets.' He was an absent-minded boy, and many a clout on the head did he receive at this time for paying no attention to what was going on in class. Little did the master know what Billy was thinking of as he stared at the wall before him with his great, dreamy eyes — and not for ten thousand worlds would Billy have told him. He was thinking about the weight of the planets, and the problem lay heavy on his soul; and Billy grew ever more absent-minded, and spent more time on his stomach every day. At last he suddenly waked up and began to get top-marks not only in Arithmetic but in every other subject as well. And later on, when we came to Quadratic Equations and the Higher Geometry, the master was amazed to find that Billy required no teaching at all.

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'What has happened to Billy?' asked somebody; and the answer came, 'Why, of course, Billy has *burst*.'

So he had. Billy had found out how 'they weighed the planets,' and the mass of darkness that oppressed him had been blown away in the explosion. About the same time I burst also. On counting up my tickets I found there were ten thousand of them.

Then came a pause, during which Billy and I wandered about in dry places seeking rest and finding none. Life lost its spring and the world seemed very flat, stale and unprofitable. Conversation flagged, or became provocative of irritable rejoinders. 'I say, what are you going to do with all those tramcar tickets?' asked Billy one day. 'Oh, shut up!' I replied. Shortly afterwards it was my turn. 'Billy, tell me what they mean by "sidereal time."' 'Oh, shut up!' said he.

We were both waiting for the new birth, or the new explosion, utterly unconscious of our condition. But the Powers-that-be were maturing their preparations, and, all being complete, they put the match to the train in the following manner.

The usual exchange of measles and whooping-cough had been going on in our school, and Billy and I being convalescent from the latter complaint, to which we had both succumbed at the same time, were sent out one day to take an airing in the Park. On passing down a certain walk, shaded by planes, we noticed a very old gentleman seated in a bath-chair which had been wheeled under the shadow of one of the trees. He sat in the chair with his head bent forward on his chest, and his wasted hands were spread out on the cover. He seemed an image of decrepitude, a symbol of approaching death. He was absolutely still. A young woman on the bench beside him was reading aloud from a book.

I think it was the immobility of the old man that first arrested our attention. The moment we saw him we stopped dead in our walk and stood, motionless as the figure before us, staring at what we saw. We just stared without thinking, but even at this long distance I can remember a vague emotion that stirred me, as though I had suddenly heard the wings of time beating over my innocent head, or as though a faint scent of death had arisen in the air around; such, I suppose, as horses or dogs may feel when they pass over the spot where a man has been slain.

Suddenly Billy Burst clutched my arm — he had a habit of doing that.

'I say,' he whispered, 'let's go up to him and *ask him to tell us the time*.'

We crept up to the bath-chair like two timid animals, literally snuffing the air as we went. Neither the old man nor his companion had noticed us, and it was not until we had both stopped in front of them, that the reader looked up from her book. The old man was still unaware of our presence.

'If you please,' said Billy, 'would you mind telling us the time?'

At the sound of Billy's voice the old man seemed to wake from a dream. He lifted his head, and his eyes wandered vaguely from side to side unable for the moment to focus the speaker. Then they fell on Billy and his gaze was arrested.

Now Billy was a beautiful person — the very image of his mater. The eyes of the houri were his, the lids slightly elevated at the outer angle; he had the mouth of them that are born to speak good things; and about his brow there played a light which made you dream of high Olympus and of ancestors who had lived with the gods. Yes, there was a star on Billy's forehead; and this star it was that arrested the gaze of the old man.

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A look of indescribable pleasure overspread his withered face. It almost seemed as if, for a moment, youth returned to him; or as if a breath of spring had awakened in the midst of the winter's frost.

'The time, laddie?' said he, 'Why, yes, of course I can give you the time; as much of it as you want. For, don't you see, I'm a very old man — ninety-one last birthday; which I should think is not more than eighty years older than you, my little man. So I've plenty of time to spare. But don't take too much of it, my laddie. It's not good for little chaps like you. Now how much of the time would you like?'

'The *correct* time, if you please, sir,' said Billy, ignoring the quantitative form in which the question had been framed.

So the old gentleman gave us the correct time. When we had passed on, I looked back and saw that he was talking eagerly to his companion and pointing at Billy.

'I'll tell you what,' said Billy as soon as we were out of hearing, 'I've found out something. *It does old gentlemen good to ask them the time.* Let's ask some more.'

So for an hour or more we wandered about looking out for old gentlemen — 'to do them good.' Several whom we met were rejected by Billy on the ground that they were not old enough, and allowed to pass unquestioned. Some three or four came up to the standard, and at each experiment we found that our magic formula worked with wonderful success. It provoked smiles and kind words; it pleased the old gentlemen; it did them good. Old hands were laid on young shoulders; old faces lit up; old watches were pulled out of old pockets. One was a beauty with a long inscription on the gold back of it. And the old gentleman showed us the inscription, which stated that the watch had been presented to him by his supporters for his services to political progress and for the gallant way in which he had fought the election at So-and-so in 1867. Yes, it did the old gentlemen good. But, be it observed, Billy was the spokesman every time.

From that time onward, Billy and I were two magicians, nothing less, infatuated with our magic and devoted to our formula. The star-books were bundled into Billy's play box; the ten thousand tramcar tickets were thrown into the fire.

Never since the world began, thought we, had a more glorious game been invented, never had so important an enterprise been conceived by the wit of man and entrusted to two apostles twelve years old. A world-wide mission to old gentlemen was ours. Never would we have believed there were so many of them. They seemed to spring into existence, to gather themselves from the four quarters of the earth, in order that they might receive the healing touch of our formula. We met them in the street, in the Park, by the river, at the railway station, coming out of church — everywhere. And all were completely in our power. Oh, it was magnificent!

So it went on for three or four weeks. But a shock was in store for us.

At first, as I have said, Billy was the spokesman. But there came a day when it seemed good that some independence of action should be introduced into the partnership. Billy went one way and I another.

Going on alone, I presently espied an old gentleman, of promising antiquity, walking briskly down one of the gravel paths. He was intermittently reading a newspaper. Trotting up behind him, I observed that in the intervals of his reading he would be talking to himself. He would read for half a

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minute and then, whipping the newspaper behind his back, begin to declaim, as though he were making a speech, quickening his pace meanwhile so that I was hard put to it to keep up with him. Indeed I had to run, and was out of breath when, coming up alongside, I popped out my question, 'If you please, sir, what o'clock is it?'

'Go to the devil!' growled the old ruffian. And without pausing even to look at me he strode on, continuing his declamation, of which I happen to remember very distinctly these words: 'I cannot, my Lords, I will not, join in congratulating the government on the disgrace into which they have brought the country.' I recall these words because they resembled something in a speech of Chatham's which I had to learn by heart at school, and I remember wondering whether the old gentleman was trying to learn the same speech and getting it wrong, or whether he was making up something of his own.

Be that as it may, I had received a blow which produced what I must still reckon the bitterest disillusion of my life. Moreover I was personally insulted. As a professional magician I was flouted, and my calling dishonored. And, worst of all, the magic had broken down. For the first time the formula had failed to work — had done the old gentleman *no good*. It cut me to the heart.

I ran about in great distress, seeking Billy, whom finding presently I informed in general terms of what had happened.

'What did you say to the old beast?' asked Billy.

'I said, "If you please, sir, what o'clock is it?"'

'Oh, you ass!' cried Billy. '*Those are the wrong words*. If you'd said, "Would you mind telling me the time?" he'd have gone down like a ninepin. Only cads say "what o'clock." He thought you were a cad! Oh, you idiot! Leave me to do it next time.'

Thus it came to pass that the partnership was resumed on its old basis, with Billy as the predominant member and spokesman of the Firm.

And now we entered on what I still regard as the boldest enterprise of my life. We determined, after long colloquy in the bedroom, to waylay this recalcitrant old gentleman once more, and repeat our question in its proper form, and with Billy as spokesman. Had I been alone, my courage would certainly have failed to carry me through. But with Billy at my side I was never afraid of anything either then or afterwards — O Billy, if only you had been with me — then — and then — and then, if only I had felt your presence when the great waters went over me, if only I could have seen your tilted dreaming eyes when — I would have made a better thing of it, indeed I would. But one was taken and the other left; and I had to fight those battles alone — alone, but not forgetful of you. I did not fight them very well, Billy; and yet not so ill as I should have done had I never known you.

Well, for several days the declaiming gentleman, whom we now knew as 'the old beast,' and never called by any other name, failed to appear. But at last we caught sight of him, striding along and violently whipping his newspaper behind his back, just as before.

On the former occasion, when I was alone, I had operated from the rear, but with Billy in support, I at once proposed that we should attack from the front. So we threw ourselves in his path and marched steadily to meet him. On he came and as he drew near, down went the newspaper, and, as though he were spitting poison, he hissed out from between his teeth a fear-

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ful sentence, of which the last words were: 'the most iniquitous government that has ever betrayed and abused the confidence of a sovereign people' — staring meanwhile straight over our heads.

'If you please, sir,' said Billy in his singing voice, 'would you mind telling us the time?'

'Go to—' But at that moment the gentleman lowered his fierce old eyes and encountered the gaze of Billy, who was standing full in his path.

Have you ever seen a wild beast suddenly grow tame? I have not, but I saw something like it on the occasion of which I speak. Never did a swifter or more astonishing change pass over the countenance of any human being. I really think the old fellow suffered a physical shock, for he stepped back two paces and looked for a moment like one who has been seriously hurt. Then he recovered himself; lowered his spectacles to the tip of his nose; gazed over them, at me for a moment, at Billy for a quarter of a minute, and finally burst out into a hearty laugh.

'Well,' he exclaimed, in the merriest of voices, 'you're a couple of young rascals. What are your names, and how old are you, and what school do you belong to, and who are your fathers?'

We answered his questions in a fairly business-like manner until we came to that about the fathers. Here there was an interlude. For Billy had to explain, in succession, that he had no father, and no mother, and no brothers, and no sisters — indeed no relations at all that he knew of. And there was some emotion at this point.

'Bless my soul,' said the old gentleman, 'that's very sad — very sad indeed. But who pays for your schooling?'

'A friend of my mater's,' said Billy. 'He's very good to me and has me to his house for the holidays.'

'And gives you plenty of pocket-money?'

'Lots,' answered Billy.

The old gentleman ruminated, and there was more emotion.

'Then you are not an unhappy boy?' he said at length.

'Not a bit,' answered Billy.

'Thank God for that! Thank God for that! I should be very sorry to learn you were unhappy. I hope you never will be. You don't look unhappy.'

'I'm not,' repeated Billy.

All this time the old gentleman seemed quite unconscious of my existence. But I was not hurt by that. I was well used to being overlooked when Billy was with me, and never questioned for a moment the justice of the arrangement. But now the old gentleman seemed to recollect himself.

'What was it you asked me just now?' said he.

'We asked if you would mind telling us the time.'

'Ha, just so. Now are you quite sure that what you asked for is what you want? You said "*the* time" not "time." For you must know, my dears, that there's a great difference between "time" and "*the* time."'

Billy and I looked at each other, perplexed and disgusted — perplexed by the subtle distinction just drawn by the old gentleman; disgusted at being addressed as 'my dears.' ('He might as well have given us a kiss while he was about it,' we thought.)

'We want *the* time, if you please,' we said at length.

'What, the whole of it?' said the old gentleman.

'No,' answered Billy, 'we only want the bit of it that's going on now.'

'Which bit is that?' said our venerable friend.

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'That's just what we want to know,' answered Billy.

This fairly floored the old gentleman. 'You'll be a great Parliamentary debater one day, my boy,' he said, 'but the bit of time that's going on now is not an easy thing to catch. My watch can't catch it.'

'Give us the best your watch can do,' answered Billy.

This made the old fellow laugh again. 'Better and better,' said he. 'Well, the best my watch can do is a quarter past twelve. And that reminds me that you two young scamps have made me late for an appointment. Now be good boys, both of you; and don't forget to write every week to your moth — to your friends. And put that in your pockets.' Whereupon he gave each of us half-a-sovereign.

We walked on in silence, not pondering what had happened, for we pondered nothing in those days, but serenely conscious of triumph. A potent secret was in our hands and the world was at our feet.

'It worked,' said Billy at length.

'Rather!' I answered.

'It did him good.'

'Rather!'

'We beat him.'

'Rather!'

Presently we were greeted by the Park-keeper, who was a friend of ours.

'Well, young hopefuls,' he said, 'and who have you been asking the time of to-day?'

We pointed to the old gentleman, whose figure was still visible in the distance.

'Him!' cried the Park-keeper. 'Well, bless your rascal impudence! Do you know who *he* is?'

'No.'

'Why, he's Lord ——.'

The name mentioned was that of a distinguished member of the Cabinet which had recently gone out of office.

Did we quail and cower at the mention of that mighty name? Did we cover ourselves with confusion? Not we.

'I'm awfully glad we asked him,' said Billy as we walked away.

'So am I — I say, Billy, I wish we could meet the Pope. He's jolly old, and I'll bet he's jolly miserable, too.'

'You shut up about his being miserable,' answered Billy, who, as we know, was a Roman Catholic. 'He ain't half as miserable as the Archbishop of Canterbury. I wish we could meet *him!*'

'Or the Emperor of Germany,' I suggested.

'Yes, he'd do. I'd ask him, and you bet he'd tell us. But' — and here Billy's manner became explosive — 'I'll tell you what! *I wish we could meet God!* He's a jolly sight older than the Pope, or the Archbishop of Canterbury, or the Emperor of Germany. I believe he'd like to be asked more than any of them. And I'd ask him like a shot!'

'But *he's* not miserable,' I interposed.

'How do you know he is n't — *sometimes?* It would do him good any how.'

I was getting out of my depth. As a speculator I had none of the boldness which prompted the explosions of Billy, and an instinct of decency suggested a change of conversation.

'What shall we do with those half-sovereigns?' I asked.

'Hush!' said Billy, '*they'll* hear you.'

'Who'll hear me?'

'Never mind who. They're listening, you bet. Never say "half-sovereigns" again.'

'But what are we to do with them?'

'Keep them. Let's put a cross on each of them at once.'

So we took out the coins, and with our penknives we scratched a cross on the cheek of her gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria.

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Both coins are now in my possession. The cross on the cheek of Queen Victoria has worked wonders. It has brought me good luck. In return I have hedged the coins with safeguards both moral and material. When I am gone they will be — But I am anticipating.

And now the fever was in full possession of our souls. I believe we were secretly determined to bring all the old gentlemen in the world under the sway of our formula. We were beneficent magicians. Had we been older, a vast prospect of social regeneration would have opened before us. But all we knew at the time was that we possessed a power for rejuvenating the aged. An ardent missionary fervor burned in our bones; and we were swept along as by a whirlwind. Never was infatuation more complete.

As a preliminary step to the accomplishment of these great designs we resolved to ask ten thousand old gentlemen to tell us the time. Making a calculation we reckoned that, at the normal rate of progress, nine years would be required to complete the task. We were a little disconcerted, and in order to expedite matters, we resolved to include old ladies, and any young persons of either sex who, in our opinion, showed signs of prematurely growing old. This led on to further extensions. We agreed, first, that anyone who looked 'miserable' should have the benefit of our formula; next, that all limitations whatsoever, save one, should be withdrawn, and the formula allowed a universal application. The outstanding limitation was that nobody should be asked the question until he had been previously viewed by Billy, who was a psychologist, and pronounced by him to be 'the right sort.' What constituted the 'right sort' we never succeeded in defining; enough that Billy knew the 'right sort' when he saw it and never made a mistake. We believed that all mankind were divided into two classes, the sheep and the goats; in other words, those who were worthy to be asked the time and those who were not, and Billy was the infallible judge for separating them the one from the other. To ask the question of any person was to seal that person's election and to put upon him the stamp of immortality.

I believed and still believe that many whom we accosted were instantly conscious of a change for the better in their general conditions. Years afterwards I met a man who remembered these things and bore testimony to the good we had done him. 'It so happened,' said he, 'that just before I met you boys, that day, I had been speculating heavily on the Stock Exchange and had had a run of infernal bad luck. But the moment that little chap with the tilted eyes spoke to me I said to myself, "The clouds are breaking." And, by George sir, my luck turned that very day. I walked straight to the telegraph office and sent my broker a wire which netted me a matter of £7000.'

As became a firm of businesslike magicians, Billy and I kept books, duly averaged and balanced, entering in them day by day the names of the persons to whom we had applied the formula. Are the names worthy of being recorded? Perhaps not. But a few specimens will do no harm and may incidentally serve to reveal the scope and catholicity of our operations. One of these books is before me now, and here are a few of the names, culled almost at random from its pages. The reader will observe that in the last group our faculty of invention gave out and we were compelled to plagiarize.

Mr. Smoky, Mr. Shinytopper, Uncle Jellybones, Aunt Ginger, Lady Pepper-

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mint, Bishop Butter, Canon Sweaty, Dirty Boots, Holy Toad, Satan, Old Hurry, Old Bless-my-soul, Old Chronometer, Miss No-watch, Dr. Beard, Lord Splutters, Aurora, Mrs. Proud, Polly Sniggers, Diamond Pin, Cigars, Cuttyperoozle, Jim, Alfred Dear, Mr. Just-engaged, Miss Ditto, Mr. Catch-his-train, Mr. Hot, The Reverend Hum, The Reverend Ha-ha! So-there-you-be, Mrs. Robin, Mr. High-mind, Mr. Love-lust, Mr. Heady.

II

All of a sudden, and in the most unexpected manner, these vast designs of ours contracted their dimensions, or, as one might say, our outlook became focused on a single point. From a world-wide mission to all mankind we narrowed down at a single stroke to a concentrated operation on a special and, I believe, a strictly limited class. But I can tell you that what our mission lost in scope it gained in intensity. You shall hear how all this happened and judge for yourself.

One night Billy and I were lying awake as usual, and the question 'shall we talk?' had been asked and duly answered in the affirmative. We had raised ourselves in bed, leaning toward each other so that our faces were not more than six inches apart.

'Billy,' I whispered, 'I've got a ripping notion — a regular stunner. I'm bursting to tell you.'

'What is it?'

'Put your ear a little closer, Billy, and listen like mad. — Suppose you were to meet a beautiful woman — *what would you do?*'

Quick as thought came the answer — 'I should ask her to tell me the time.'

'Why, that's *exactly* what *I* should do. We'll do it, the very next time we meet one. And, Billy, I'm sure we shall meet one *soon*.'

'So am I.'

Next day, the instant we were freed from school we bolted for the Park, exalted in spirit and full of resolution. A lovely Presence floated on the air above us and accompanied us as we ran. Arrived in the Park we seemed to have reached the threshold of a new world. We stood on a Peak in Darien; and before us there shimmered an enchanted sea lit by the softest of lights and tinted with the fairest of colors. Forces as old as the earth and as young as the dawn were stirring within us; the breath of spring was in our souls, and a vision of living beauty, seen only in the faintest of glimpses, lured us on.

Think not that we lacked discrimination. Not we. 'Let's wait, Billy,' I said, as he made a dart forward at a girl in a white frock, 'till we find one beautiful *enough*. That one won't do. Look at the size of her feet.'

'*Whackers!*' said he, checking himself. And then he made a remark which I have often thought was the strangest thing Billy ever uttered. 'I would n't be surprised,' came the solemn whisper, 'if her feet were made of clay.'

So day by day we ranged the Park, sometimes together, sometimes separate, possessed of one thought only — that of a woman beautiful enough *to be asked the time*. Hundreds of faces — and forms — were examined, sometimes to the surprise of their owners; but the more we examined, the more inexorable, the more difficult to satisfy, became our ideal. At each fresh contact with reality it rose higher, and we were on the point of concluding that the world contained no woman beautiful enough to be asked the time. Never were women stared at with greater innocence of heart, but never were they judged by a more fastidious taste. And yet we had no definable criterion. Of each new specimen examined all we could say was, 'That one won't do.'

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But *why* she would n't do we did n't know. We never disagreed. What would n't do for Billy would n't do for me, and vice versa.

Once we met a charming little girl about our own age, walking all alone. 'That's the one,' cried I. 'Come on, Billy.'

I started forward, Billy close behind. Presently he clutched my jacket. 'Stop!' he said. '*What if she has no watch?*'

The little girl was running away.

'We've frightened her,' said Billy, who was a little gentleman. 'We're two beasts.'

'She heard what you said about the watch,' I answered, 'and thought we wanted to steal it. She had one after all. Billy, we've lost our chance.'

As we went home that day, something gnawed cruelly at our hearts. Things had gone wrong. An ideal world had been on the point of realization, and a stroke of contingency had spoiled it. In another moment 'time' would have been revealed to us by one worthy to make the revelation. But the sudden thought of a watch had ruined all. Once more we had tasted the tragic quality of life.

With ardor damped but not extinguished, we continued the quest day after day. But we were now half-hearted and we became aware of a strange falling-off in the beauty of the ladies who frequented the Park.

'We shall never find her here,' said Billy. 'Let's try the walk down by the river. They are better-looking down there, especially on Sunday afternoon. And I'll bet you most of them have watches.'

The very day on which Billy made this proposal a nasty thing happened to us. We were summoned into the Headmaster's study and informed that complaints had reached him concerning two boys who were in the habit of walking about in the Park and staring in the rudest manner at the young ladies, and making audible remarks about their personal appearance. Were we the culprits? We confessed that we were. What did we mean by it? We were silent: not for a whole Archipelago packed full of buried treasure would we have answered that question. Did we consider it conduct worthy of gentlemen? We said we did not, though as a matter of fact we did. Dark hints of flagitiousness were thrown out, which our innocence wholly failed to comprehend. The foolish man then gave himself away by telling us that whenever we met Miss Overbury's school on their daily promenade we were to walk on the other side of the road.

Billy and I exchanged meaning glances: we knew now who had complained (as though we would ever think of asking *them* to tell us the time!). Finally we were forbidden, under threat of corporal chastisement, to enter the Park under any pretexts or circumstances whatsoever.

'The old spouter does n't know,' said I to Billy as we left the room, 'that we've already made up our minds not to go there again. What a "suck in" for him!'

Necessity having thus combined with choice, the scene of our quest was now definitely shifted to the river-bank, where a broad winding path, with seats at intervals, ran under the willows. Here a new order of beauty seemed to present itself, and our hopes ran high. Several promising candidates presented themselves at once. One, I remember, wore a scarlet feather; another carried a gray muff. The scarlet feather was my fancy; the gray muff Billy's.

I think it was on the occasion of our third visit to the river that the crisis came. We sat down on the bank and held a long consultation. 'Well,' said

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Billy at last, 'I'm willing to ask Scarlet Feather. She's ripping. Her *nose* takes the cake; but, mind you, Gray Muff has the prettier *boots*. And I know Scarlet Feather has a watch — I saw the chain when we passed her just now. But before deciding I'm going to have another look at Gray Muff. She's just round the bend. You wait here — I'll be back in half a second.'

I was left alone, and for some minutes I continued to gaze at the flowing stream in front of me. Suddenly I saw, dancing about on the surface of the water — But doubtless the whole thing was hallucination! My nerves were in high tension at the moment, and in those days I could have dreams without going to sleep.

The dream was interrupted by the sudden return of Billy. He was white as the table-cloth and trembling all over.

'Come on!' he gasped. 'I've found the very one! Quick, quick, or she'll be gone!'

'Is it Gray Muff?' I asked.

'No, no. It's another. The Very One, I tell you. The One we've been looking for.'

'Billy,' I said, 'I've just seen a Good One too. She was dancing about on the water.'

'Oh, rot!' cried Billy. 'Mine's the One! Come on, I say! I'm certain she won't wait. She looked as though she would n't sit still for a single minute.'

'What is she like, Billy?' I asked as we hurried away.

'She's — *oh, she's the exact image of my mater!*' he said.

Billy's mater had died about a year ago. At the age of twelve I had been deeply in love with her, and to this hour her image remains with me as the type of all that is most lovely and commendable in woman. O Billy's mater, will these eyes ever see you again? How glad I am to remember you! I know where you lie buried, but I doubt if there lives another soul who could find your resting-place. I will lay a bunch of lilies on your grave this very night.

Well, we ran with all our might. Scarlet Feather, Gray Muff, and the dancing 'good one' on the surface of the water were clean forgotten as if they had never existed, — or perhaps one of them never did. 'Just like my mater!' Billy kept gasping. 'Hurry up! I tell you she won't wait! She's on the seat watching the water; no, not *that* seat. It's round the next bend but one.'

We turned the bend and came in sight of the seat where Billy had seen what he saw. The seat was empty. We looked round us: not a soul was in sight. We checked our pace and in utter silence, and very slowly, crept up to the empty seat, gazing round us as we walked. Was there ever such a melancholy walk! Oh, what a *Via Dolorosa* we found it! Arrived at the seat, Billy felt it all over with his hands and, finding nothing, flung himself face downwards on the turf and uttered the most lamentable cry I have ever heard.

'I knew she would n't wait,' he moaned. 'Oh, why were n't we quicker! Oh, why did n't I ask her the time the minute I saw her!'

As, shattered and silent, we crawled back to school, continually loitering to gaze at a world that was all hateful, I realized with a feeling of dread and awe that I had become privy to something deep in Billy's soul. And I inwardly resolved that, so far as I could, I would set the matter right, and put friendship on a footing of true equality, by telling Billy the deepest secret of *mine*.

'Billy,' I said, as we lay wakeful in the small hours of the next morning, 'come and stay with us next holidays, *and I will show you something*.'

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'What is it?'

'You wait and see.'

The great adventure was over. It had ended in disaster and tears. Never again did Billy and I ask any human being to tell us the time.

Before I can explain what the 'something' was which I had promised to show Billy, I must briefly digress.

All my life long I have been profoundly interested in the problem of Time. My speculations on this subject began when I was nine years old, and they began in a place most appropriate for such speculations, — to wit, in church.

In the church-tower of the village where I was nurtured there was an ancient and curious clock, said to have been brought from Spain by a former owner of the parish. This clock was worked by an enormous pendulum which hung down, through a slit in the ceiling, into the body of the church, swinging to and fro at the west end of the nave. Its motion was even and beautiful; and the sight of it fascinated me continually through the hours of divine service. To those who were not attentive, the pendulum was inaudible; but if you listened you could detect a gentle tick, tock, between the pauses of the hymns or the parson's voice. 'Let us pray,' said the parson. 'Tick,' whispered the pendulum. 'We beseech Thee — ' cried the clerk, (tick!); — 'to hear us good Lord' (tock!). The clerk had unconsciously fallen into the habit of timing his cadence in the responses to correspond with these whispers of the pendulum. For my part I used to think that this correspondence was the most beautiful arrangement in the universe. I loved the even motion of the pendulum; but I loved the faithful whispers more. To this day I have only to shut my eyes on entering a village church, and sit still for half a minute, and sure enough, stealing through the silence, comes the 'tick, tock' of that ancient pendulum.

Of all the religious instruction I received during the eight or nine years we attended that church I confess I have not the faintest recollection. I cannot remember whether the sermons were good or bad, long or short, high, low, or broad. I know they never wearied me, for I never listened to a word that was said. The pendulum saw to that. There were two parsons in our time. The first I have heard was a very good man, but by no effort of memory can I recall what he was like. The second I do remember, and could draw his face on this sheet of paper, were I to try. I respected and admired him, not, I am sorry to say, for the purity of his life or his faithfulness in preaching the Gospel, but because he had fought and licked our gardener, whom I detested, outside the village Pub. With a little concentration of mind I can reconstruct the scene in church during this parson's tenure of office. I can see the old rascal in the pulpit plodding through his task. I can hear the thud of the hymn-book which my father used to toss into the clerk's pew when he thought the sermon had lasted long enough. Immediately the sermon stops and a great bull-voice roars out, 'Now to God the Father,' etcetera. But all such memories are accessory to the main theme — the restless curve of the swinging disc, and the whispered syllables of Time.

The question that haunted me was this: Did the pendulum stop on reaching the highest point of the ascending arc? Did it pause before beginning the descent? And if it stopped, did *time* stop with it? I answered both questions in the affirmative. Well then, what was a *second?* Did the stoppage at the end of the swing make the second, or was the second made by the

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swing, the movement between the two points of rest? I concluded that it was the stoppage. For, mark you, it *takes* a second for the pendulum to reach the stopping point on either side; therefore there can be no second till that point is reached; the second must *wait* for the stoppage to do the business. I saw no other way of getting *any* seconds. And if no seconds, no minutes; and if no minutes, no hours, no days, and therefore no time at all — which is absurd.

I found great peace in this conclusion; but none the less I continued to support it by collateral reasonings, and by observation. In particular I determined, for reasons of my own, to make a careful survey of the hands of the clock. With this object I borrowed my father's field-glass, and retiring to a convenient point of observation, focused it on the clock-face. Instantly a startling phenomenon sprang into view. I saw that the big hand of the clock, instead of moving evenly as it seemed to do when viewed by the naked eye, was visibly *jerking* on its way, in time with the seconds that were being ticked off by the pendulum inside. By George, the hand was going jerk, jerk! The pendulum and the hand were moving together! Jerk went the hand: then a pause. What's happening now? thought I. Why the pendulum has just ticked and is going to tock. Tock it goes and — there you are! — jerk goes the hand again. 'Why of course,' I said to myself, 'that proves it. The hand *stops*, as well as the pendulum. The evidence of the hand corroborates the evidence of the pendulum. The seconds *must* be the stoppages. They can't be anything else. There's nothing else for them to be. I'll tell Billy Burst this very day! But no, I won't. I'll wait till the holidays and show it him.'

Such was the secret which I resolved to impart to Billy in return for what he had disclosed to me.

Some months after this amazing discovery Billy came down for the holidays. He arrived late in the afternoon and I could hardly restrain my impatience while he was having his tea. Hardly had he swallowed the last mouthful when I had him by the jacket. 'Come on, Billy,' I cried. 'I'm going to show you something' — And we ran together to the church. Arrived there, I placed him in front of the pendulum, which seemed to be swinging that afternoon with an even friendlier motion than usual.

'There!' I said, 'look at him.'

Billy stood spell-bound. Oh, you should have seen his face! You should have seen his eyes slowly moving with their lambent lights as they followed the rhythm of the pendulum from side to side. If Billy was hypnotized by the pendulum, I was hypnotized by Billy. Suddenly he clutched my arm in his wonted way.

'I say,' he whispered, '*it knows us*. Here, old chap' (addressing the pendulum), 'you know us, don't you? You're glad to see us, are n't you?'

'Tick — tock,' said the pendulum.

'Can't he talk — just!' said Billy. 'Look at his eye! He winked at me that time, I'll swear.' And, by the Powers, the very next time the pendulum reached the top of the arc I saw the crumpled metal in the middle of the disc double itself up and wink at *me*, also, plain as plain.

'Billy,' I said, 'if we stare at him much longer we shall both go cracked. Let's go into the churchyard. I've something else to show you.'

So to the churchyard we went, and there, among the mouldering tombstones, I expounded to Billy my new theory as to the nature of Time, reserving the crowning evidence until Billy had grasped the main principle.

'So you see,' I concluded, 'the seconds are the stoppages.'

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'There are n't any stoppages,' said he. 'Pendulums don't stop.'

'How can they go down after coming up unless they stop between?' I asked.

'You wait till you get to the Higher Mathematics.'

'Then where do the seconds come in?'

'They don't *come* in: they *are* in all along.'

'Then,' I said triumphantly, 'look at that clock face. Can't you see how the big hand goes jerk, jerk?'

'Well, what of that?'

'What of that? Why, if the seconds are n't the stoppages, what becomes of time between the jerks?'

'Why,' answered Billy, '*it's plugging ahead all the time.*'

'All *what* time?' I countered, convinced now that I had him in a vicious circle.

'Blockhead!' cried Billy. 'Don't you remember what that old Johnny told us in the Park? There's all the difference in the world between *the* time and *time.*'

'I'll bet you can't tell me what the difference is.'

'Yes, I can. It's the difference between the pendulum and the clock-hand. Look at the jerking old idiot! *That* thing can't talk: *that* thing can't wink; *that* thing does n't know us. Why, you silly, it only does what the pendulum tells it to do. The pendulum *knows* what it's doing. But *that* thing does n't. Here, let's go back into the church and have another talk with the jolly old chap!'

A few years afterwards when Billy, barely twenty-four, had half finished a book which would have made him famous, I handed him an essay by a distinguished philosopher, and requested him to read it. The title was 'On translating time into eternity.' When Billy returned it, I asked him how he had fared. 'Oh,' he answered, 'I translated time into eternity without much difficulty. *But it was plugging ahead all the time.*'

Shortly after this, Billy rejoined his mater — a victim to the same disease. Poor Billy! You brought luck to others; God knows you had little yourself. He died in a hospital, without kith or kin to close his eyes. The nurse who attended him brought me a small purse which she said Billy had very urgently requested her to give me. On opening the purse I found in it a gold coin, marked with a cross. The nurse also told me that shortly before he died Billy sat up suddenly in his bed and, opening his eyes very wide, said in a singing voice, —

'If you please, sir, would you mind telling me the time?'

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THE TRIBULATIONS OF AN AMATEUR BOOK-BUYER

BY JOHN L. HERVEY

ANTOINETTE being naturally somewhat satirical, I have become used to hearing her describe the family as a small body of humanity entirely surrounded by books; but this morning, when she observed at the breakfast table that, 'There are books everywhere in this house except the bathroom and the fire-escape,' I felt obliged to reply with a certain show of firmness, —

'My dear, your statement is incorrect.'

'Indeed?' — with an indescribably ironic rising inflection, of which only the feminine voice is capable. 'And may I ask why?'

'Because, my dear, the fire-escape is not in the house. It is something quite exterior. However,' I went on hurriedly, seeing my chance and boldly resolving to seize it, 'I have been thinking of the fire-escape for some time. It has occurred to me that it could be enclosed at a trifling expense and would in that form afford a good deal of wall-space and shelf-room which I could utilize to advantage, at the same time leaving ample room for egress in case of need.'

The worm turns so seldom in our household that I knew this would have an immense effect upon Antoinette, especially the closing allusion, for she is fond of remarking that in case of fire I would look out for my Japanese vellum *Don Quixote*, with illustrations by Vierge, first, and her afterwards. And I was right. My temerity, so sudden and so extreme, smote her speechless, and in that condition I left her, making a skillful exit to ruminate upon some problems which Mr. George P. Brett, in his admirable article entitled 'Book-Publishing and Its Present Tendencies,' in the April *Atlantic*, failed to take into account.

For Mr. Brett's article, so informed and informing as it is, so authoritative and so carefully considered, is written from the professional standpoint. And so have been all the articles devoted to this subject, and kindred ones, that I recall having seen. Their authors have been either publishers, editors, or writers; the general body of the book-buying public has remained inarticulate, and what, in default of anything better, I may term the 'amateur spirit,' has remained unexpressed. Yet it is a very considerable factor in the equation to be solved, and what it represents deserves, perhaps, some attempt at elucidation.

For the book-buyer, like the book-publisher, like the editor and the writer of books, has his troubles, and one which cannot be avoided is precisely that which gives rise to so many of Antoinette's caustic sallies. I sometimes wonder if the book-publisher of to-day ever really takes into full consideration the question of the space which even a private library of moderate size demands? It is true that pocket editions, flexible covers, and India paper display a tendency to increase and multiply, but thus far they are not more than a drop in the bucket. While, on the other hand, the books which the publishers

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apparently aim at making as large as possible have come to be the rule. In these days, when rooms, apartments, and houses are constantly diminishing in size, particularly in all large centres of population, where the bulk of the book-buyers reside, while rents and taxes are as constantly increasing, the result is inevitable: namely, a forced decrease in the number of books bought, from sheer inability to house them.

The format of a book is something at once artistic and utilitarian, — or properly should be, — and when either of these features is unduly exploited at the expense of the other, the mistake is a palpable one. The number of these mistakes, nevertheless, appears to be legion. Take, for instance, such a representative one as this: —

There have been for some time past in course of publication, in both England and America, the complete works of a celebrated French writer, in an English translation. This writer is above all things what we term an 'intimate' one; with the exception of one excursion into the field of historical biography, his works consist of novels, romances, tales, essays, criticism and *causerie*, all eminently distinguished for the quality to which I have referred. While a man of immense erudition, he carries it so lightly that his words are always winged — there is not a *longueur* or a heavy page to be found in any of his books. Fitness, then, should dictate for the format of the translation something similar. Instead, it is being brought out in a series of large, bulky volumes, in size and appearance resembling formidable works of history or science, and printed upon paper so thick that the amount of space which the books take up is inordinate. I began to buy these volumes as they were first issued, but after I had accumulated a half-dozen or so I was compelled to stop, for I found that one of them which contained but two hundred and forty pages took up nearly half as much space again upon my shelves as a work like George Brandes's critical study of Shakespeare, although the latter contains seven hundred and nine pages, and is well printed upon good paper. I estimate that when the entire set of these volumes is complete it will require at least one and a half sections of any modern sectional book-case. I cannot afford the space, particularly when I am able to house the whole *Comédie Humaine* in less than one section, well printed, tastefully bound and illustrated, while in gross amount of printed matter it far exceeds the works of the other writer.

This is only one typical case, but it is excellently illustrative. From the point of view of the average book-buyer, this set of books is a failure, alike artistically and economically. Despite wide margins, rubricated title-pages, and decorated end-papers, it is not so tasteful as the familiar originals printed in Paris in that format so much more appropriate in size, in shape, and — a very important factor — in price. For the Parisian originals can be obtained in the familiar yellow paper covers for 75 cents per volume, or neatly bound for $1.25; whereas the purchaser of the edition under discussion must pay $1.75, *net*, per volume. I have, however, a stray volume of a translation of one of this author's books, beautifully printed on fine paper, in a format resembling the Parisian original, and bound in full flexible leather, which sells regularly for $1.00, as one of a copyright series of selected novels by French writers. It is a pleasure to read this book, to own it, to handle it; for it gratifies the eye, does not burden the hand, and occupies but a fraction of the space which one of the volumes of the edition referred to requires. As between it at $1.00 and the other at $1.75,

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it is much to be preferred — indeed, from my standpoint, it still would be were the prices reversed.

I have now been buying books, and forming a library, for over thirty years, during which period I have bought books personally in San Francisco, Chicago, New York, Boston, Berlin, and Moscow, while by mail I have acquired them as far afield as Yokohama. I now have something like three thousand volumes of all sorts and conditions, bought direct from the publishers, from middlemen, at regular retail stores, at department stores, at second-hand shops, at auction, from solicitors, and in various other ways. My financial resources have never enabled me to become a 'collector,' and such first editions as I possess are, with few exceptions, books which I purchased on the date of original publication or chanced to pick up unexpectedly without paying fancy prices. I have also been obliged to deny myself, for the most part, such things as 'de luxe' editions, Zaehnsdorf bindings, and elaborately illustrated works devoted to the fine arts; nor have I ever practiced the gentle art of Grangerism.

My one wanton extravagance in these directions has been that Japanese vellum *Don Quixote* with Vierge illustrations, for which, in a moment of madness, I affixed my signature to the contract presented by a solicitor whose seductive and well-chosen words I could not choose but hear, for he had nothing to learn from the songs which the Sirens sang to Ulysses, and I was not subtle enough to seal my ears with wax and have my hands tied behind my back. Of course I had to conceal this transaction from Antoinette as long as possible; but in order to preserve the books from the moth and worm that devour and the smoke and smut that besmudge, after they were delivered, I at length had to bring them home from the office; and then — also of course — I was obliged not only to represent to her that I had bought them on the installment plan, but to lie, deliberately to lie, about the price. Otherwise I should not have dared to bring them home at all. I never flattered myself that Antoinette regarded them, and my representations about them, without suspicion, but, fortunately, that set of books was not widely advertised in the magazines, or I should have been detected and disgraced, and left with nothing to console me but the knowledge that I had made a sublime sacrifice to the benign shade of Cervantes.

In all this time, — the thirty years of which I have spoken, — my tribulations as an amateur book-buyer have arisen, chiefly, from two causes: the question of price, and the question of storage. And while I am not, perhaps, exactly what I have termed myself, an 'average book-buyer,' these questions are, undoubtedly, those which give the average book-buyer the most of his or her troubles. Reduced to its essentials, the problem, alike to the publisher, the distributor, and the purchaser of books, inheres in the fact that as our books are published, distributed, and purchased to-day, they are a luxury instead of a necessity, whereas the exact opposite should be the case. In one of his *Lettres à l'Etrangère*, Balzac announces that, although in the nethermost deeps of financial despair, he has taken a box for the season at the Italian Opera, 'because opera is as necessary to me as bread.' We all ought to look at books in the same manner, and, if I were a legislator, to bring the recalcitrant into line and encourage the habit, I should advocate a statute providing that every person with an income above a certain fixed sum, should be obliged to expend a certain percentage of it annually for books. Many a possessor of such an income might never read any of the

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books that he bought (that attitude of mind being by no means uncommon among the financially elect), but some one else would, and they would get into circulation instead of gathering dust on the booksellers' shelves or having their covers ripped off and going back into the vats of the paper-mills. Along with this I should also advocate some sort of Government inspection of books thus purchased. Not one that in any way interfered with the palladium of our liberties, but one unmerciful to false labels, light weights, bogus bottoms, red gauze, etcetera, promptly confiscating any and everything transgressing the literary pure food laws.

But — even assuming these Utopian impossibilities were possible — what then? Well, the probable result would be little change in the present situation unless many other present methods were altered. For it is a melancholy fact that as a rule the true book-lover, the book-buyer actual or would-be, is not often a person whose income would place him within the provision of the law; while in case he were, that law would, in his case, be unnecessary. You may recall that Erasmus (I made my 'approach' to Erasmus via *The Cloister and the Hearth*, as, O reader, you too may have?) once wrote to one of his friends that when he could get some money (of which he had not at that time a groat) he would first buy some books, and, if any were then left, some clothes. Many of us resemble Erasmus in this respect if in no other; and if we did not we should never have any books. (That Erasmus wrote *The Praise of Folly* is a negligible detail.) I suppose there are large numbers of persons with incomes of as much as $5000 per year, but personally I have not attained that pleasant estate, nor do I indulge any fatuous hopes of ever being able to do so. I have to be content with much less than that, — very considerably less, — and the great majority of my bookish friends are in the same predicament. But let us imagine that the average book-buyer had an income of even $3000 per annum, and that he was able to set aside six per cent of it for the purchase of books (these are Utopian assumptions, as incredible as the building of an air-castle in a vacuum; but once we pass the line of incredibility everything becomes credible, so let us complete the assumption), how far would such a sum carry him in the purchase of such books as he desired? I mean not first or 'de luxe' editions, or other potential impossibilities, but mere current publications of the day? At the present scale of prices it would not, in the expressive vernacular of our Olympic Games, get him to first base. For it is the deplorable fact that the price of the average 'serious' book precludes any other result.

Most of the books which I acquire at first-hand I purchase from what is said to be the largest retail book-store in the United States, and as I have bought books there for years, I have a regular salesman to whom I always look for service. In the course of time we have become good friends, and he often talks over the book-buying question with me. It is his conviction, as expressed frankly to me, that the prices of 'serious' books are, except in occasional instances, prohibitive. 'Seventy-five per cent of my sales are of fiction,' he avers, 'and I have found it impossible to do better with serious works. Many people look them over, and many would like to buy, but when they learn the prices they put them down and go back to the fiction counter, where the average price is something like $1.35, or else they go out without buying at all. There is a small class of works that will sell well, or comparatively well,

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at almost any price, owing either to their subject or their author; but there is no proper gradation even in these respects. And they are all too dear. Quite a good many people will pay as much as $5.00 for a two-volume set of history, biography, science, or the like; but when the price goes up to $6.00, $7.50, $8.00, or more, as is so apt to be the case, only people either wealthy or extravagant can afford them, save as a rarity. I sold quite a number of sets of Wagner's *My Life* at $8.00, for there was wide interest in it; but I could have sold three times as many, I am certain, at $5.00.'

I pointed out a new work, in two bulky volumes, written by a celebrated explorer and describing his latest and greatest achievement, and asked how it was selling. 'Fairly well,' was the response, 'there is certain to be quite a demand for such a thing; but nothing like what you would expect. The author recently visited this city, as you may recall, and lectured upon the explorations described in the book. This lecture, which he repeated several times, was illustrated by colored views and motion pictures, and probably five or six thousand people heard it, perhaps more. The best seats were $1.50 each, I believe. After these lectures a good many people came into the store and inquired for his book, but when they found that the price was $10.00 most of them did not buy, as after they had heard his lecture for $1.50, or less, they thought the price of the work excessive; which, in fact, it is.'

I have before me, as I write, a publisher's announcement of new and recent works of 'travel, adventure, and description,' which he is 'featuring' this season. The total number of items in the list is ninety-six, of which only sixteen are priced at less than $2.00 each, as against eighty ranging in price from $2.00 up to $15.00 each, though in no case does any item include more than two volumes. A brief computation discloses the average net price of the entire ninety-six items to be $3.46. Most of the really desirable ones cost more than that, while those that list at $2.00 or less are, for the most part, either guide-books or works strictly ephemeral.

This is only one publisher's list. There are many others, and they include numerous books, which I ardently desire to buy; but I cannot afford them, save in isolated instances. The prices estop me at every turn; while, in addition, their almost invariably unnecessary bulk acts as a strong second deterrent. As a devout Erasmian I may manage to squeeze out the money to pay for a few of them; but, having bought them, what am I to do with them, with no space left either beneath the bed or in the kitchen cabinet?

It is the contention of Antoinette, which she upholds with rigor, that the number of books published is monstrous and immoderate, and that this is the real cause of all the mischief; she is becoming embittered against all publishers, and their activities she openly denounces. But this phase of the problem has been subtly argued by many massive intellects and I will not attempt to lay any of the ghosts that haunt its hinterland. As a lover of good books, it is difficult for me to argue myself into the opinion that too many of them can be published. Moreover, if the activities of the publishers were to be curtailed, what would become of the 'remainder'?

As all book-buyers probably know, there is growing up a large trade in 'remainders of editions'; and, as many of them are equally well aware, the 'remainder' is oft times much larger than that portion of the edition of which the publishers were able to dis-

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pose in regular course. This practice is becoming so general that many book-buyers — I am one of them — wait before purchasing many books of more than moderate cost, knowing that frequently the 'remainder' will save them many dollars. The trade in this class of works is at present very large, thriving in New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, and elsewhere. Indeed, I know of one broker in a small city of less than 25,000 inhabitants, who handles, in the course of a year, thousands of volumes of this description.

'Remainders' are purchased by all classes of book-buyers, and if I am correctly informed, librarians are coming to lean heavily upon them as an ever-present help in time of dismay caused by the treasurer's report. I have seen it stated, and, I presume, correctly, that publishers nowadays rely largely upon the purchases by libraries for the successful marketing of their wares. But, as a matter of fact, only the libraries of large financial resources can stand the strain of present-day prices for serious books in large quantity. In consequence, the minor libraries buy comparatively few such works first-hand, at time of publication, and supply their needs later on by means of the 'remainder' and the second-hand store. There is one second-hand dealer of my acquaintance who tells me that the bulk of his trade comes from the libraries, and that he could double the volume of his business if he could fill all their orders promptly. Does not this in itself reflect a condition radically wrong?

The philosophy of the 'remainder' — for which I have the most distinguished consideration, it being replete with the quality of mercy for the impecunious book-buyer — is something which I will not attempt lightly to expound; but in nine cases out of ten I believe it to be true that it exists not because the books so offered failed to reach their public upon their literary merits, but because that public could not afford them at the publication prices. But, in any event, their get-up is often more than insensately extravagant. Those people who are desirous of reading, let us say, the Life and Letters of a Great Man, are willing to pay adequately for the privilege; but they do not ecstatically yearn or feverishly desire to pay also for etched portraits of his wet nurse, color-plates of his kitchen-garden, photogravures of the back stairs at No. 411 Rue des Maisons Mauvaises, where he had apartments during his memorable visit to Paris, or for half-tones of the ink-stand from which he dipped up *The Economic Determinism of the Subliminal Ultimate*, or of the umbrella that he carried during his tour of the Hebrides. These things are all delightful — but, alas, the cost of their purveying renders them, as one of my friends is wont to remark, 'structural incongruities.' So also are works which, by means of large type, wide margins, and heavy paper, the publisher swells from one volume to two or three, at a proportionately increased tariff.

This brings me naturally to another crux — namely, the apparent and frequent failure of the publisher to consider and plan for the different publics to which his different publications make each its special appeal. It is an incontrovertible and unhappy fact that, class for class, readers interested in special orders of books are unable to indulge in expensive ones, and unwilling to indulge in unworkmanlike or impracticable ones. This applies particularly, as a case in point, to that species of works devoted to literary subjects — namely, books about books and the writers of books, of which in these days there seems to be an ever-increasing horde. These are, for the most part, caviare to the general, and

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always must be; while the readers to whom they are well-nigh indispensable, being usually of limited, often of uncertain income, cannot purchase them unless they are moderate in price. I lately saw announced a volume of essays on literary subjects by a very agreeable writer. I had read several of these essays in the magazines and enjoyed them, and I thought that I should like to possess them in permanent form. But when I inquired for the volume I found that the price was $2.50. As the contents did not extend to two hundred and fifty pages, and the type-matter per page was small, while none of the essays was new, all having previously appeared in various periodicals (which, indeed, the prefatory note candidly stated), of course I did not buy; for, plainly speaking, the price was preposterous.

The same condition obtains in many other fields. Philosophy, for example, is terribly dear. He who would keep pace with Pragmatism alone needs an unequivocally pluralistic pocket-book, one quite capable of 'adaption to reality' in the matter of book-prices current. As those of us philosophically inclined are notorious for our lack of affluence, is it surprising that so many of us adhere to systems and sages which flourished before the age of international copyright? Only the drawing-room philosopher with coupon-clipping facilities can hope to become a complete Bergsonian or aspire to reach the high altitudes of the Dionysiac superman. Alas, the olive grove of Academe has been cut down and converted into wood-pulp, and Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird trilled her thick-warbled notes all summer long, resounds with the roar of the printing-presses turning out twenty-volume philosophic systems and swarms of commentaries and expositions thereof which it would bankrupt any ordinary individual to acquire. Antoinette is perpetually protesting that I buy altogether too much philosophy, as it is; but as most of it bears the imprint of Bohn or Everyman, I feel that in this regard I am beyond her reproaches, even if behind the times.

Antoinette, whose literary tastes are, I regret to state, neither classic nor philosophical, often feels impelled to apologize to those of our friends and relatives who honor us with occasional visitations, by remarking that we have a house full of books but nothing to read. She refers, in this elliptical manner, to the paucity of current fiction on my shelves, which is another of her standing grievances. But why should I buy current fiction when that is the one thing that every one else buys? If I, and such as I, did not buy 'serious' books, who else would, even in 'remainders'?

Indeed, I often wonder how the publishers, or the booksellers, can expect to market anything but current fiction, so preoccupied are they with its exploitation. And the same thing is true of our literati, to use the term now somewhat *déclassée* but, after all, more descriptive than any other. The 'serious' book is reviewed, often conscientiously and competently, sometimes even illuminatingly and entertainingly — and there's an end on 't; for if it is criticized, if it is really taken up and discussed, it is in the controversial or the laboratory style, which means death to it so far as any stimulation of the interest of the general reader is concerned. With the literati the 'literature of power' no longer has any chance to succeed unless its power takes the shape of a fictitious personality, as, for instance, that of *Jean Christophe*.

To all intents and purposes, modern literature is the literature of personality, of so-called 'human interest,' purely. It is only in fiction, in some

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of its protean shapes, that our critics seem capable of becoming eagerly interested. The 'book of the week,' or the month, or the year, is almost inevitably a work of fiction, preferably a novel — an immortal masterpiece destined to be forgotten in a week or a month or a year. Our literary arbiters seldom concern themselves with anything else unless in deference to that impulse which prompts the Thespian momentarily to desert Pinero for Shakespeare in order to prove that he is 'really an actor.' I am informed that this is because the true critic devotes himself only to work that is 'creative.' But most of the 'creations' produced nowadays impress me as if their creators had labored upon them not to exceed six days and promptly rested upon the seventh and called them perfect. Moreover, as the populace can always be trusted to find its way without a guide to the big tent which houses the sawdust, the spangles, the trick mule, and the bass drum, where the experienced prestidigitator and the unabashed mountebank borrow its empty hats and take out of them the best-sellers which they put into its empty heads, how or why is profound critical interpretation of the performance other than a melancholy waste of intellectual effort?

Meanwhile, the genuine literary event creeps past, unattended by the drums and tramplings of conquest, and secludes itself in its obscure corner, there to await the future which belongs to it. Has any other event so important in the literary history of America as the publication of Emerson's *Journals* occurred since the twentieth century was ushered in? Yet it has not excited a tithe of the interest that has been lavished upon a succession of best-sellers, most of which are already disappearing in oblivion, hopelessly out of date, while many of its pages read as freshly, although written generations ago, as if inspired by the life of this very day and hour. Here is a work that, if any ever printed in this country can be said so to have done, fulfills the high Miltonic definition that a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up to a life beyond life. Imagine how such a thing would be received by the literati of France, supposing it were to be a legacy from the pen of Montaigne, or by that of Germany supposing it were one from the pen of Goethe, and contrast it with the reception which the literati of America have accorded this one, and we may begin dimly to realize the why of the everlasting aridity of the Great American Literary Desert, and of some of the conditions of which publishers, book-sellers, and writers so bitterly complain. How can we expect such works to interest the general reading public if they do not interest those whose function it is to indicate to that public what is worthiest of its interest, and to do so in a dynamic, stimulating way?

Consider, likewise, the cases of the two most significant serious writers of recent times identified with American literature, the one as thinker, the other as artist — I refer to William James and Lafcadio Hearn. Beyond brief magazine articles, no leading American critic has occupied himself with Hearn. The only independent book upon him thus far published in this country is one that was, apparently, published solely in order to air a personal grievance of the author's against him, he being dead and unable to defend himself. If we desire one truly critical, we must go to France, to England, or otherwhere beyond seas. As regards James, while he has inspired numerous books and articles here, it was not until Europe had acclaimed him that America discovered him to be eminent, and no

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American critic has as yet attempted any adequate interpretation of him that is neither polemical nor pedagogical.

But this is becoming — or appearing to become — a piece of literary criticism, which I have neither the purpose nor the talent to make it; so I must return to my last and give it a final tap by alluding to a feature which deserves a set article of itself, but to which I can devote only a word in passing. That is the ever-encroaching sea of newspapers and magazines, destined, so those with accurate barometers are foretelling, eventually to swallow up the Book completely; which, thereafter, will survive only mythically as a sort of literary Atlantis. This will not come to pass in my time; but when it does come, no gift of seership is required for me to name the two principal causes of the catastrophe. Newspapers and magazines are moderate in price — when they are not downright cheap — and convenient in form. That is to say, they are calculated, to the last detail, to reach their public and make themselves necessities, not luxuries. By that sign will they conquer. That and the coördinate one which Antoinette, who is devoted to their perusal, is fond of introducing to my attention: namely, that they contain all the best reading matter of the day, in advance of its appearance — if at all — in book form. And as she is always ready to prove her assertions by the citation of chapter and verse, what is there left to be said? The rest, indeed, is silence.

LAMENT OF YASMINI

BY GRACE FALLOW NORTON

God made me in an idle hour,
A chalice fit for wine alone.
O would that he had made a flower,
A wandering planet, or a stone.

O would he had not pleasured him,
Dallying, that day among the days,
To mould the cup's curved perfect rim,
That soon the red wine should upraise.

Alas, wan in the waning light
The wine that to his gaze was given.
The cup was full of tears . . . That night
God wept upon the throne of Heaven.

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LIVING INDIA

BY H. FIELDING-HALL

I

THE CIVILIAN

WITHIN the narrow limits of this article I wish to consider the Indian Government and its ideas; that is to say, the men and the laws by which they govern.

First, take the *personnel*, for there is no complaint more insistent on all sides than that the officers of to-day are not the same as those of fifty or more years ago. They are out of touch with the people.

It was for some time supposed by Government that this was only partially true. That Government itself, that is, the Secretariats, were out of touch, was felt and avowed. But it was supposed that this arose from the specializing of function. The work of Secretaries had become so difficult, so special, so different from district work, that instead of there being interchange of officers, the Secretaries usually passed all their official lives away from actual contact with the realities of the people. Orders were passed that in future this was not to occur; men were to come and go, to do district work for a while, then secretarial work, bringing to the latter knowledge gained in the former.

But it was quickly seen that this had little or no result. If the Secretaries were out of touch, the district officers were hardly less so. Government as a whole had separated from the people. English and Indians were divided; nothing was gained.

What then was the difference between the men of the past and those of the present? Let us consider.

They went out younger in those days: sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen, were the usual ages. The usual age for cadets was twenty. Clive, Warren Hastings, Nicholson and John Lawrence went out at eighteen, Henry Lawrence at seventeen, Meadows Taylor at fifteen. Many of the administrators were soldiers first, and they too went out young. Lord Roberts, for instance, was sixteen when he landed in India. Addiscombe cadets joined at sixteen or seventeen. When Haileybury was established the average age was raised to twenty-three or more, and at that age it now remains.

Thus, as the first year in India is also spent in training, out there a man is now not far from twenty-five before he is allowed to act independently; he used to be twenty-one or less. This is a great difference.

In England the age when a boy attains his majority and has full freedom before the law is twenty-one, and in order to elucidate this question I have tried to discover why the law of England fixed twenty-one. In Rome a boy was legally of age as regards his person at fourteen, though he had a curator over his property till he was twenty-five. Therefore this age of twenty-one does not come from Roman law. It seems to have arisen from a general consensus of observation that at twenty-one the average young man is fit to be free and should be free.

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There seems to be about that age a critical mental stage of adolescence corresponding to the physical stage at fourteen. However this may be, there seems to be no doubt that to keep a young man in tutelage till he is twenty-four or twenty-five is bad for him. The powers of initiative and the sense of responsibility which mature at twenty-one atrophy thereafter if not fully used. And no book-learning can replace them. Thus nowadays tutelage is too long continued.

Again, education began later in those days than now, and there was less of it. Boys ran wild far more than now, when they are cramped up in schools and conventions at a very early age.

Thus the men of old had individualities; they had not been steam-rollered flat by public school and university; their boyish enthusiasm and friendliness were still in them. They had no prejudices, had never heard of 'the Oriental mind,' were not convinced beforehand that every Oriental was a liar and a thief, but were prepared to take men as they found them. They were willing and eager to learn. Their minds were open as yet to new impressions. They had not been 'fortified by fixed principles' to 'safeguard them' against acquiring any sympathy with Eastern peoples. Therefore they did so understand and sympathize.

If you will read the records of the past you will see this in a most marked degree. Englishmen had Indian friends; how rarely do they have such now! They knew the people's talk, their folklore and their tales. They looked on them as fellow humans. And the feeling was reciprocated. See, for instance, how they kept the same servants throughout their service. Nowadays there is a general howl of the badness of Indian servants and their untrustworthiness. It was not so then. One of the most pleasing features of that old life was the affection often shown between masters and servants. Dickens has noted it. How much of that do you find now? Not much. A little still there is — who should know better than I? And if now it is so rare, where is the fault? Good masters make good servants. And it requires so little goodness in the master, — only a little consideration, a friendly word sometimes. They give back far more than they receive. If there are many bad servants, who makes them bad? Their masters; those with whom they began their service, who did not know how to treat them, how to help them, how to keep them. At Arcot the sepoys gave the rice to their officers and took the conjee themselves; how many regiments would do that now? There may be one or two.

I do not say that there was ever close personal intercourse between English and Indian; there was not, and in the nature of things there could not be. But there was mutual consideration and respect. 'We have different ways and customs; we have different skins. But underneath it all we are both men.' So they thought in the old days.

Thus in the old days the embryo official came out young, free from prejudices, full of enthusiasms, ready to learn: to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest all phases of Oriental life about him. Even thirty years ago, when I first went to India, there were many of this type still left. They thought it their duty, as it was their pleasure, to study the people in order to understand what lay beneath their customs. It must be thirty years ago that an old civilian turned on me sharply when I made some ignorant remark about some Malabar custom and said, 'The custom has arisen out of the circumstances of life, and no peculiarity of nature in the people. All peoples are much alike in fundamentals, and great

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apparent differences are but superficial and arise from environment.'

The absurd doctrine of the 'Oriental mind' had not then arisen to be an excuse for ignorance and want of understanding. Nowadays it is supposed to be the mark of culture to talk of it; to the old officials it would have been the mark of a fool; they thought it their duty to study the people.

But it is not so now. Young civilians come out with their minds already closed, and as a rule closed they remain. The harm is done in England before they start. Let me give instances.

It is a custom, when a young civilian joins, to send him to a district headquarters for six months first, to learn his way about before posting him to any specified work. One such was sent to me ten years ago, and if I give an account of him it will do for all. For nowadays they are all turned out of the same mill, have all the same habits of mind and thought, and their personalities are submerged. If anything, he of whom I speak was above the average in all ways. He was a very nice young fellow, with charming manners, and I greatly liked him.

He became an officer of great promise and would have risen high, but he is dead now, and therefore what I say cannot offend any one. Besides, I have nothing to say that would offend. He was, I think, twenty-three years of age, of good people, educated at a public school and Oxford, and was as nice a boy as could be found. He had passed high in the examinations. He was said to be clever, and as regards assimilating paper knowledge, he was able, but his mind was an old curiosity shop. He had fixed ideas in nearly everything. He was full of prejudices he called principles, of facts that were not facts. He had learned a great deal, but he knew nothing; and worse, he did not know how to obtain knowledge. He wanted his opinions ready-made and absolute first, and only sought for such facts as would support those principles. He had no notion how to make knowledge by himself. He wanted authority before he would think. Give him 'authority' and he would disregard or deny fact in order to cling to it. I will take a concrete instance.

There is among Englishmen in Burma a superstition that the Burmese do not and cannot work. They are 'lazy.' The men never work if they can help it, and all the work that is done is done by women. How this idea arose is an interesting study in the psychology of ignorance, but I need not enter into that now. The idea obtains universally, and is an acknowledged shibboleth. My young assistant was not with me many days before he brought it up.

'Oh,' he said, 'the Burman is so lazy.'

'You are sure of that?' I asked.

He stared at me. 'Why, every one says so.'

'Every one said four hundred years ago that the sun went round the earth,' I answered; 'were they right?'

'You don't mean to tell me,' he said, 'that the Burmese can work.'

'I don't mean to tell you anything,' I answered. 'Here are a quarter of a million Burmese in this district. Find out the facts for yourself.'

The necessity of having to support his theories with facts seemed to him unreasonable. 'But,' he objected, 'I can see they are lazy.'

The Burman is lazy. That is enough said. What have facts to do with it? He did not say this, but undoubtedly he was thinking it. However, at last he did find what he considered a fact.

'You remember, when we rode into that village the other day about noon, the number of men we saw sleeping in the veranda?'

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'True,' I said.

'Does not that show it?'

'Suppose,' I said, 'you had got up at four o'clock in the morning and worked till ten, in the fields, would you not require a rest before going out at three o'clock again?'

'Do they do that?' he asked.

'You can find out for yourself if they do or not,' I answered.

He looked at me doubtfully.

'But,' he objected, 'it is notorious.'

'So is the fact that the standard of living in Burma is very high. How do you reconcile the two? Laziness and comfort. The comfort is evident and real, perhaps the laziness is only apparent.'

'A rich country,' he said.

'Is it?' I asked. 'Look at the dry bare land, of which nearly all the district and most of Upper Burma is composed. Is it rich? You have eyes to see. You know it is not rich; why do you say it is?'

He shook his head almost as if I had hurt him and searched about for a defense.

'But Lower Burma is rich.'

'Certainly; and if you look at the export returns you will see the enormous amount of rice it grows and exports. Is that rice the product of laziness?'

'But,' he said at last in despair, 'if this laziness of the Burman is untrue, how did the idea become general?'

'Ah,' I answered, 'that is another matter. Let us stick to one thing at a time. We are concerned now with whether it is true or not. Decide that first. See for yourself. Find out an ordinary man's work, and I think you will find it is sufficient. You have the opportunity of judging, and unless you use that opportunity you have no right to an opinion at all.'

He said no more at the time, but a few days later he returned to the subject. A high official had been opening a public work in Mandalay and had made a speech. Much of the labor for the work had been Burmese, where usually such labor is imported Indian, and he referred with satisfaction to the fact.

'I am glad to see,' said the High Official, 'that the Burmese are taking to hard work.'

My assistant brought this up. 'Here is authority,' he said.

'Certainly,' I said, 'there is authority on one side; now let us look at fact on the other; whether it is better to be a peasant proprietor on your own land, or a day laborer?'

'The proprietor, of course,' he said.

'This has been a bad year in some districts. Crops have failed. You can read that from the weekly reports in my office. Many cultivators have had to abandon their holdings and turn to day labor. Is that good? Are they to be congratulated on it?'

The boy looked downcast.

'No,' he admitted.

'Well, then,' I asked, 'what will they think of a government which says such things?'

He reflected for some time. 'But,' he said at length, 'when one authority (the high official) says one thing, and another authority (you) says the reverse, what am I to believe?'

Then came my opportunity. 'You are to believe nothing,' I said. 'You have eyes, you have ears, you have common sense. They are given you to use and see facts for yourself. The facts are all round you. You will never do any good work if you refuse to face facts and understand them. If you are to be worth your salt as an official you will have to work by sight, not by faith.'

He laughed. At first he seemed puzzled; then he was pleased. He had been educated to accept what he was told

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and never to question. His mind had been stunted and the idea of exercising it again delighted him. To judge by himself was a new idea to him entirely and he welcomed it. He began to do so. For the first time since childhood he was encouraged to use that which is the only thing worth cultivating: his common sense. But even yet he could not emancipate himself.

Some time later a new subject came up. This time it was the disappearance of the Burman. He is supposed to be dying out. The Indian is 'outing' him. Before long there will be none left. My assistant had read it in the paper and heard it almost universally, therefore it must be true. I said nothing at the time, but that day when I went to office I sent him the volumes of the last two Census tables with a short note. 'Will you kindly,' I wrote, 'make out for me the Burmese population in 1891, and the same in 1901, district by district, and let me know where there have been decreases, also increases, and the percentage of increase.'

The next day he came to me with an amused expression on his face and a paper of figures in his hand.

'I have made them all out,' he said, 'as you wished. Here they are.'

'Then,' I said, 'let us take the districts with the decreases first. Please show me them.'

'There are none,' he answered. 'They all show increases.'

'Large?' I asked.

'Yes, large,' he said, 'from a population of about nine million to ten million in ten years is a good increase. The Burmese are prolific.'

'But,' I remarked also, 'I thought the Burman was disappearing? You said so on authority. How is that?'

He laughed; he had taken his lesson.

And again, another point. I had received an order from Government which I thought was mistaken, and I said so. He was a Government official also, and I could say to him what I could not say to others.

'Then you won't carry it out?' he asked, surprised.

'I am here to carry out orders, and of course I shall carry it out.'

'But why then do you criticize it, if it must be carried out?'

'Look here,' I said, 'before very long you will be sent to a subdivision of my district to govern it. I shall send you many orders, and shall expect you to carry them out.'

'Right or wrong?'

'Right, or, as you may think, wrong. You must do as I say. Without this, government is impossible. But I do not want you to think as I do. I want you to think for yourself. If an order appears to you issued from a misconception on my part, you must not refuse to obey, but I should expect you to tell me any facts that would lead me to better knowledge. Your business is not merely to carry out orders, but to furnish me with correct information how to better those orders. You are not merely to be part of the district hand but of its brain too. I should want you to criticize every order in your mind, try to understand it, and if you disagree with it, examine your reasons for disagreement and see if they are good.'

'And let you know?'

'Whenever you are sure that I am wrong, and the matter is important.'

'But wouldn't criticism be "cheek?"'

'Not if it is true and valuable. You would be doing me a valuable service. It is what I want. How do you suppose we are ever to get on if opinions are to be stereotyped? Thought must be free. But don't give me opinions or "authority." I don't care for either. Give me facts, and be sure of your facts.'

'I see,' he said.

'You can be quite kind about it, you know,' I suggested.

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'Is that what you are to Government,' he asked, 'when you disagree with them?'

'I try to be,' I said. 'I put myself as far as I can in their position and give them what I would like to receive.'

Again it was quite a new idea to him that any one should want criticism. He had been educated to believe that any doubt of what authority said was a sin, perhaps inevitable sometimes, but anyhow always to be concealed; and he had been told that every one, from the Creator down, resented criticisms and would annihilate the critic. That any one should prefer knowing the truth, even if it prove him wrong, seemed to him impossible. He did not like ever to admit that he had been wrong. He thought truth was absolute and fixed, whereas it is comparative and always growing. He had, unconsciously, the mind of the Pharisee in the Temple.

Now, these three instances will point out what seems to me to be wrong in the previous training of young men sent to India, and in fact in all training. Their minds instead of being cultivated are stifled. They are taught to disregard fact, and to accept authority in place of it. They are not only to do what they are told, which is right; but to think what they are told, which is wrong. And they do. They are taught to repeat in parrot manner stock phrases and imagine they are thinking. And this habit once acquired is difficult to get rid of.

There is throughout nearly all English officials (and non-officials) in India not only a disregard of facts about the people among whom they live, but a want of any real sympathy with them, which is astonishing. They often like the 'natives,' they often are kind to them, wish them well, and do their best for them, but that is not sympathy. Sympathy is understanding. It is being able to put yourself in another's place.

I could tell many stories illustrating this want of understanding. One will suffice. An official I knew well — an excellent fellow, kindhearted, humorous and able, holding a good position then and a high one now, with a charming wife, living among the Burmese and ruling them, with Burmese servants, clerks and peons, and continual Burmese visitors of all classes — called his dog 'Alaung.' Now, 'Alaung' means something very similar to 'Messiah' and is a sacred word. A parallel would be if, say, a Parsee in England called his dog 'Christ.' I have seen this official's servants wince when he called out to his dog. Yet I am sure it never struck him that there was anything out of the way in this nomenclature. I am sure he never dreamed he would hurt any one's feelings by it, or he would not have done it. He certainly intended no jeer at the religion of his subordinates. It was simply that he wanted understanding.

Now, sympathy is inherent in all children, and is the means whereby they acquire all the real knowledge they have. A girl being a mother to her doll, a boy being a soldier or hunter, is exercising and training the most valuable of all gifts — imaginative sympathy. It is the only emotion which brings real knowledge of the world about you. Without it you never understand anything.

II

THE TRAINING OF A CIVIL OFFICER

Therefore there is a wide difference between the men as they came out in the old days and as they come out now. Then they were young, not very well instructed, but capable of seeing, understanding and learning; nowadays they are so drilled and instructed that

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they can deal only with books, papers and records, whereas life has been closed to them; they can enforce laws, but not temper them.

After they come out the difference of life and work is still greater. In the old days, for instance, they picked up the language quickly and well. The time to learn a language is when you are young, the younger the better. We learn our own language as children. The older we grow the harder it is, because it means not merely learning by heart a great many words, not merely training the palate and tongue to produce different sounds, but adopting a new attitude of mind. Nothing definite has been discovered as to the localization of faculties in the brain, therefore nothing certain is known, but it has always seemed to me and to others whom I have consulted that when you learn a new language you are exercising and developing a new piece of brain. When you know several languages and change from one to another, you seem definitely to change the piece of brain which actuates your tongue. You switch off one centre and switch on to another. You will always notice in yourself and others that there is a definite pause when the change of language is made. Now it becomes every year more difficult to awaken an unused part of the brain and bring it into active use, and to begin at twenty-three is late. True, languages are taught them at Oxford before they come out, but the result seems *nil*. You must learn a language where it is spoken. Moreover, the way they have been taught Latin and Greek is a hindrance, for living languages are not learned that way. A child, for instance, learns to talk perfectly without ever learning grammar. I never heard that any great English writer had a grounding in English grammar. There is no real grammar of a living language, because it grows and changes. You can only have a fixed grammar of a dead language.

The fact is that correct talking is the outcome of correct thinking, not of any mechanical rules. You must think in a language before you can speak it well.

But at twenty-three it is far too late for the ordinary man to learn to think in Hindustani or Burmese or Tamil. Of course there are occasional exceptions, but the way these languages are usually spoken is dreadful. I could tell tales about myself as well as others, for although I worked very hard for years, I never knew Burmese well, nor yet Canarese, nor yet Hindustani. Yet who will doubt that it is very important, the most important acquisition in fact that you can make. Without it you can never really get near the people. So that in this way the old-time civilian had again a great advantage.

Once upon a time there was a district officer and there was his district, and for some reason they did not seem to agree. At least the district did not like its Head. It felt uneasy and it became restive, and at last it complained. It took up many grievances and amongst them was this: 'There is a good deal of building wanted in various parts, and there is timber and there are sawyers, but no licenses can be obtained. When the Head comes round on tour we ask him, but he always refuses. So all building work is stopped.'

An inspecting officer went to inquire, and he began with this complaint. 'Why do you refuse them sawpit licenses when on tour?' he asked.

'I don't,' the Head replied.

'They say you do.'

'But they never even applied; so how could I refuse?' he answered.

'Very well,' said the inspecting offi-

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cer, 'let's see the file of your petitions received.'

A clerk brought it out, and there, written in Burmese of course, were many sawpit applications, and below each, written by the Head, was his indorsement, —

'I cannot allow more *guns* to be issued.'

Then the machine of government was far less perfected than it is now. There were of course laws and rules, and there was supervision, but to nothing like the present extent. The district officer then had a personality. He was required to have one, for local conditions differed more than they do now, and he had far more latitude. Moreover, the machine being less effective, he depended a great deal upon his personal influence to keep the place quiet and get things done. He could not ask for orders because there was no telegraph, and he could not get help quickly because there were no railways. Therefore he was obliged to acquire a personal knowledge of people and peoples, of individuals and castes and races, which he thinks is not so necessary now. The result was that all laws and orders passed through his personality before reaching the people, thus acquiring a humanity and reasonableness that is now impossible. He studied his district, and used his powers, legal and otherwise, as he found best. If he found a law harsh, — and in the last resort all laws are so, — he would ameliorate its action. Nowadays he cannot do that. Formerly he administered, as best he could, justice; now he administers the law, a very wide difference. Thus he was forced by circumstances to acquire a knowledge and sympathy which are unattainable to-day; for you only learn things by doing them.

The old district officers were known personally by name and by reputation all through their districts. The people looked to them for help and understanding and protection as much against the rigidity and injustice of the laws as against other ills.

But nowadays, except the government officials and headmen, I do not believe that any one in a district knows who the head is. At all events it makes practically no difference, because the application of the laws is supervised and enforced and the district officer must 'fall into line.' If any personality has survived his schooling it must now be killed.

Now, few men, I think, learn anything except from two motives: a natural driving desire, or necessity. But a natural desire to study the people round you is scarce, and the necessity of other days has passed away. A district officer can now do his work quite to the satisfaction of Government and know next to nothing of the people. In fact, sometimes knowledge leads to remonstrance with Government, and it does not like that.

Again, there has crept into secretariats a cult of energy and efficiency, and a definition of these words which acts disastrously upon the district officer, both when he is under training and subsequently.

Now the proper meaning of an efficient officer is, I take it, one who sees the right thing to do and does it quickly and effectively; and probably Government really has this in its mind when it uses the word. This is what it wants; but very often what it gets is almost the opposite, and it is as pleased with this as if it got what it expected. In fact, it does not seem to know the difference. An example will explain what I mean.

There is, we will say, in a district a good deal of cattle theft going on, and the thieves cannot well be detected. Cattle graze in Burma in the fields and

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in the jungle on their outskirts; they roam about a good deal, and it is easy enough to steal them; detection is difficult.

But there is in Burma, as in parts of India, a provision of the Village Regulation which is called the Track Law, and it is substantially as follows: —

If cattle are missing their tracks can be followed. When they pass out of the area under the jurisdiction of the village wherein the owner lives and enter another village land, that village becomes responsible. The tracker calls the headman of that village and shows him the tracks, which he must follow up and demonstrate that the cattle have not stopped in his jurisdiction, but have gone on. In this way the tracks can be followed till they are lost, when the village in whose land they are lost is considered as being the village of the thief, and is therefore responsible for the lost cattle. It can be fined, and the owner of the lost bullocks indemnified.

This act is taken from a very old custom common to most of India and also, I believe, to places in Europe; and several hundred years ago, when villages were widely separated by jungle, it had some sense.

There was then a presumption either that the stolen bullock had been taken to that village, or that some of the villagers had seen it pass. The thief would probably have stopped there for food or rest, as it was a long way on. But nowadays, in most of the country, village fields are conterminous, with little or no jungle between; there are many roads, and except where the tracks actually go into the village gate the presumption does not arise. Cattle are common, and the villagers are not expert trackers. Moreover there is a very strong premium on dishonesty, or at least carelessness in keeping to the right tracks. Suppose the right track lost in a wet place, or a dry bare place, why not pick up some other? Most cattle tracks are very similar. The owner wants his compensation.

Yet the 'energetic' officer will be expected to work this act *à pied de la lettre*.

I saw a good deal of its actual working at one time, when I was a subordinate officer. Every time a beast was lost it had to be tracked, and the village where the tracks were lost had to pay. It made no difference whether there was any reasonable presumption against the village, — there the law was. The tracks might be lost two miles from the actual village, simply crossing its boundary; the law was there.

I remember one village had a bad time because it was near a frequented road, and when the tracks got on this road they were always lost, as the surface was hard. So the village had to pay. Yet what evidence was there against the village? None. I had the curiosity for some time, whenever a case wherein a village was fined was subsequently cleared up, to find out what village had been fined and see if that village had been in any way cognizant of the theft. It never had. The fine was purely gratuitous, was worse than useless, for it was wrong.

Yet it is a government rule — not I think actually laid down, but understood — that whenever an offense occurs, unless the culprit is arrested, a village must be held responsible.

Now the points that I wish all this to illustrate are these. Men at the headquarters of Government, out of touch with real life, read the Track Law, think it most useful and just, and insist on its being enforced. Officers on the spot, accustomed to accept all law as the epitome of justice, follow the act without thinking. The responsibility is really on them, as Govern-

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ment tells them to judge each case on its merits; but they fear that if they reported that no case under the Track Law ever had any merits they would be written down as 'wanting in energy.' Moreover not having been trained to think for themselves they do not do so. They fulfill all the requirements of the act and are satisfied. Moreover, subsequently, to justify their own action they must praise the act. Therefore a vicious circle is created. Government says, 'District officers praise the act, therefore have it stringently enforced, for they know its actual value.' And district officers say, 'Government declares this to be an admirable act, therefore I must enforce it.' No one ever investigates the facts. If a district officer have doubts he discreetly smothers them as babies, lest they grow.

And this is but one instance. I might mention others, but even many instances would not expose its whole evil. It is the spirit that renders such things possible that is disastrous. So are officers trained to believe that when anything untoward happens they must do something; they must punish somebody. The idea that if they act without full knowledge the something they do will be wrong, and the persons they punish will be innocent, is not allowed to intrude. They will of course always act by law, but then, *summum jus, summa injuria*. In the old days this could not have happened. In the first place, Government trusted its officers, and its trust was not misplaced; now it trusts its laws; yet there is nothing so unintelligent, nothing so fatal as rigid laws — except those who believe in them. In the second place, officers with the personality and knowledge of the men of former days would have insisted on seeing for themselves and judging for themselves. They would have cared nothing that they might be supposed not to have 'energy.' They would know that they had something better than that — they had understanding.

The possibility of making our laws and our government generally endurable to the people depends on the personality of the district officer. Nowadays he is sent out with his personality crushed, and it gets still more crushed out there. He becomes in time, not a living soul, but a motor engine to drive a machine. Whatever knowledge he acquires is of the people's faults and not of their virtues. When you hear an official praised as 'knowing the Indian' or 'the Burman,' you know that it means that he knows his faults. He knows the criminal trying to escape, the villages trying to evade revenue. It does not mean that he knows more than this. Some do, especially among the police and the forest officers, but then, they have no influence.

III

COURT REFORMS

The regeneration of India must bring forth great changes in the penal law. The pressing need in criminal procedure is, I think, a change in the treatment of an accused person when he is arrested.

The first instinct of an offender is as I have said to confess, even if an understanding person is not available to confess to. He has offended the Law, he wants to make all amends he can by confessing to the representative of that offended Personality. I have seen very many first offenders and talked to them before they got into the hands of pleaders and others, and my experience tells me that a man who has committed his first offence is very like a man who has caught his first attack of serious illness. He is afraid not so much of the

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results as of the thing itself. Sin has caught him and he is afraid of sin. He wants protection and help and cure. He does not want to hide anything; his first need is confession to some understanding ear. Many, many such confessions have I heard in the old days. That is the result of the first offense.

But this tendency to truth is choked when it is ascertained that as a result the offender will be vindictively punished and made in the end far worse than he was at the beginning. Naturally the offender says to himself: 'I am bad now. What will I be after two years' jail? Better fight it out. If I win and get acquitted, at least I will have a chance to reform. If convicted, that chance will be taken from me forever. And fighting will not lose me anything. The penitent prisoner who confesses gets no lighter punishment than if he had put the court to the expense of a long trial. Why, therefore, repent? It will do me harm, not good.' That is the case now; under reasonable laws it would be the other way. But even yet in country places he often confesses to the police by whom he is arrested.

Now, by Indian law no confession to the police may be offered in evidence. The reason of this is that the police in their keenness to secure a conviction may torture a prisoner to secure a confession, and there have been in fact enough of such cases to cause doubt and to prevent the police being allowed to receive a confession. Therefore, if the offender wishes to confess, he is taken now to a magistrate; there his confession is recorded. Then he is sent back to police custody. He is visited by his relatives, a pleader is engaged for him. His folly in confessing is pointed out to him and he withdraws the confession, alleging that he had been tortured to confess. His confession is not only negatived, but a slur is cast on the police which is hard to remove. Their case and evidence appear tainted, and the accused often secures an acquittal although the magistrate *knows* that the confession was true.

All this is very common both in Burma and India, and it is disastrous to allow and to encourage such things as by our procedure we do encourage them. There should be a complete change.

When a man is arrested, some such procedure should be adopted as this. He should be told by the police that he is being taken direct to the magistrate who will try the case, who will hear anything that he has to say. He should be warned to say nothing to the police. Then he should be taken direct to the magistrate, who should explain to him fully what he is accused of and ask him what he has to say.

Whatever his statement be, the magistrate should tell him that he will himself at once investigate it and summon witnesses; meanwhile the accused should be remitted to custody, but *not* to police custody. That is where all the trouble comes in, and all opportunities for making charges against the police. If there be no jail there should be a lock-up in charge of Indian police who are under the magistrate and are not concerned in the guilt or innocence of the accused. The investigating police should have access to the accused only by permission of the magistrate. He should, however, be allowed to see his friends and a pleader if he wish. But I am sure of this, that the first offender would rather trust the magistrate if he were a person who he knew would help him, than any pleader.

Further, if a man confess truly, his punishment should be greatly reduced. I do not say that this should be done be-

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cause he gives less trouble, but because the frame of mind induced by a free and full confession is a sounder frame of mind on which to begin reformation than are the defiance and negation now inculcated by our system.

The trial need not wait till the case is complete. The magistrate could summon the police witnesses at once, and he should examine them himself, allowing the police only to suggest questions if they wish. So with the witnesses for the defense: they could be examined as they came in, and should be examined by the magistrate himself. No one but the magistrate should be allowed to speak directly to any party to the case.

All cross-examination should be absolutely prohibited. If either side have matters they wish brought out of a witness, they should tell the magistrate and he would ask such questions as he thought fit. There is no such curse now to justice as cross-examination by a clever pleader or barrister. It is a sort of forensic show-off by the advocate at the cost of the witness, and frequently at the cost of justice. For naturally no one cares to be bullied by a licensed bully, and witnesses consequently will not come to court if they can help it. When in court they are bamboozled and made to contradict themselves where they have originally spoken the truth.

I have often been told that acute cross-examination by a clever barrister is the greatest safeguard justice can have from false evidence. I do not believe a word of it. A magistrate can, by far fewer and simpler questions, expose false evidence better than an advocate does, because the magistrate is intent only on his business, — to find the truth; the advocate is advertising himself, and trying to destroy truth as well as falsehood.

But if the magistrate did all the questioning I believe there would not be much false evidence. Witnesses will lie to the opposite side, but not to an understanding court. Perjury would disappear. What is its present cause? Contempt for the court and sympathy with either complainant or accused, which sympathy sees no chance of justice for its object except by perjury. Because a trial is a fight. There is not a human being east or west who would not be ashamed to lie to a court that he knew was trying to do its best for all, parties and public. It is because the courts as at present constituted do as much harm as good that perjury is rampant and condoned. It is so in all countries; it has been so in all periods.

Then, as soon as possible, juries should be introduced. This cannot be done until the law, especially as regards punishment, is greatly altered in accordance with the common sense of the people, but it is an objective to be aimed at as soon as possible. Until the public coöperate with the courts in all ways you will never have a good system of justice. Crime hurts the people far more than it hurts Government. Don't you think the people know that? And don't you suppose they want it prevented even more than Government does? In any case that is the fact. They hate the courts now because they don't prevent or cure crime; they only make matters worse.

The only objection I see to this proposed alteration is that it will take more time and so cost more money. At first it may do so, but even then, what the public loses by more taxes it will more than save in having to pay less to lawyers. How much unnecessary money is now paid to lawyers? Enough I am sure to double the magistracy and then leave a big balance. Now, courts are made for the people, not for lawyers. And in time crime

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would so decrease that there would be saving all round.

The reform of the civil courts should follow somewhat the same lines. A man should not have to wait to see a civil judge till his case is all made out. He should be able to go to him at once and confide in him, and the judge should send for the other party and try to make an arrangement between them, so that no suit should be filed. Not until that has been done, and not unless a judge give a certificate of its necessity, should a suit be allowed to be filed as it is now.

And then, when it is filed, the judge should conduct the case and not the advocates on each side. That is the only way to stop the perjury, which increases and will continue to increase. Magistrates and judges must cease to be umpires of a combat, and become investigators of truth.

As regards the laws of marriage and inheritance, no great change can be made until there is a real representative assembly to make these changes, but even there something could be done. That fossilization of custom described by Sir Henry Sumner Maine should stop. Because a high court proved a hundred years ago that a certain custom existed, there is no evidence that it does or should exist now. To establish precedents of this nature is to stop all progress of every kind; we have a vision different from the poet's

> Of bondage slowly narrowing down
> From precedent to precedent.

Why should not fresh inquiries into custom be made from time to time, it being understood that any court ruling should apply only to that time and place and should not bind the future? Something must be done. Things cannot go on as they are. We reproach the Indians for want of progress, but we ourselves are the main cause of that stagnation. We bind them, and they cannot move.

As regards land policy, there is this to be said, — that fixed ideas are a mistake.

In Bengal there was at one time a fixed idea that all land must and did belong to large landowners, and so, partly out of sheer ignorance, partly out of prejudice, a race of zemindars was created out of the tax-gatherers to the Mogul Empire. The result has been sad.

Again in Burma the same idea prevailed for a while, and headmen were encouraged to annex communal waste as their private land. This was unfornate.

Then came a reaction, and all large estates were denounced as bad. There was to be a small tenantry holding direct from Government, forbidden to alienate their land, and all leasing of land to tenants was forbidden.

This I understand to be the policy still. It is a policy of fixed ideas, and as applied to anything that has life, like land tenure, it is unfortunate, no matter what the fixed idea be.

If there be one truth above another that is clear in studying land systems, it is that no one permanent system is good. The cultivation of land, like all matters, is subject to evolution and change. What is good to-day may not be good to-morrow. The English system of large estates cultivated by tenants did at one time in English history produce the best farming in the world. English farming was held up as an example to all countries, and was so regarded by them. The system of large estates allowed of the expenditure of capital, experiments in new cultivation and new breeds of cattle and variety of crops. It suited its day well. And though its full day has passed there will never be a time when some large estates will not be able to justify them-

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sêlves. Even if, as apparently is the case now in England, 'petit culture' is that best adapted to the cultivation of the day and the needs of the people, yet there is still room for large estates. A dead uniformity of small holdings could not but be very bad for any country.

Further, although excessive alienation of land through money-lenders may be very bad, yet stagnation in ownership is bad also. India and Burma are progressive, and changes must take place. Cultivators will become artisans and traders; city people will like to return to the land. There is an ebb and flow which is good for all. Too great rigidity of system will stop progress. A good system of land tenure is that which is in accordance with the evolution of the people it applies to, and assists in that evolution. While recognizing that for the bulk of the people small holdings are best, it will not forbid larger estates; while admitting that the alienation of land through borrowing recklessly from money-lenders is bad, it will see that the progress of the people from a purely agricultural state toward a state of industrial activity is not checked. It takes all sorts to make a state.

It may be good for the cultivator to hold direct from Government, but if Government is to be the landlord it must act up to its name. It must give compensation for improvements when a tenant has to relinquish the land. Otherwise no tenant will improve, and the necessity for improvement — for wells, irrigation, manuring, embankments, and so on — is the greatest necessity of agriculture. In my own experience I have seen that the system of state land tenure in Upper Burma does stop improvements.

That is the light in which the land question has to be worked out, on broad comprehensive lines which, while acknowledging the present, see also the future; which, while seeing one form of good, do not deny another.

So with an understanding and a sympathetic *personnel* the administration would be brought nearer to the people, until at length, when their capacity for self-government had developed, they would be able to take over our administrative machine little by little and work it themselves.

They could never do that now. If by any chance they did get possession of the machinery now, they would set to work to smash it till none remained.

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A PLEA FOR MATERIALISM

BY ELLWOOD HENDRICK

I AM taking the word with the worst reputation I know, to describe what I mean, because it seems better to err on the side of frankness than to hide radical ideas under the cloak of conservatism. Jacques Loeb uses a better expression in his *Mechanistic Conception of Life*, but the term is new, despite its frequent use. Materialism is good enough, except for its reputation; and the ideas which are to follow will not be so precise as to call for great nicety in name.

We call everything bad, everything low, everything undesirable, 'material,' whereas we exalt those things we hold in high esteem as 'spiritual.' It is a smug and lazy method, and because the two expressions have never passed through the alembic of slang, they find themselves in gross misuse in high places. As an evidence of that misuse, we are disposed to regard the miser, hoarding his money and his securities, as a material creature; but he is above all things an idealist, having perverted ideals, and cherishing only the potentialities of wealth and property. As an evidence of its correct use, we consider the man of research and vision, who finds in physical reactions the explanation, or at least the indication, of the great processes of life, a materialist. Now a materialist he is, but he is also a true seer, and as his visions are borne out by research, he becomes a prophet.

By materialists I do not mean those Philistines who seek and follow only the peaks of business and pleasure. They are not materialists in the sense here presented, for I am proposing materialism as a philosophical conception, and they are not philosophers at all who are strangers to the delectable valleys where culture abides. The substance of this materialism is a greater faith in the processes of nature, and a greater belief in our ability to understand them. This demands strict integrity of thought. There is no place in it for the foxy trickster of logic, or for the intellectual dodger who takes a conclusion for granted because somebody of repute has reached it before him.

It is remarkably easy to let others do our thinking for us, and in many respects we must. 'The innate laziness of human nature,' as Professor Sumner called it, is of great use. We surely cannot begin at the beginning of knowledge and, thanks to nobody, find out everything for ourselves. But when we acknowledge, complacently, those things to be true which we know are not true, it seems to me that we are neither fair nor honest. Of course, we have to compromise all along the line. We live under many laws which we do not believe to be just, and yet we submit. But if we can improve them, it is our business to do so. We maintain social conditions which we know are absurd, but if we can better them we are not dealing righteously if we do not try to do so. We make advances by learning more and then adjusting our affairs to conform to this greater knowledge. The innate laziness of human nature is

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only one of our many qualities. When it dominates us, we go backward.

The purpose of this paper is to bring forward a few arguments concerning the measure in which human life would be augmented and the social order improved, if we were to welcome materialism, not only into literature, but into our lives, without prejudice. I propose to go even further than this, and to urge the acceptance of as much materialism, as much of the mechanistic view of life, as our philosophy will hold. In other words, my plea is, not to soil the sense of that which is spiritual by loading upon it those things which we can work out for ourselves.

There is no possibility that we shall ever know everything; that any man or woman will have a vision of the whole of life. We have neither the organs of apprehension nor the storage capacity nor yet the sense of coördination. The truth, by which I mean all the facts in their right relation, is and always will be beyond us. Some of us see things only near by, and others are far-sighted and have a better vision of the distance than of that which is near. Some are marvelously gifted, and others of us — God help us! — are very nearly blind. But my plea is against the blindness of volition; against the resolution not to see that which is before us, because it is easier or more pleasant or more comfortable to look the other way. There will always be room, far over and above all that we can learn and know, to believe in God. Legends may fade away and prophecies of old may crumble like ancient temples, and creeds and dogmas disappear as fog in the sun, but the catholic man will always know that beyond the human knowledge is the greater expanse. There is all that is beyond life, and life is very, very short.

From what we read it would appear that the philosophic world is divided into two camps, those who hold to the mechanistic theory and the vitalists, engaged in battle *à l'outrance*, with no quarter given. But in point of fact on all sides are earnest men, seeking the truth; and just as we have learned that party government does not assure public welfare, so we should learn that advancement in knowledge and understanding is not to be accomplished by fighting for the one side or the other. Let us get out of our minds the legal fiction that the truth is a verdict or a prize, to be given to the conqueror in a fight. 'There are two sides to every question,' is the first peep of the pettifogger. Very often, indeed, there are but two sides, one of which is right and the other wrong. But often again there are more than two sides; a question may be polygonous and have more sides than King Solomon had wives.

While it would seem that every movement, every act, every thought of a man is explained by the mechanics of, and the chemical reaction within, his structure, the fact remains that he is a conscious entity, with grave responsibilities. We may analyze him to the extent of his whole being. Then, in turn, he may synthesize, and we are foolish indeed to quarrel over the nature of the master spirit within him. Foolish, because we do not know, and the most we can get out of our discussion is a quarrel. I may think that the mechanistic theory explains everything, and proceed to insult you for thinking otherwise and rouse you to anger, and then, when all is over, I shall find that I have reached the limitations of my knowledge long before, and have maintained untenable premises, while you will probably have said more than you mean, — and neither of us will be right. Let us seek the knowable and achieve wisdom. The unknowable will always be a greater field, and there a simple faith will help

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us more than a cantankerous dispute.

There is no easy formula whereby the truth may be achieved, but there are available working hypotheses whereby we may advance toward it. The danger point, the hindrance, the place of stumbling, is where we demand of any one that he acknowledge as the truth that which he does not believe to be so. This seems to me to be fundamentally wrong. The little tricks of apologetics whereby one says one thing and means another, or means anything at all, will not do. It is a poor plan to talk with your tongue in your cheek.

Now let us assume ourselves to be materialists as far as we can be, — not as far as we care to or are willing to be, — and see what might happen.

Nature always seems to be wanting to do something. It is always busy. It seems sometimes to have an all-wise, and sometimes to have a very stupid purpose. Sometimes it seems malicious. The fact is, nature is always busy acting according to its own laws, and a great deal of what is called the divinity in us consists in our ability to make nature serve us and our kind. And the more we know of nature and its ways, and how to control it, and to kill and utterly destroy forms of life that are inimical to human welfare and growth, the better hope we shall have of increasing this divinity and approaching the great light of truth, which is always beyond us, but which may be much nearer to us than it is now.

Let us consider every man and every woman as an apparatus. And instead of attributing their acts to the good or evil spirits which inhabit them, let us consider rather their several structures, and seek our explanations in their reactions. Science has only touched the outer edge of these things, and yet it has gone further than is dreamed of by those who do not know the language. But if we close our minds to the light that is dawning there, because by an unfortunate neglect we did not adjust them to scientific understanding when they were fallow, we are ranging ourselves along with those forces of denial which Goethe recognized and called Mephistopheles.

Now, this is no plea for stupid credulity toward science, but it is a plea for an open mind. So, if we see the most beautiful thing in the world, a mother turning to her child, we shall find our vision enlarged by the knowledge that she is acting in conformance with unerring physical and chemical laws; that definite reactions take place within her; and that, if she is devoid of mother-love, the reason is that a part of her equipment is atrophied and so out of use. The exquisite nicety with which the good mother meets the needs and looks out for the welfare of her child is a development of the ages; innumerable generations of loving mothers have contributed to the type that can do this thing so wonderfully well. Far more beautiful is she than the carved and painted madonnas of an age when men believed in the love of the Mother of God and wrought statues and pictures of such marvelous beauty that we go thousands of miles to see them. Now this very beauty is all around us, in our homes, everywhere, and we should have eyes to see it if we did not assume that it is entirely due to a casual spirit, inhabiting a 'temple of clay,' with us to-day and gone to-morrow. We pay all sorts of prices for pictures of beauty that show us the phenomenon of mother-love, — and we do well to cherish the ideals that are so clearly shown there. But we have just such human marvels with us, everywhere, with all the wonderful reactions and responses taking place before our eyes, and we should be able to see them if we only had a larger understanding of their nature.

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If you and I go into a crowded room to hear a lecture, a room deficient in oxygen, we know why we cannot follow the speaker. We are far enough advanced to know that our thinking apparatus does not work well, for a purely chemical reason. This is materialism.

The modern method of meeting disease is much more material than that of mediæval days. The Holy Inquisition was convinced, because of its closed mind, that disease was a manifestation of a spirit which was called the Devil. The more or less worthy Fathers sought with praiseworthy diligence to find some one in league with Satan whom they presumed to be his agent, and they proceeded with rack and wheel to bring about a betterment of conditions. The modern method of driving out this same devil is wholly unpicturesque, and the literary merit of the exorcisms, or orders to clean up, is far inferior to that found in the liturgy. Literary merit is subordinated to the more important features to be found in the determination of what steps shall be taken. This is as it should be; it is a nearer approach to Things in their Right Order, which we have set up as our idea of the truth. It is no argument against literary merit; the point is that literary merit is not the dominant feature in the process of overcoming disease.

This is no place to discuss the fertilization of the eggs of animals by chemical means, or the remarkable researches of physiological laboratories, which add so much to the knowledge of the processes of life.[1] But if we proceed along this line of thought and look for the physical causes of acts, we shall recognize the bearing of physical conditions upon the human will. We shall greatly enlarge our understanding by it, and prepare the way for better social conditions. In doing this we are not combating spirituality or denying religion; we are seeking a higher plane from which to consider life.

If we were only informed, for instance, of the whole process of anger, of what poisons are secreted under it, of the nerve-reactions whereby understanding is inhibited and the attention narrowed down to an overpowering lust to destroy, we should pity the poor madman that the man in anger is, but we should not listen to him; we should know that his wrath is a pathological condition, and treat him accordingly.

If our equipment of the mechanism which functions as understanding is superior to our equipment of that mechanism which responds to anger, — no matter in how intimate a manner they may interact, — we are in a position to control ourselves; and if the mechanism which functions as sympathy is in good working order, we do control ourselves.[2]

So, with the mechanistic conception of life in mind, we should judge with far more discrimination than at present. In sitting in judgment upon a man charged, let us say, with assault, we should by no means have finished the task when we had determined whether he committed the act or not. There should also be established, so far as possible, every reaction within the man which led up to it. By that time a righteous judge would know what to do — but not before.

With more materialism, more knowledge of the mechanics and the reactions of life, the reasons for being angry would decrease. We do not grow angry at a machine. We look for the cause of the trouble, if it will not operate. And in the very measure that we study

[1] See *The Mechanistic Conception of Life*. By JACQUES LOEB. Chicago University Press. 1912. — THE AUTHOR.

[2] See *The Origin and Growth of the Moral Instinct*, by ALEXANDER SUTHERLAND, for the theory that sympathy is the key to advancement in the evolution of mankind. — THE AUTHOR.

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the processes and reactions which lead men to act, we increase our understanding. On the other hand, if we consider our neighbor solely as a spiritual entity, taking for granted that his spirit does as fancy dictates, we are very likely to lose patience over him, because we place the entire responsibility for everything he does upon the poor man's fancy. 'How could he be so cruel?' we ask. As materialists we should at most blame his judgment. If he is cruel, we know that his sympathetic mechanism is atrophied, perhaps because of his bad judgment in not forcing it to function; but there is no more occasion to be vindictive toward him than to strike a blind man who has lost his sight through carelessness.

This is the method of materialistic philosophy: to seek the stimulus to each reaction as far as we may. There is no occasion to tangle up the honest search for the causes of phenomena, human and otherwise, with the ancient agony about free will. We know that the faculty of judgment is one of the functions of the human creature, and we also know that an act is a response to a stimulus, and may be justly considered from a mechanistic point of view.

With the development of materialism, good taste will rise to a higher level. It will cease to be a shallow imitation of one another by people in the name of style; a buying of things expensive because scarce. We shall know and confess frankly when our æsthetic responses are induced, and there will be no occasion to lie about what gives us delight. We shall also be unable, even among the uncultured, to gain a reputation for good taste by declaring everything we see to be ugly. We shall know the value of the æsthetic sense, and cultivate it accordingly. So, if we truly seek beauty we shall find it, and the dawn of a new era of art may be upon us.

And consider how practical its workings will be! With larger understanding, we shall know better how to consider those distressing things which are brought to our attention under such guises as 'Realism in Art' — from which we fellows of the earlier vintages suffered so sorely in our youth. We shall know, when the next influx of realists is at hand, that they offend against the truth by publishing in a false relation to other things what they desire to set forth, and that they offend against good taste exactly as does the billboard. It is not right to force upon you and me, as we go our quiet way, photo-chemical reactions which cause us distress. We do not, for instance, want to chew Somebody's Superior Plug Tobacco. In our present unenlightenment we are obliged to receive the impression that we should chew it, thousands of times, because we do not know or think about photo-chemistry and the injury done to the nervous system by repeated reactions which cause irritability. If we knew, as photo-chemistry would teach us, that the effect of billboards on the health of the nerves of a community is bad, we should soon be rid of a very common nuisance.

In considering plays, it is maintained on good authority that the plot is eighty-five per cent of the play, and the lines not over fifteen. Beautiful expression, exquisite phrases, perfection of style, will not carry a play that is not a real drama. But with a good play the lines may be indifferent: it will carry itself. 'You cannot kill a good play,' is another way of putting it. In considering life we are disposed to devote eighty-five per cent or more of our attention to talk, guesses, idle speculation and miscellaneous wondering, and fifteen per cent or less to a consideration of the nature of vital processes, — which is where we err. If we can

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get far enough ahead to recognize as due to physical causes as many of the phenomena of life as we can understand to be of that nature, we shall make headway in understanding. There will be abundant opportunity for metaphysics after that. As soon as we recognize a physical process we may begin to study it with some hope of enlightenment. So long as we bar physics and chemistry in the study of the phenomena of life, we close our minds to enlightenment.

An interesting argument in favor of the mechanistic view of life is the absurd similarity of our emotional reactions; and of these the most monotonously recurrent is our interminable justification of ourselves. Surely this is an automatic reaction! On every hand we see people doing absurd things, each an immediate response to some stimulus, and without any forethought whatever. Then comes the justification, which seldom has any relation to the real cause. If we looked for the true reactions which take place in people we should not be so mediævally credulous when they explain themselves. We should know better. If in an apparatus we want to induce an electric current we proceed to apply the stimulus by mechanical means. If the current does not generate we know that there is something wrong with the machine. Under the right conditions and with the proper stimulus, a current is sure to be generated. There is no reason why, with a better understanding of the human mechanism, the sympathetic reactions should not likewise be developed, be induced to respond more readily than they do at present. In this way human kindness would greatly increase, and the world would be a far better place to live in. Unfortunately, many are developed in remarkable measure except as to their equipment of sympathy, which is woefully inert. Such powerful men are sometimes of great value to their kind, and sometimes their works are a veritable pestilence. But your conscientious materialist would not give way to anger against such a man, and thus put his own faculties out of operation. He would recognize his abilities and his possible use as a member of society, point out his deficit of sympathy, and seek to find a stimulus that would produce the necessary reaction in him. The powerful man without sympathy would be very loath to admit himself to be such a mental cripple and would, under pressure of intelligent public opinion, try by his acts to prove the contrary.

Under certain conditions certain fish will swim toward the light. This is not curiosity on their part, nor does one of their number influence the others to do as he does. This passion, this urgent drive toward the light, is brought about by adding a chemical reagent to the water in which they swim. They straightway leave everything and swim toward the light, because of certain photo-chemical reactions which take place within their nervous systems.

Somewhat like this is the phenomenon of a nation going to war. Where peace and order reign, something suddenly happens. Newspapers rave, orators shout, brass bands play, and then there is neither peace nor order. The stimulus, whatever it is, has induced a secretion of anger-bodies which cause a condition of wrath which drives to war. Just as the fish are pointed and driven toward the light by a reaction which takes place within them, so do men go forth to kill and destroy. Sympathy and reason become empty phrases, glib upon the tongue, but crowded out of consciousness by the passion for ruin.

Very complex indeed are we, and very difficult to understand, — but so is a sewing machine and so is an electric

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generator until we understand the mechanical principles under which they operate. Now, men and women are machines, vastly complex, but operating under definite laws; and the golden rule to a better understanding of them is to learn the nature of their reactions.

Let us make a rough examination of the interesting phenemenon of a bad man becoming good. The mechanism of his sympathy is inert, and his responses to the stimulus of any wish or passing fancy are without inhibitions. Then, under the stimulus of a friend whom he trusts, or aroused by a memory, or called to consciousness by a bar of music or a passing smell, the sympathetic mechanism is aroused. This will automatically check the responses to desire which were theretofore without check, and his angle of vision will be changed. Nerves, like muscles, respond more quickly through exercise, and by repeated and diligent exercise he may reach a condition of efficiency to society. Then he will be good.

The burglar who goes out to rob your house is seeking his welfare in his work, just as you and I do in ours. If he cannot consider your welfare in his business he is like a great many of the rest of us; he finds life a little too complicated to take in other interests than his own. You are his legitimate prey, just as your competitor in business is your legitimate prey. Socially, you and I differ from the burglar in that we play the game according to different rules, and we like to feel that we are of some use to the world at large. The burglar has a narrower view, and his social aspirations and desire for usefulness are restricted to the under-world. Then, too, he is probably undeveloped in sympathy and imagination. His sensitiveness to emotions of sympathy is probably slight. But neither sympathy nor imagination nor sensitiveness to anything except pain may be driven into his soul by making him suffer in order to satisfy your resentment against him. Your resentment may drive fear into him, and through fear he may cease to be a burglar; but statistics do not encourage us much in the hope for this.

We have so tangled up goodness with dogma that the very thought of righteousness has become almost an offense to many because of the assumptions of dogma that righteousness should conform to it. Under the mechanistic view, dogma will cease to offend, and will become an exponent of mental equipment. One of the most persistent of nuisances, the hypocrite, will then find his way of life so difficult that he will be likely to choose another. Thus, if I see you in dire distress, but, being too lazy to save you, I piously clasp my hands and say, 'It was the will of God, and must be for the best,' I may claim to be spiritually minded, but you will know better, and so will everybody else who has the mechanistic conception of life. You will know very well that my way is not God's way; you will know that I am a creature of inertia and that I am trying to call my fault something that it is not. In fact, under this view of life we may shout and declaim about our wonderful qualities and how our hearts are bursting with love and sympathy for our kind, but our appeals will fall upon empty ears, because the scientific way of thinking will have become current, and then all the lawyers in the land will be unable to help us.

Not a thing that has been said in this essay is a denial of the human soul. You are you, and I am I, and within us both is the Mystery. But to attribute a single thought or a single act to it that may be attributed to causes which we can understand is a denial of the belief that the truth shall make us free.

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THE DRIFT TO THE CITIES

BY G. S. DICKERMAN

It is safe to take into consideration our losses as well as our gains. The thirteenth census tells of a decade of growth in the United States. In 1900 the population was less than seventy-six millions; in 1910 it is nearly ninety-two millions, an increase of about sixteen millions. In the list of 225 cities having over 25,000 inhabitants, all but three show an increase of population, and among the 1172 smaller cities having over 2500 inhabitants, the story is much the same. Among the forty-eight states there is only one, Iowa, which does not rejoice in an increase.

But some communities have not grown. In Massachusetts, with 25 large cities and 172 smaller ones and with an increase amounting to 20 per cent, there is Barnstable County that has been steadily declining for half a century, having had a population in 1860 of about 36,000, while now it has but 27,000. In Maine, there has been a good increase, especially in some of the cities; but Waldo County on the Penobscot once had a population of over 47,000, while now it numbers less than half of that; and Lincoln County, which had a population in 1860 of nearly 28,000, now has but little over 18,000.

The most surprising lapses, however, are in the great states of the Mississippi Valley whose prosperity has been almost proverbial. In Missouri, with such growing centres as St. Louis and Kansas City, which together show an increase of 196,000, we find 71 counties out of 100 in which the population has declined, with an aggregate loss of 132,000; and with an increase in urban territory of 255,000 there has been a decrease in the rural parts of 68,000. Iowa has 71 counties out of 99 which have lost an aggregate of 108,000; yet most of her 77 cities have gained, and the increase in urban territory is about 113,000 while the decrease in the rural parts is 120,000. Indiana has 57 counties out of 92 which have lost; her urban territory has gained 267,000, but there has been a falling off in the rural parts of 83,000. Illinois has 50 counties out of her 97 which show a loss; in her urban territory the increase has reached the enormous number of 810,000, but the gain in the rural territory has been only 6,455. Wisconsin, adjacent to Illinois and Iowa, makes a little better showing, yet 21 counties have lost in this state over against 50 which have made a gain; the population in her urban territory has grown 193,000, while that in the rural has increased by 71,594.

Not to pursue this record of particular states any further, it is enough to say that among the 2941 counties in all the states, we find 798 in which the population was less in 1910 than it had been ten years before. If we compare with this the record of the previous decade, we find that between 1890 and 1900 there were 378 counties in which there was a decline; and going back to the tenth census we find that between 1870 and 1880 the number was little over a hundred. This is interesting in connection with the fact that the increase of population in urban territory

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throughout the country in this decade was over eleven million and in the rural less than five million. It all points to a widespread movement from the farm to the town and the metropolis.

It was to be expected that a decline would appear in the products of the farm. The following are examples of this. The corn crop of 1910 was less than that of ten years before by 114,000,000 bushels. The wheat crop was greater on account of the better yield, but the number of acres on which it was grown was less by over 8,000,000. The apple crop was smaller by 27,876,000 bushels, and fewer small fruits were grown by 36,653,000 quarts.

The right way of estimating a country's products, however, is in their proportion to the number of people. As our population has increased about sixteen million, the amount needs to be much greater to afford each individual an equal quantity for maintenance. The fair way of reckoning, then, is by the amount produced for every thousand inhabitants. Proceeding thus, we find that in 1910 for every thousand inhabitants wheat was grown on 212 fewer acres than in 1900, with a product of 1236 fewer bushels, but with a valuation greater by $2283; 30.6 per cent less land, 14.3 per cent less production, but 46.9 per cent greater value. Corn was grown on 178 fewer acres for every thousand inhabitants, with a product of 7337 bushels less, but with a value $4743 greater; 14.7 per cent less land, 20.9 per cent less product, 43.5 per cent greater value. Taking all cereals together, for every thousand inhabitants, the acreage in 1910 was 341 less, the product 9310 fewer bushels, but with a value $9460 greater than in 1900; 14 per cent less land, 16 per cent less product, 48.9 per cent greater value. For orchard fruits, including apples, pears, peaches, oranges, and the like, the number of trees of bearing age, for every thousand inhabitants, in 1910 as compared with 1900, was 1586 less, the product 446 bushels less, the value $430 more; 32.6 per cent fewer trees, 16.1 per cent less fruit, 39 per cent greater value. For all crops, for every thousand inhabitants, the acreage in 1910 was less than in 1900 by 342 acres, while the value of the product was estimated to be $20,202 greater; 9.18 per cent less land under cultivation and a product costing 51.2 per cent more.

With such a decrease in crops, particularly those required for feeding animals, it was inevitable that there should be a falling off in the amount of live stock on farms. The census enumeration tells us that in this decade the number of neat cattle decreased 5,916,000; of swine 4,682,000; of sheep, 9,056,000. The proportions to population are as follows: For every thousand inhabitants the number of cattle on farms decreased 219, while their value increased $2.38 per head; the number of swine decreased 195, and their value increased $3.17 per head; the number of sheep decreased 238, and their value increased $1.67 per head.

It is argued in explanation that the enumeration for the census of 1900 was made on June 1, while that of 1910 was on April 15, in the midst of the bearing season, when the numbers would naturally be lower than at the end of that season. But we do not find any such decrease in the number of horses, mules or goats; rather a large increase. Again, it is said that the passing away of the great cattle-ranges of the western plains is the cause of the decrease. But this does not explain why a dozen of the older Northern states show, every one, a falling off in the number of cattle on their farms, amounting in all to nearly two million head, with a corresponding decrease in their number of swine and sheep. The plainer explanation is the

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decline of rural population in so many counties and the decrease in those products of the farm which are necessary to the feeding of these animals.

So the rising prices of beef, pork, and mutton are directly traceable to the decline of our rural population. It is the same, of course, with the rising prices of cereals, fruits, and all the other products of the farm. This touches other people besides those within the boundaries of the United States. Heretofore large quantities of bread-stuffs, meats, and fruit have been exported to other countries and have borne an important part in their sustenance. Of necessity there is a decrease in these exports. Higher prices must then follow in all the countries with which we have commercial relations, and wherever there is want of food we may expect the want to be aggravated. This is involved in our world-wide relationships at the present time.

There is a more serious consequence, however, than scarcity of food; it is lowering of character. Governor Eberhart of Minnesota tells of a visit he made to Minneapolis in a harvest emergency, for laborers to gather wheat.[1] The farmers were at their wits' ends to save their crops. It was said that the city was full of the unemployed who were looking everywhere for jobs. He found them, as he says, 'seated on the park benches in all sections of the city and overflowing to the curb stones. Work, it seemed, could not be found. Some of the men were on the verge of starvation, and the charitable organizations of the city were taxed to their utmost capacity to provide for them.' It looked as if his task would be an easy one and he could take back as many men as he wished. He picked out his men and told them he wanted their help. They were eager for the chance and said they could do anything. He spoke of the service he had in mind in the country and on the farms, when instantly their faces fell and they were as glum as they had been before. Their answer was: 'We don't want to go to the country, boss. We don't want to live on a farm. There's nothin' for us there, — no life, no entertainment, no lights, — nothin' but monotony and work. We'd rather stay in the city and starve than go to the country an' have nothin' to do but work. No, sir, we stay right here.' And stay they did. He could n't get one of them to go with him, and the farmers had to harvest their wheat as best they could while the city held in its grasp, unemployed, enough men to garner all the crops of the state.

We cannot suppose that Minneapolis was any worse than other cities in this particular. It is likely that a proposal of this sort would have been received by the unemployed in any one of a thousand American cities in much the same way. And that is the worst of it, for it means an essentially wrong attitude of mind in multitudes of people. Willingness to lie idle rather than to undertake anything they do not quite like, to hang on charity rather than to go where they are wanted and can be of use, with callous incapacity for hearing any call of duty or feeling any thrill of interest at a summons for help in an hour of somebody's crying necessity. That is the kind of men that our cities make, or too many such.

People flock to the cities for the advantages there offered, and find disadvantages. Parents sell their wholesome country homes because of their children, and go where there are grand churches, superior schools, and attractive libraries, to find themselves in close proximity to drinking saloons, dance-halls, gambling dens, and indescribable

[1] 'What I am Trying to Do.' By Adolph O. Eberhart. *The World's Work*, April, 1913, p. 671. — The Author.

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allurements to vice. Is that better for their boys and girls, or is the new atmosphere heavy with influences that are a peril? There are fifty churches in a city and a thousand saloons. The churches are open one day and two or three evenings in each week. The saloons are open every week-day all day long and far into the night. Boys and young men are not attracted to the churches. The saloons hold out all sorts of attractions to beguile them within their doors. What wonder that so many city boys grow up with disordered appetites and depraved tastes! A gentleman was recently heard to say, 'As I go along the street the sight of cigars in the store windows makes me want to smoke and I step in and buy when otherwise I should not think of it.' This gentleman is an eminent scholar, a principal of a boys' school, an advocate of reforms, and influential in church and society. If the temptation of the store windows was too much for him, can we expect his pupils to be proof against it?

Do we understand the extent to which these artificial appetites are being cultivated and what this means? With a lessening of the food-supply there comes a more constant resort to stimulants and narcotics. The hungry go for solace to drink and tobacco, sometimes to more powerful drugs. We can easily imagine that those loungers whom Governor Eberhart saw in the parks of Minneapolis were, most of them, habituated to these indulgences. But these practices grow in prevalence among all classes of people. They are not so common in the country, but are most rife in all our centres of population. And abundant provision is made for them. The prices of flour and meat may advance, but somehow the cost of whiskey and tobacco is kept within the reach of even the very poor. Cigarettes to-day do not cost more than half what they did ten years ago, and three or four times as many of them are used.[1]

Some products of the farm have not decreased during this decade. Barley, which goes largely to breweries and distilleries, was grown on 3,228,000 more acres in 1910 than in 1900, the product was greater by 53,709,000 bushels, and the valuation by $50,826,000. Tobacco was grown on 193,451 acres more, its product was greater by 187,652,000 pounds, and its valuation by $47,315,000. We find too that while exports of breadstuffs and meats have declined, it has not been so with tobacco; on the contrary, the export of leaf tobacco increased within the ten years including 1912 some 79,000,000 pounds.

Our Internal Revenue receipts offer a measure of the amount of these products. The taxes derived from distilled and malt liquors and from tobacco, as reported by the United States Commissioner, in 1912 amounted to $290,250,000. This was considerably more than the entire congressional appropriations for the army and navy; and in sixteen months these taxes pour into the treasury more than the estimated cost of the Panama Canal. These taxes have nearly doubled within twenty years, indicating how rapidly these habits of cultivating and indulging artificial appetites have been spreading throughout our country.

In a highly organized community there is a possibility that children will grow up to be like the parts of a machine fitting snugly into their little places and moving there with hardly a thought of what their life means; making

[1] The number of cigarettes on which revenue tax was paid for the year ended June 30, 1906, was 3,793,359,903; for the half-year ended December 31, 1912, it was 7,121,012,610, equivalent to over fourteen billion a year. This is the increase in seven years. — THE AUTHOR.

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of custom a slavery; bowing in craven fealty to a boss, to a business, a sect, an order, a party, any sort of fashionable convention, with never a sentiment of devotion to any burning truth or any grand cause, and with scarcely any recognition of those responsibilities which give to life its dignity and splendor. Many great human qualities come to their best in a life of comparative isolation. A big tree, an oak or elm, standing out in an open field, has a toughness of fibre, a spread of boughs and roundness of shape that are never seen in a tree that stands in the woods. So people get individuality by being much alone. They become self-reliant by relying on themselves. They gain clear opinions by thinking things over, and thinking them out to their necessary conclusions. They acquire inflexibility of purpose by facing obstacles and conquering them. The pioneers of our country and the fathers of the republic were such men. The projectors of great undertakings carried through triumphantly have acquired their power in this way. The country is the natural nursery of such qualities. People are wanted on the farms to raise corn and grow stock for the markets; but they are wanted there far more for the training of manhood and womanhood in moral worth, in religious sensibility, in all the traits of a strong, upright personality. In the future as never heretofore, our cities with their multiplying wealth and lavish luxury are likely to need the country for that steady renewal of their better life which shall keep them from relaxing into sensuality and sinking into decay.

A HOPEFUL VIEW OF THE URBAN PROBLEM [1]

BY MARK JEFFERSON

ONE has heard so much of late years about the exodus from the country, in the United States, that it is time someone pointed out that no such exodus has taken place. Individuals leave some country places for the city or other country places, but generally speaking the country is gaining inhabitants at a fairly rapid rate. These are not figures of speech, but rather figures from the Census. The Census defines country places now as all those with less than 2500 people in a single settlement, and states that there were in 1910 over four million more people in them than in 1900. If one cares to look further back, in the last thirty years the country people have increased by more than fourteen millions. As to rate of increase, our country dwellers have increased in the last decade by eleven per cent. The whole German Empire, cities and all, has only increased by thirteen. The American exodus from the country is one of the three great myths of the nineteenth century!

There are counties in which country people are diminishing. There are even

[1] Mr. Jefferson's essay, originally entitled 'The Birth of the Cities,' was written without knowledge of Mr. Dickerman's article, with which it is here contrasted. — THE EDITORS.

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ten states out of our forty-eight which show losses of country people. These are Missouri, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and Vermont. Their losses in the decade were 469,702. But the gains of the other thirty-eight states were so great that the whole country had 4,963,959 more country people in 1910 than in 1900. These figures are taken from a recent bulletin of the Thirteenth Census entitled 'Population of Cities.' It divides the United States into nine districts, in two of which the country had losses: 5150 in New England, and 4220 in the East North Central States. The other seven gained: the Mid-Atlantic 445,558, the West North Central 439,446, South Atlantic 996,979, East South Central 474,205, West South Central, 1,456,524, the Mountain States 586,681, and the Pacific States 573,930.

Men and families have been lost to the country, but for one that has gone nine have come. Our population is a shifting one; many of those whom we see leaving one country district have merely gone to swell the country dwellers elsewhere. The facts observed are not those habitually stated.

What is really happening is an extraordinary upspringing and growth of cities. We had 1894 cities in 1900. In 1910 these had become 2405, and their inhabitants had increased from thirty-one and a half to forty-two and a half millions, a gain of thirty-five per cent. If we look back thirty years instead of ten we shall see 1102 cities become 2405 and a population of 14,772,438 grow to 42,623,383. This is the spark of fire behind so much smoke. Rural population is growing fairly well, but cities are growing by leaps and bounds. Not an exodus from the country but the development of cities has been the phenomenon of the generation.

Now, this thing that has been happening is natural and normal in a nation taking possession of a land. We should not fail to note that the number of cities has grown as well as their population. Not merely are they three times as populous at the end of the decade as at the beginning, but over twice as numerous. The public mind has thought of the cities as if they had always been there, over against the country and independent of it; as if in matters concerning the growth of population everything were possible, — that the cities might have grown slower than the country, or that it was in some way to be expected that town and country should normally grow alike. As a matter of fact, our cities are the outcome of the growth of country population; are an outgrowth of the needs of the country people, first for exchange and distribution of products, second for some working over and manufacturing of those products; and they must grow faster than the country population that creates them, from the conditions of modern life and industry.

Thirty years ago, more than half our cities did not exist. The new ones number no less than 1303. These have not been 'gone to' by people from the country, but have just grown on their sites out of rural communities. Of course, part of the number is fictitious. With the discrimination between rural and urban communities at 2500, a 'country' community of 2490 becomes a 'city' on adding ten new inhabitants without any change of character. But the total increase in number of cities of from 2500 inhabitants to 5000 is only 563. Not all of these can have just grown over the limiting size as suggested, and they leave over 700 to be accounted for as new.

With us, cities are as sure to spring up with the increase of country population as the forests are to disappear. City and country are organically re-

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lated. Crops cannot be grown without fields, nor exchanged and manufactured under the modern system of division of labor, without cities. Only in the rudest pioneer settlements do men dispense with this division of labor by doing everything painfully and badly on the farm. Such settlements are retarded and hampered until they have towns for the city part of the work. When we estimate that the average inhabitant of New York may have but a few score square feet for his own use, we are apt to forget that he can only exist on them because somewhere in the country there are acres of ground producing for him, as really and definitely for him as if he owned them and hired the labor on them, — what Professor Penck has called his 'sustenance space.'

In this connection it is remarkable that twenty of the twenty-two cities which have doubled in population in the last ten years are in the South and West; and that only one of these, Los Angeles, had 100,000 in 1900. Almost all of them, therefore, are small new growths in the agricultural parts of the country. The two northern cities are Schenectady, New York, and Flint, Michigan. Flint owes its overgrowth to the same automobile boom that has lifted Lansing and Detroit also out of their former class.

Where the author lives, in southern Michigan, the farms of from forty to eighty acres have their houses strung along the highways at considerable distances. At road corners every few miles we may find a little cluster of them by a church or a school-house, and especially by a country corner-store. This is important in the life of the whole district for its social opportunities, but it lives on its usefulness as a point of local supply and collection. Here eggs and butter are brought from all the farms around. Every one obtains here his flour, sugar, tea, coffee, kerosene, lamps, common plates, rough cloth and clothing, hammers and nails; the things that some one within a few miles is certain to want every day. At longer intervals one comes on villages with better goods in larger assortments; things not so constantly needed; so that a wider clientèle must be appealed to for their sale. In the same way every county has its little city, with banks and higher schools and theatres and factories, and stores with costlier grades of furniture and clothing and objects of luxury. Here or in the village will be sold the farmer's crop. To them he will look for the culture he wants in the form of religion, of education for his family, or of social intercourse and entertainment. Here he and his wife hope to spend their last days, with the farm rented or worked by some one on halves. Each of these grades of communities has been created by the settling of the region. Each has grown as more forest was cut away; villages have grown into little cities, little cities have grown into large ones in which manufacturing becomes more and more important with size, for only in the large ones are assured ease of movement of raw and manufactured material and a constant supply of labor of varied training and capacity. The few really strategic points in the whole country, for interchange of commodities, will foster the growth of a few cities to overwhelming size. But all of these cities alike have their roots in the country fields. If the country folk ever really take it into their heads to flock to the cities, no city can either last or grow.

In 1870, Michigan and Wisconsin together had but ten cities of ten thousand or more. In 1910 they had forty-one. In 1870 the only city of a hundred thousand inhabitants between Buffalo and the Mississippi was Chicago, then

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about as large as Cincinnati is to-day. Now there are five of them, and six more of over fifty thousand. In the better settled part of the region the cities were then a matter of a hundred miles apart, now they are barely twenty-five. These two states have nine hundred thousand more country people than they had thirty years ago. Their cities have increased by a million and a third in the same time, but it is the country increase that has made this possible. The total natural increase of the country population cannot remain on the farms without entailing a rapid subdivision of the farms.

Now, American farms are going to be smaller, but it will happen by the introduction of intensive methods of agriculture or by the taking up of the farms by Europeans who understand those methods. There are signs enough that the thing is happening already, but it is a slow process compared with the increase of the population. It is the nature of the case that the man in the field can raise the raw produce for seven or eight. That is about what he was doing in this country in 1900, and he will produce for more and more with every year. Between 1855 and 1894 the introduction of seven different machines used in raising and harvesting corn reduced the man-labor in a bushel of corn from four hours and thirty-four minutes to forty-one minutes. For a bushel of wheat the similar reduction has been from three hours and three minutes to ten minutes. To get the same produce from the ground, one man in the field suffices where then sixteen were needed. Of course such an application of machinery is ideal, and not attained in wide practice. The essential farm population must always be thin, and if it becomes too dense, economic forces tend to thin it at once. But the operations connected with the manufacture and interchange of commodities need not be kept near the fields. On the contrary, they can best be carried on under the conditions of village and city life, at points well placed for power and transportation.

City population normally adds a portion of the natural increase of the population of the country to its own increase: it must grow faster than the country population does.

The modern census figures of many lands teach us that extensive farming of the American type exists with population densities of from 25 to 125 to the square mile. That figure includes the cities that are sure to complement such farms. The actual country population in our great farming states is but 31 in a *total* population density for the same region of 43. The European, intensive style of farming, which puts more labor, more fertilizer, and more knowledge into smaller fields, and gets much larger crops from them, goes with populations of from 125 to 250 to the mile. Densities above 250 imply that manufacturing of raw materials from outside fields of supply is beginning to prevail; densities under 125 that the land is not completely farmed, but has portions in forest, or used for grazing, or too dry for any agricultural use, as in many of our western states. These occupational densities cannot be separated by sharply drawn lines, but if they are taken for wide enough areas they are really decisive. More than the average density for the occupation is overgrowth, and has to be compensated for by some special advantage or it causes distress. Any overgrowth in the country is at once drawn to the city by the varied possibilities for occupation there, aided by the attractiveness of city life that is always operative on the country, even on those profitably busied there.

To the density of city population there is hardly any limit. Some wards

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in New York are settled at the rate of five hundred thousand people to the mile; all Manhattan island averages about a hundred thousand, but this is, of course, mere 'home space.'

There are many difficulties in drawing distinctions between city and country, as we must for statistical purposes. I have tried to lay emphasis above rather on their interrelation and essential unity, yet the line must be drawn somewhere. It was General Francis A. Walker, Director of the Census in 1870, who suggested 8000 as a critical size; all communities with fewer inhabitants than that being defined as 'rural.' The Twelfth Census reduced this number to 4000, the Thirteenth to 2500. What has been the effect of this change of standard on computations of country growth? Apparently to make country population *seem* to grow more slowly by about a fifth of its total amount. The Census gives us the total populations for cities of 100,000, for those of 25,000, of 10,000, of 5000, and of 2500. If we make the experiment of regarding each of these sizes in succession as a limiting size between country and city, we shall get for the country growth of the last decade the successive estimates, 16, 13, $11\frac{1}{2}$, 10, and 9 per cent; smaller values as you set the city limit further down. For this example I have taken no account of the passing of 'rural' communities into the 'urban' class during the decade. With this allowance — that is, counting the increase of population during the decade of *the area that was rural in 1910*, whether it stayed so or not — our nine goes up to eleven.

If the 'city' minimum were set a little lower, the case might be made to look worse yet for the country.

The reductions in the limit to 4000 and 2500 appear to have been made with the eyes rather on the *rus* than on the *urbs*. Is a place of 2500 really a city? The dweller in one of 100,000 will hardly think so. Form of government is of course not a satisfactory means of distinguishing; but surely there is some common element in the usual notion of *city*, *citified*, and *urban* that can be used in defining. I think the words carry for all of us the idea of paved streets, compactly and continuously closed in by permanent buildings several stories high and pretty crowded with people. Public parks do not interrupt the city concept at all, nor do waterways which are used for traffic. The community at the mouth of the Charles is really one city, although governed by several mayors and councils.

Rural population lives in isolated houses. Such is the country population that I find widespread about here with a density of 31 to the square mile; but between this rural life and city life is another type, that of the village or small city. Village life is marked by a drawing together of homes; that is its distinction from the true country. Perhaps the greatest hardship of country life is the lonesomeness, above all for the women. The village is built up by this country longing for society, and the village appears therefore as soon as two houses stand side by side. When they are so clustered and grouped that they have no farms annexed, it is plain that the village has arrived. The space occupied is an essential part of the idea. Not how many are the people, but how near together do they live? The Michigan General Laws are suggestive when they authorize the incorporation as a village of any community that has at least 300 people on at least one square mile of ground.

The city appears in the growth of the village when the increasing material nearness of men brings about social repulsions. It is the delight of moving to the village that I may have neighbors;

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of going to the city that I need not know who my neighbors are. Material crowding of men has brought evils in its train against which the city must defend itself. To prevent vehicles from sticking in the mud of heavily traveled streets, the streets must be paved, and as further defenses we must now have city lighting, policing, sewerage, and water supply, all because there are now so many of us so near together.

The blessings of the village become curses with further growth, unless 'city' remedies are applied. The very crowding brings a thinning out at the centre. In the heart of the great modern cities nobody lives but janitors and caretakers of store and office buildings. While each of the twenty-odd square miles of Manhattan Island has more than a hundred thousand residents, the business centre, in Wards Two and Three near the southern tip of the island, has less than seven thousand to the mile. The great example of course is London, with its old 'City' steadily dwindling; but more than that, the central fifth of the whole County of London has fewer inhabitants with each decade, as shops and offices take the place of homes.

Country people live in isolated homes, village homes are neighborly, and the city defends its inmates from neighbors who may not be desired. The line cannot be sharply drawn between them; the best thing to use is the average from the facts of many large cities. We learn from that how people do live in large cities.

From studies of many large cities in Europe as well as in America, it appears that a reasonable lower limit of density of population for a city is ten thousand people to a square mile. This is not far from the official average for American great cities.[1] All areas continuously settled at the rate of over ten thousand to the mile are *cities;* all areas less densely settled, *villages*, until the houses come to be isolated, when we have reached the *country*. This throws Charlottenburg in with Berlin, Hoboken and Jersey City with New York, and makes Cambridge, Somerville, Chelsea, and Brookline essential parts of Boston, with a total population this year, 1913, of nine hundred thousand people.

Most of our cities contain City part, Village part, and Country part. So does Vienna, but most European cities have expanded beyond their limits and citified their suburbs. London has invaded several counties.

The land has been settled, population has been developed slowly in the country, as befits the sparse agricultural occupation of the land; in the cities, rapidly, at the demand and under the stimulus of country development. No exodus from the country has occurred except as the country, exuberant and life-giving, brings forth a population in excess of agricultural needs. This it is always doing, and with this surplus it creates the cities that supplement and crown the life of the land.

[1] *Bulletin of the American Geographical Society*, September, 1909: 'Anthropography of Great Cities.' — THE AUTHOR.

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THE YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF ZELOPHEHAD

BY MARGARET LYNN

THE idea was John's originally; but Henry annexed it so promptly that in a minute or two it seemed to have been his all the time. That was no unusual occurrence. John and Henry presented, in practical matters, the relation of a colony and a mother country — with constant taxation of ideas and grudgingly allowed representation in results. It did seem in those days as if Henry had the making of a statesman in him, his sense of relations was so clear and practical.

This time John's notion concerned finance, an unheard-of thing in John. Henry was hypothetically the financier of our body, although, as our resources rarely passed out of his hands, that made little difference to the rest of us. All our pecuniary transactions seemed to take much the same form, — a magnificent conception on Henry's part, his gracious permission to the rest of us to fill subordinate places in its execution, and then a gathering in the fruits by Henry himself. Not being entirely inexpressive, we sometimes demurred at this; but there always seemed to be a good masculine reason why this conclusion should be quite just and legal. John, with his dreamy head somewhere in the sky, did n't care much for money anyway, and I, being feminine, was quite unconvincing, and Mary was too young to command much attention. So the spending of our small common profits, as well as the laying of our united financial schemes, remained in Henry's hands.

The source of our profits was usually the heads of the family, or some of the adult members of the household — all adults seemed to be loaded with money, often having whole dollars in their pockets at once — and our processes were rather industrial than commercial. Hence John's sudden proposal was fascinating enough from its very novelty. He suggested, in fact, that we should go out into the public mart and engage in trade. We all held our breath for a moment at the enterprise of the plan. And then Henry, recovering his, made the scheme his own in two sentences; and John immediately became a subordinate, a mere fetch-and-carry. Mary and I waited to be assigned places in the plan of things.

The notion was so simple yet so adventurous in its way that it is a wonder none of us had ever thought of it before. Out in the orchard were ripe apples and grapes and some peaches, more of all than the household needed; at the end of our drive ran the county road, along which passed the hungry public. Could there be a more suggestive juxtaposition of supply and demand? Henry visualized it instantly — the road a public mart, the eager passer hungrily demanding, the immense profits certainly consequent upon trade. He was out in the world, a merchant, a financier, a capitalist. He expanded visibly before us as we eyed him. Awhile he mused, then assumed active command of us all.

On Wednesday there would be a meeting at the little county-seat, the road to which lay past our gate. Its

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purpose was negligible—politics, probably; we had not even thought of asking to be allowed to go. But we had gathered from talk at the table that many men would be there. The meeting would begin in the early afternoon; that meant that from ten o'clock on there would be a constant passing by our gate. Some of these travelers would come from the far west of the county, some from the scantily settled expanse to the northwest. They would all be hungry. Henry laid his plans.

Mary was sent to spread the scheme, in its most meagre outlines, before my father and mother. Mary's participation in an enterprise often ended with that. But somehow, in Mary's serious and honest telling, any exploit seemed to take on not only plausibility but positive merit. This time, however, my mother looked dubious, my father amused. Maldy lingered on a passing foot at the open door, and looked at Mary with the complacence which Mary alone won from her. She recovered from that, however, to frown at Henry, skulking in dignified indifference outside the open window, and to express unsolicited disapproval — Maldy's opinion often outran solicitation — of the whole scheme.

'I want to make some money,' said Mary gently but persistently. Mary was guileless as the rising moon, but it was wise for her to say *I* instead of *we*.

'Huuf!' said Maldy, and went on.

'Oh, let them do it,' said my father in answer to my mother's look of reluctance. My father was in a hurry to be off somewhere. It was a truly venturous one who went to ask a favor when the authority was in a hurry. The decision was instantaneous, but one could never tell whether the necessity for haste would work for or against the petitioner. 'It won't do them any harm so long as people are going toward town — as soon as they begin to come back the children must come in. Do you understand?' My father raised his voice, and Henry's head now appeared at the window.

I heard that injunction regretfully, not because it curtailed the profits, but because it limited the experience. If men — the kind of men who went by on the road — were in any way different when they came back from a political meeting, I should like to see them. That mysterious thing called drunkenness, of which we read in temperance stories, along with its well-detailed symptoms, I had never had a chance to observe. Henry submitted with a less impersonal reluctance; he saw nickels slipping past him.

But a 'stand' at the roadside we were to have. Henry promptly issued orders — certain duties for me, certain others for John, minor ones for Mary. On Monday the stand was to be built, on Tuesday the fruit gathered and our minds prepared, on Wednesday the great transaction would begin, about ten o'clock. Henry was so busy giving orders that the time seemed to fly. He came out several times to help me get the baskets of grapes, but he always remembered something else that must be superintended, and hurried off abruptly. The first time I heard the term captain of industry I knew instantly what it meant, remembering Henry.

Tuesday night everything was ready. Inside the screened porch was our stock-in-trade, scores of apples and early peaches, baskets of grapes, a few of the ripest pears. A serious question had arisen while we gathered them. As connoisseurs in fruit, within the limits of our own orchards, we knew to the last, finest degree, the palatability of every variety. There are people to whom an apple is an apple, and a peach, a peach. But we were none of that sort. We recognized delicate

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gradations of toothsomeness, and balanced nicely the relative allurements of choice varieties. A man might as well call himself frankly Philistine and barbarian at once, as voluntarily eat a Ben Davis and call it good. As amateurs of apples we could hardly bear the thought of offering a customer any but what we knew to be the best. It was a betrayal of our own good taste. But, on the other hand, would it pay to sacrifice our cherished General Grants or our last, high-in-the-tree Benonis, when the cottony Sops of Wine or the flat saccharine Ramsdale's Reds would suit the undiscriminating public quite as well, and were bigger and rosier at that? Henry considered the matter and settled it from the point of view of commercialism rather than that of art. It would be an insult to *give* any one a Sops of Wine — we always had difficulty with that plural — but there would be no offense in selling them, if we could do it.

So our rosy baskets, which looked so enticing, really contained many of what we small epicures regarded as the discards of the orchards, refused by our finer taste. If these did not prove enticing enough — if our customers had better taste than we expected — Mary and I could hurry back and hastily gather some of the others, Henry said. 'Anyway,' he added, 'we're not going to try to sell to them when they come back.'

We sat in the dark, considering prospects. A vague expectation of unsatisfaction disturbed me, but I postponed formulating it.

'I wish we had some watermelons,' said Henry, raising his voice but the least degree.

Maldy was sitting, also in the dark, just inside the kitchen window, and we knew it. But Maldy said nothing.

After a pause crowded with suggestion, Henry pursued, with the manner of one filling time and ears with pleasant conversation, 'Everybody likes watermelon this time of year.'

There was still no sound from within the kitchen, and conversation lapsed.

All the watermelons on the place belonged to Maldy; I don't know why, but this was the custom. My father said it was because she was the only one who could protect them adequately. Certain it was that no man or child interfered twice with Maldy's watermelons, even though they were the first to ripen and the finest to taste in the whole country. Maldy always made a show of being very stingy with them, and ended by being so generous that her own profits were scanty. Certainly these earliest ripe watermelons would be a great attraction on our stand. But Maldy said nothing.

Henry, by feeling, counted his change, the combined capital of all four of us. It was conveniently all in small pieces.

'I,' said Mary dreamily, 'am going to buy a gold bracelet with my money.' She ran imaginative fingers about her round little wrist. 'Aunt Ella will get it for me when she goes back to New York.'

'And,' I broke in enthusiastically, 'I'll get a new *David Copperfield* with mine.' *David Copperfield* had come to us already old, and its choicest sections had long since been read into annihilation.

'We're not going to divide up the money,' said Henry with simple authority. 'We're going to take it all and get a new gun with it.' Then to our silence he added, 'We need a new saddle because mine is getting too small. But I guess we'll get the gun.'

After a pause I spoke out. My spirit was Patrick Henry's, but my words were my own. I have forgotten them now, but at the time they seemed eloquent and should have been convincing. That they were not was due to the

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limitations of the language, not to any lack of spirit behind them. But Henry's position was unchanged.

'Anyway,' he said, 'John and I are going to do all the selling. You will have to keep back in the grove when there is anybody there.'

I paused abruptly in my rush of argument and contumely. This was a fresh blow. I had already had visions of myself in the new and attractive rôle of sales-person, and had practiced little graces and urbanities among the grape-vines, combining, as nearly as I could, my mother's gracious manner with her poorer visitors, and that of a shoe-clerk who had sometimes fitted me and whose ease I greatly admired. I had expected to add largely to our sales by my charm — and who knew what further it might all lead to?

'Well, I guess not, Mr. Henry!' I burst out, with indignation which fettered expression.

'When there's nobody passing,' went on Henry, now fully committed to setting forth his policy, 'you can come out. And you can bring rags and keep the dust wiped off everything — and things like that. But it ain't the place for girls.'

I was meditating a sufficient answer for this when Mary spoke.

'You are a mean thing,' she said.

She rose and said it again with greater emphasis, 'You 're a mean thing!'

Vituperation was foreign to Mary's tongue, and her phrases were limited. She felt around on the dark floor for the prim elderly doll still dear to her eight-year-old heart, and took her departure. Just beyond the door she paused again and her serious little voice came back to us out of the darkness with less of indignation in it than of sober conviction. 'You're a mean thing!' she repeated once more.

I heard Maldy's chair scrape on the kitchen floor and her solid step on the back-stairs as she followed Mary, to see her to bed. Old as we were, Maldy had no faith in our putting of ourselves to bed; and her vesper visit to us was as certain as my mother's. We could not help thinking, however, that there was a precautionary element in Maldy's final look at us which my mother's lacked.

While we continued to sit there, in an uncomfortable, unadjusted silence, I could hear the distant murmur of her voice in Mary's little room above, and I knew that she was comforting Mary. When Mary was in trouble she rarely said anything; but every one in the house — except the cause of her distress — wanted to comfort her. I used to wonder how she accomplished it; there were times when I went without comforting.

The silence downstairs continued, unimpaired by conciliatory remark, until we were once more called from our musings to go to bed. In harassed moments life sometimes seemed to consist entirely of regretful retirings and reluctant arisings.

In the morning Mary seemed to melt away from the breakfast-table without any one's noting her departure. That was not surprising. When Mary was at outs with the world she simply disappeared — usually to my mother's room — until either her mood or the situation was readjusted. My own policy was different. I was accustomed to remain active on the field of battle. It was not considered technically correct to call in a higher authority to arbitrate differences. This time my method was, I confess, inartistic, but it accomplished something. A dinner-pail full of strong brine, poised in unsteady hands over the finest baskets of grapes, brought Henry to a compromise. All the money we made above what the gun cost I could have. As I appeared in-

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credulous, he went a step further. I could have half the bounties on skins from his killings for the first year. That really left me still unexpectant, but it held a show of victory. And anyway it would be no fun to stay at the house all the morning when the novel excitement of traffic was in full blare down the road. I assisted in carrying the baskets down to the stand while Henry made out his scale of prices. That done, I was allowed to sit in partial concealment behind the hedge and make up 'pokes' of heavy paper; Maldy had afforded us only a very meagre supply of paper bags.

Mary lived on her pride in some seclusion or other, and did not approach us. I was aware that I had compromised with my independence — But what of that? I could be proud any day and we could n't have a stand at the road every day. Curiosity and interest in life conquered.

The stand was built under the shade of an osage-orange tree, allowed to grow for shade above the rest of the trimmed hedge. John and Henry arranged the best-looking of their wares tastefully upon it and then everything was ready. We awaited custom. We had a point of vantage at the top of the hill, from which we could command a view of the road in each direction. It was a bare dusty way, its yellow thread enclosed on each side by a stretch of weeds, now in August ripeness, wild hemp and sunflower and dog-fennel, with an occasional stretch of prairie grass not yet crowded out by the weeds of civilization.

A team approached down the neighboring hill, with a wagon full of people. About the stand excitement swelled. 'Now you keep back,' Henry dropped over his shoulder to me. 'It's a whole lot of men.' The feminist crouched low behind the thickest part of the hedge. Henry and John took easy commercial attitudes at the stand. The wagon rolled on in its little yellow dust-cloud, made the slow ascent of the hill, quickened its speed as it touched the upper level, and rattled past us without a pause. Its occupants were the Bledsoes, who lived two miles beyond us and had fruit at home. Ikie Bledsoe waved a jeering hand at us from the rear of the wagon, where he sat with his knees doubled over the endgate, and dropped an indistinguishable remark as the horses started to trot down the other side of the hill.

Henry looked along the empty road for a few silent minutes and then sent John to get a corn-knife and cut down the weeds in front of the stand. The sight of John's activity revived everyone's spirits. Presently an old man jogged up the hill on a ragged sorrel horse, rode up to the stand, and after long consideration bought a nickel's worth of peaches. The sorrel, as they turned away, snatched an apple from the stand, knocked off three others and stepped on one of them.

Two women, both in gingham sunbonnets and half-hander gloves, drove past next. They stopped and looked at our wares, but only, apparently, to see how ours compared with what they had at home, as if we were a fruit exhibit at the county fair. Henry was sober. At that moment the gun did n't look any bigger than a revolver to him.

A long spring-wagon full of men came next, and the men made a combined purchase of thirty-five cents' worth. It was a great comfort at least to have money enough to rattle. Henry let John hold it part of the time. The next man bought a nickel's worth of grapes, and then two more, evidently hired men taking a holiday, bought a dozen apples, haggling over the price. Then it seemed to be time to dust the stock off and Henry sent me to the house to get one of Maldy's turkey-wings,

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Maldy's fortunate absence from the kitchen made it possible for me to secure one without question, and also to sample the cookies on which I found Ellen experimenting. I complimented the result very cordially, and Ellen received my remarks with more than wonted graciousness and gave me a handful to take back to the road.

When I returned to the stand I found there a gloom which even the distribution of cookies did not entirely lighten. I gathered, as I wielded my turkey-wing, — and found it a not very pliable or sympathetic implement, — that successive vehicles had passed inattentive. Even at this moment a wagon, full to the dashboard, lumbered past, dully indifferent. Henry forgot to send me back to cover. A spring wagon followed, its occupants regaling themselves with watermelons and impassive to the out-spread charms of more aristocratic fruits. A mover-wagon followed, its engulfed inhabitants also enjoying watermelon, the driver thrusting his head out from under the canvas like a turtle, to eject the seeds, and somebody in the vague interior discarding well-cleaned rinds through the hole in the rear.

'I'll bet they stole them,' said Henry acidly. Of course it was true that movers did not have the best of reputations among us.

A man coming from the other direction bought a few grapes to take home and said that if his woman was there she might want a whole basketful. But that was colorless comfort to us. A wagon containing two young men and two girls and great hilarity approached, and for sheer gallantry the young man in the back seat must treat to grapes and peaches. Our sky brightened. Conversation turned to comparison of different makes of firearms.

Now as noon drew on a pretty regular stream of vehicles began to pass — a wagon with two men on the seat and two women, each with a baby, on kitchen chairs behind; a second wagon, with sideboards on and boards laid across them for seats, all full of people; other conveyances of the same kind, all crowded full and overflowing with sociability. They all creaked up the hill slowly, greeted by our rising hopes, and then rattled down it noisily, pursued by our indignant disappointment. They rarely stopped, even at the boys' shrill announcement of their wares. I remained behind the hedge continuously.

One thing began to seem strange. About half of these people were eating watermelon. The coincidence seemed more and more remarkable — that they should all have brought watermelon along and with one mind have begun to eat it at this precise point. We considered the practical improbability of this. As we did so, another thing came to our notice. We could trace a coming wagon down the long hill opposite us and almost into the hollow. Then a little interval would always elapse before we could see the horses' bobbing heads as they climbed the hill to our station. Now we noticed that this interval was often unnecessarily long. Men did not usually rest their horses at the bottom of a hill. What were they doing? We traced a certain white and bay team down the opposite slope and into the hiatus at the bottom. Then minutes elapsed while we craned our necks at the top of the hill and waited for the white ears and bay ears to appear in the line of the yellow track. Finally the wagon was in front of us — and the people in it were eating watermelon! We fixed our eyes on the next wagon approaching — with precisely the same resulting observation.

Henry bade John watch the stand, and raced away down the hill. John

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bade me do so, and followed him. An hour before, I had coveted this position. Now, after a moment of reluctant obedience, I swept all the stores behind the hedge and followed John.

At the bottom of the hill we at first saw nothing unusual as we came racing up. Then, when we were opposite the big cottonwood tree which stood by a farm-gate opening into a field, we saw. A team advanced down the other hill at the very same moment, the men behind it talking loudly and absorbedly until they reached us. Then they too saw, and stopped. At the very foot of the cottonwood, on a small solitary patch of blue-grass set among the daisy-flowered dog-fennel, were two little round piles of watermelons, their striped and splotched greenness a beautiful thing to the hungry eye. And between the two piles stood Mary, in a little blue dress, her soft childish arms tightly clasping a big mottled green melon, around which they could barely reach. The whitish-gray trunk of the tree stretched up behind her and its tinkling, glinting leaves sounded and shone overhead.

Mary uttered not a word as the wagon stopped. She gave one appealing look at the occupants, and then drooped her head until her brown hair touched the top of her green burden. Her cheeks grew pinker and pinker and she clasped her melon tighter and tighter, but she stood her ground bravely, waiting. The men looked for a moment and then one of them called in a jolly way, 'What do you want for it, sissy?'

'Only fifty cents,' said Mary, shyer than ever.

The man jumped out and came to get it and Mary relinquished her solid burden and took his two quarters with the same sedate diffidence.

'See here,' demanded Henry when the wagon had rattled on, 'what are you doing this for?'

'I wanted to get some money to buy a bracelet,' said Mary simply, looking the piles over to select another melon.

'Well, gee whiz, how do you think we're going to make any?'

'You wouldn't give me any of yours,' said Mary in the same impersonal way, wiping the new melon off with a dish-towel she had had secreted neatly behind the tree.

'Well, I'd like to know what right you think you have to do this — Where'd you get these melons anyway?' he broke off, shifting his line of arraignment.

'Maldy gave them to me. She brought them down here for me,' answered Mary with the same natural simplicity, a manner especially exasperating to Henry when he was in a belligerent position. When one simply told the whole truth, secreted nothing, colored nothing, defended nothing, what was there for her antagonist to attack or to continue to attack?

Henry came to an abrupt stop which seemed to jolt his ideas all to pieces. 'I'll bet she did n't!' he exploded.

Mary made no answer. From behind the tall weeds which formed a thick fringe beyond the clipped hedge rose Maldy, eyeing Henry impassively.

Henry looked at our assembled forces. Mary, supported by Maldy, was invulnerable. I, of course, was on their side; John was never a hot-headed partisan.

Maldy's look spoke stolid triumph. 'Got your gun yet?' she asked grimly.

That evening when Maldy was putting us to bed — we were tired that night and willing to retire early when the notion was suggested to us — the voice of an itinerant Methodist preacher, who had timed his travels so carefully that he arrived at our house just at supper-time, kept rising to us from the porch below. The preacher had

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looked in at the convention on his way, and his thoughts were on politics and large matters of statesmanship. He discoursed broadly on democracy and then dropped to a detail — I missed the connection.

'Woman is the greatest moral force in the world,' he said authoritatively, '— er, that is, one of the greatest, of course. The Lord never intended her to take any part in government. She has always ruled by love and gentleness, and if she tries any other way she will lose all her influence.'

'Huuf!' said Maldy, as she tucked Mary in. Then she went clumping down the stairs to cut a watermelon and distribute it on the porch.

Left alone, Mary lay quiet a long time, in her still little way. Then she suddenly sat up in her bed. 'Barbara,' she said, 'I am going to give you and Henry and John some of my money. I'm sorry about Henry.'

FINANCING THE RURAL CHURCH

BY JOSEPH WOODBURY STROUT

If the rural church is to be a power in the community, to assume the lead in modernizing and bettering its environment; if it is to fill its rightful place in the life of the nation to-day, it will have to reconstruct its entire system and custom of financing its plant. No church now can have great influence unless it comes up to modern standards of business custom and integrity. The rural church can no more escape this necessity than the urban church. Bills must be paid at regular intervals, and those intervals will have to be shorter than is now the practice. No community can feel deep respect for an institution, even the church, that handles its finances loosely, or in the old way of twenty-five years ago. So, in order to hold its place in the economy of these times, the church, quite as much as the business house, must stand on a basis of money. It must possess confidence in its ability to meet all demands made upon it of a financial nature. In a word it must be financially independent.

It must be financially independent, but not by virtue of endowments, at least not of large endowments, for, in general, an endowment tends to weaken initiative and etherize effort on the part of the community. A heavy endowment, a necessity to a school, is not the best thing for a church. This is especially true of the rural church, for the apathy and indifference of the countryside, already proverbial, are chief elements in its problem. This church must be independent by means of the annual contributions of its clientèle. A strong support from the people, timed to meet the running expenses promptly by bringing in a budget and coming up to its demand, is the best and the most dignified way of meeting the expenses of any church. In this way, every member of the congregation, young and old, even the children, may come to realize that, not

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only must the bills of the church be promptly met, but also, that each, in part at least, is responsible for meeting them. Such a basis demands business talent, and watchfulness against waste. In this phase of its life the rural church is sadly wanting.

Attention has been called to this side of church affairs, recently, by Bishop Lawrence of the Protestant Episcopal Church. In an article in the *Congregationalist*, he says, 'Ordinarily the vestryman is less particular and careful in handling the church finances than the minister.' In the rural church that is emphatically true. Few of these churches have any financial plan. Indeed most of them are careless and slipshod in managing money that has fallen into their hands. The common custom is to take the money as it comes in, and, if there is enough of it, pay the bills; if there is not enough, some of the bills must wait. No set time is planned in which to balance accounts. The minister is paid when the money comes in, that is, if it is enough to balance all accounts; otherwise his claim waits until the rest are paid. Said the treasurer to me once, 'Your salary is one hundred dollars in arrears, but all the rest of the bills are paid. This leaves the books clear.' That was at the end of the year. Usually the minister is paid when the money comes in, which may be once in two or three months, or twice a year; and I have known instances where the payment awaits the end of the year, and, as in the above instance, is not always ready then. Sometimes there is an agreement that the minister shall be paid quarterly, but such agreement is generally made with the mental reservation, on the part of the treasurer, at least, 'providing the money is then in hand.' If it is not then in hand, the minister must wait until it comes in. This, to the minister, often becomes not only an annoyance but a hardship. If such a condition were unavoidable one would not complain; but when the committee knows that in the end all bills must be paid, and are paid, it gets on one's nerves to be put at such a disadvantage.

Few businesses depending entirely on their receipts are able invariably to balance accounts at the set time and pay off their help; but the bills must be paid, and therefore they resort to the bank. The proposition to borrow the money to meet running expenses promptly at regular intervals, in any parish meeting I have attended, never got more than two votes, the vote of the man who made the motion and of the other who seconded it. 'We must not get in debt,' is always the point made against it, and it always prevails. But really, though the men seem not to see it, the point is, 'We must not borrow of a bank and pay interest, while we can borrow of the minister, for nothing, all we need.'

Sometimes in a moment of enthusiasm over a new minister, the church agrees to pay its running expenses monthly, at least his salary; but I have never known such virtue to last long. It works for a time while the minister is new and things are in the 'interesting stage,' but after a while the old policy is resorted to, of paying when the money is in the treasury, and allowing the minister to advance it when it is not. If the rural minister's salary were ever more than a living wage, he might stand this custom without complaint, but when, as is generally the case, the salary just meets the family expenses, it is another affair. The rural minister, like the common laborer, is living all the time dangerously near the line of want. A severe sickness, a lay-off of a few months, and his family would be hard pushed for food and shelter. Moreover, sometimes, when he could do so, for want of the money he is

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deprived of the privilege of attending some one of the great meetings of his church; or if he goes, it is with the uneasy consciousness that he ought not to have used the money for that, and must find some way to make it up outside of his salary. Under such conditions, to be made the banker of his church and compelled to advance money without interest is sometimes exasperating.

One minister I knew in whose call it was stipulated that the salary should be paid quarterly; after two or three failures on the part of the parish to come up to the gage, he promptly collected it by legal process. But that ended his pastorate in the place, and also blacklisted him, so that it was with difficulty that he obtained another field. The treasurer of my church came to me once, near the end of the fiscal year, and said, 'Six hundred dollars is all I can raise on the salary this year; you will have to balance the account on that.' This was a notice to take what they could raise, or find another place. My situation at the time was such that another place would have been almost a misfortune, at any rate would have broken off my plans for years to come; yet to live on six hundred dollars a year when I had already spent eight hundred, was a serious problem. I could not agree to the proposition and made a counter offer, agreeing to count on the salary all perquisites during the year, such as marriage fees, literary work, and whatever else happened to fall to me, amounting to about seventy-five dollars, if he would get down to work and raise the balance. By going to the people with this offer, giving no names, however, he managed to raise the amount. This happened in a church holding interest-bearing funds to the amount of some twelve thousand dollars.

But not only are the running expenses of these churches handled carelessly and with indifference; a similar looseness is apparent in the management of their trust funds. The church just alluded to received at one time a legacy of five thousand dollars, and chose a committee to invest it. This committee with characteristic shiftlessness invested it in a stock company, which, after paying a few dividends, went to pieces, or into receivers' hands, and paid only a small part of the money back. The committee took what was left and put it in a savings bank, planning to keep it there until the interest had accumulated sufficiently to make good the original principal. In order to do this the running expenses of the church had to be cut down, and the minister's salary lowered to five hundred dollars a year. Instead of facing the facts squarely, and telling the people all about it, — or making good, as morally, perhaps, they were bound to do, having carelessly invested trust funds, — they turned about and took it out of the minister; or, if not exactly that, by compelling the church to employ inferior men, they took it out of the life of the community. This condition went on for some years, until, at last, the company rallied and began to pay off its debts. Notice of these payments, after I went to the church, often came to me. The regularity of their coming led me to pass them to the parish committee instead of to the old committee which had the affair in charge, and the result was that we learned of a now fairly large fund at interest, of which, in the annual meetings, no accountings were made. In the mean time, while interest on this fund was being hoarded, I was forced to give my perquisites to the account of the salary, or find another field.

A similar case, not long afterward, developed in a neighboring church. They had not lost trust funds by care-

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less investment, but the interest on a large fund given them some years before was being systematically withheld by one man. This man was a sort of boss in the church. While this money was being hoarded, they were paying their minister the small sum of six hundred dollars a year. It was held back, as the man himself testified before a council, in order that the church, when the old men were dead, might have a larger fund with which to finance its work. The minister of this church, though on a small salary, did not ask them to use this money for running expenses, but for repairs on an old, leaky parsonage. Winter was at hand and the house, out of repair, was cold and unfit for a family of small children. He insisted that they could not better use the money than to put the parsonage in repair. But the man who seemed to run things in the parish demurred, and held back so strongly that a council was called to advise in the matter. The council unanimously advised the putting of the interest on this fund into the running expenses of the church.

In another field where I labored, the agent of a rickety concern, in the form of a stock company, persistently urged the trustees to invest a certain sum of money, which might soon become idle, with his company, agreeing to pay six per cent on preferred stock, at ninety dollars, and to give them a bonus of ten shares in the common stock of the company. This seemed too generous, and I opposed it, fearing the credit of the company might be low. In answer to letters written to persons from whom they were habitually buying we learned, however, that such was not true, that they paid their bills, but were slow. I still opposed it and was joined by one of the trustees and the senior deacon, and we three, by strenuously fighting the thing, managed to defeat it. In less than three months the company was in the hands of a receiver, paying about seven per cent on its bonds, and nothing on its common stock. Between a loss of thirteen hundred dollars and this church there were only three who stood out.

It was difficult in that field to raise the money for running expenses, although they were only a little more than nine hundred dollars. Yet this church, with some six or seven thousand dollars at interest, owned a square mile of land in different parts of the town, which was yielding an average pittance of from thirty-five to forty dollars a year. Originally, in part, this land consisted of a farm with buildings thereon. But these buildings were allowed to decay, to be used by tramps, until at last the house was burned, and the barn fell into the cellar. The land in places was excellent tillage, and there were several fresh-water meadows. Under systematic oversight, with a little concerted effort on the part of the men, once a year, this land could easily have been made to yield a regular income of at least one hundred and fifty dollars. It was located in different parts of the town, and much of it was woodland; and it was, apparently, concealed from the church, excepting a few of its old men. Only one man in the town knew where all of it was located and he was ninety years old. One other man knew where most of it was, but he seemed extremely reluctant to tell. Other old men there were, each of whom knew where some particular piece was, but they were not willing to make any effort to show the young men the bounds. I tried for two years to have them take the young men around over this land and point out to them the lines and corners — there are no deeds of this land to be found — and to have plaques made and put on record, but to no purpose.

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This church was not only losing its land, it was wasting it. It might have made it a source of income. Yet the land was being lost without protest while the running expenses of the church were continually in arrears. The minister's salary, paid in the old way, at the end of the quarter, was forever behind. And all this because of the slipshod, apathetic mismanagement of the finances of the parish. A friend said to me, 'I would not feel quite so exasperated, if, once in a while, my treasurer would count the money correctly.' His treasurer was in the habit of passing the collection, as it was taken, directly to him, and it commonly contained much small coin. I have been paid a quarter's salary largely in silver and copper. Weekly offerings in the rural church come mostly in nickels; five cents a week is the usual pledge, sometimes it is ten cents, now and then twenty-five, rarely fifty, and a dollar from three or four only. If these smaller sums were widows' mites, one would mention them only to commend the giver; but mostly they are the contributions of young men and women whose salaries are at least twelve dollars a week, and some of the salaries are as high as twenty dollars. Still, even these small gifts, if every one gave, would meet the needs of the church very well.

In my present parish, I find more of the careless and slipshod in the management of the finances of the church than in any I have hitherto served, yet these people, unlike most country people, are not averse to taking suggestions from the minister. He is usually made a member of the society, and sometimes put on the finance committee, and always on the estimating committee. This gives me an opportunity to make long plans and fix on a budget for the future. This opportunity I make haste to improve. We make up a budget, appoint a committee to solicit the money it calls for, elect a treasurer to take care of it, and adjourn the meeting — which, to most of the men chosen, means the end of the whole thing. Two years we have been doing this, but have not yet come up to the gage we set, and have in no way carried out our plans. It is a simple thing to make a budget. It is easy to plan the work, appoint the committees, elect the officers, and go through all the rest of the routine; but it is a different proposition to see the plans carried out in detail. Sometimes we get a committee who will help in the soliciting, but they meet with such strange discouragements that not seldom they give it up and ever after refuse to try it.

Rural people give as they live, mostly by the sense of feeling. 'How much this year?' is invariably answered with, 'I don't know. I suppose I 'll have to give something.' 'How much?' 'I can't tell now. It will depend on how I feel when the money is called for.' Two thirds of the active members of the church will answer that way, even when they know exactly what they intend to give. The farmer hates to be definite. He hates to specify amounts. He hates to give you a direct answer in any way. I asked one to let me have his horse for a drive of a few miles one Sunday afternoon to call on a stricken family, and he hesitated so long that we both forgot what we wanted, and I walked to the place. About a week afterward the man's wife asked me if I went there, and added that her husband felt very badly to think he did not make me understand that I could have the team. So while we have a plan and a budget in this church, they are virtually dead letters. 'I'll give more when the time comes,' he says, 'if I do not pledge any amount now.' Fearing he may lose a dollar the collector says no more.

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Plans are necessities anywhere, but in the rural church it is energy and training, rather than plans, that are most in demand. These people have had very little training in benevolence. Life here, in its limited way, is given over to getting and saving. The children are early inspired to earn money, and taught to save it, never to give it. Such teaching is good so far as it goes, but it is not sufficiently comprehensive. The vision is too limited. The energy of life is spent on too low an ideal. The needs of the community are not enough thought of. Of course the people hear in church, when they go, that the call to service, through the giving of one's wealth and one's self, is the highest call of human life, but they hear it nowhere else. And that which they hear in church is generally taken as a matter of course, and rarely thought of afterward. The minister may be as pointed and practical in his sermons as he chooses, and it is all taken in good part, in fact, I sometimes think it is relished; but with equal good nature and relish it is instantly forgotten. The deepest call of the rural church is for training in simple services. The people need to bend their energies to the doing of things and the giving of money — in proportion to incomes of course — for the larger interests of the community and the world. Until this lesson is learned and put into practice, the rural church will never have its normal and rightful influence in the town.

The financial problem in the rural church is a vital problem. If this church were solidly financed according to the peculiar laws that relate to the other enterprises of the countryside, even though it paid a small salary, it would be a power in the place. For men feel about the church as they do about a common business enterprise, — it must be firmly financed, or they want nothing to do with it. More than one half of the people who habitually stay away from church in these communities do so because the church is so hard pushed financially. The church must have in order to have more. It is the genuinely prosperous church, however small, that vitally touches the lives of men and women. How, therefore, to overcome the financial defects of the rural church, and at the same time to put it on a sound financial basis, is the problem that is trying out the nerve of the minister to-day. For, to manage, at the end of the year, by heck and by haw, to make ends meet, is far from solving the financial obligations of the church. The only right way is to put the church on a basis strong enough and reliable enough to meet all demands upon it, and then to know that it can meet all demands upon it at the right time, year in and year out, be the crops and the times what they may. It must do its business on a strictly cash basis.

Such a basis in these rural churches seems at first impossible. The finances of the church are fully as well managed as the finances of the town. Back of, and more inclusive than, the finances of the church is the old shiftless way of financing the town. The New England municipal government may be democratic, but it is not efficient. Into both community and church something more of efficiency in money matters must be wrought if either is to meet the demands of its day and its own peculiar needs.

How to introduce efficiency into the finance of the rural church is a basic and a vital problem. It will involve the matter of training. This calls for long plans. The needed reform can be brought about only by patient persistence. Efficiency in a rural church is quite a different thing from efficiency in a city church. And that, evidently, because the rural community is different

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from the city community. One thing is necessary to this efficiency on the part of the country church, namely, to accept the fact that, first of all, it is a rural church. From that point of view all matters must be directed. From that point of view, then, let the training in benevolence begin.

My own plan, partly developed, but successful in that part, is this: Give everyone, boys and girls, men and women, an opportunity as individuals to contribute to the running expenses of the church. This is a phase of training responded to with surprising enthusiasm. This giving should be systematic, so much a week. Then each society connected with the church, Sunday School, Young People, Men's Club, Ladies Home-Interest Society, Young Women's Auxiliary, Boys' Club, everything in the form of a society, should be given an opportunity to contribute toward the running expenses of the church and to do it systematically. At the annual meeting a budget should be made up of all the expenses of the church, including the running of the Sunday School, the apportionment to the missionary work, the needs of the choir, as well as the salary of the janitor and the minister, and, learning from the past, also a certain sum for contingencies, such as the expenses of delegates to the conventions, an occasional lecturer from abroad, and whatever else may be needed. Then it must be forced home that no plan will work itself out. Behind it must stand an efficient committee.

It is high time the rural church got into form and took its place among the forces for moral and spiritual betterment in these days. But it will never take that place until it replaces its old, rusty machinery, and slipshod, careless workmen, with trained hands, minds, and hearts to finance its plant. The dawn of a nobler day is at our door. It calls for vision of great possibilities ahead, of the close connection which the rural church sustains toward the large problems of the age and the world. The possibilities in the country church are great. It has a splendid history. It holds a strategic position in our national life. And I believe it contains the elemental potencies and dynamics of a complete solution of the present perplexing and discouraging problems which confront the farming communities. But to fill this place, to do this work, the country church will be compelled to reconstruct thoroughly on a more unique and solid basis its present financial habits and plans.

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THE SOUL OF THE LITTLE ROOM

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

Sweet room, dear loved of all my people, where
The blue-tiled hearth has held the leaping flare
Of singing logs whose hearts still kept the dead
Enchanted melody of birds long fled,
And where with understanding friends my folk
Have watched the tapestry of flame, and spoke
Slow musing thoughts, the while with gentle chime
The clock made audible the flight of time,
Hast thou no spirit? Here on summer days
The wind on tip-toe feet comes in and plays
Now with the curtain, now a lady's hair,
Then, fitful, sweeps slow fingers here and there,
Like some unseen and silent child who quests
With eager hands this little world. Here rests
The peace of tranquil years. Dear little place,
Hast thou no soul to guess thine own sweet grace?
  One child who dreamed and laughed, suffered and grew
Herein to womanhood believes it true
Thou hast a soul, distilled from all the years,
A heart made slowly up from all the fears,
The hope, the singing loves, the joy and life
Of those who played their parts of calm or strife
Through youth to comprehending age,
On this sequestered corner of Life's stage.
  Then give thyself, O little room, fling wide
Thine heart! And may thy garnered soul abide
With all who shelter here. From out thy meed
Of wisdom give to each his dearest need —
May the light-hearted find some pathos here,
But to the sad, O little room, give cheer!

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SOME NOVELISTS AND THE BUSINESS MAN

I. IN ENGLAND

BY WILLIAM ARTHUR GILL

WHEN contemporary American fiction brings on the scene, as it so often does, the successful business man, one might imagine in brackets, somewhere near the beginning of the piece, the Elizabethan stage-direction, 'Alarums. Excursions.' I speak as a foreign reader, liable to mistake the proportions of things; but surely, among the novelists of the last dozen years in the United States, a good many betray, to say the least, a disconcerting uneasiness on this subject, and there are certainly some — and not insignificant — who impeach the business man in quite violent terms.

As I tried to recall any such disturbance in English fiction, I could think of nothing nearer than those old-fashioned Sunday-school tracts about the grocer who sands his sugar or the milkman who waters his milk, — irrelevant instances, of course. For it was not the petty trader, but the higher commercial class, which I saw assailed in the United States; and besides, to make out anything of a parallel, I must be able to quote, instead of obscure pamphleteers, representative British writers, corresponding to such Americans as Norris, Phillips, Churchill, Sinclair, Herrick, Whitlock, Merwin, Dreiser, for instance, — which seemed to be impossible. But if there was no English parallel worth mentioning, how was one to explain it? Must commercial practice be more questionable in the United States, since the American novelists were more given to questioning it? What was to prevent one from inferring, on the other hand, that conscience was more sensitive there? Or were there not other possible explanations, less discordant than either of these with the maxim that human nature is everywhere much the same?

The following notes on some English and American novels of the last and the present century started from this moral question, but they are not confined entirely to it. They deal with the business man who is in a large or at least a large-ish way — the financier, manufacturer, wholesale merchant — as distinguished from the small shopkeeper, publican, and so forth, who have as a rule been rather differently treated by the novelists. One could not say, for instance, about the humble sort that they were at any time more neglected in fiction than in society; but this would be a true statement about both the English and the American business man of the larger kind.

In the United States, even though fortunes on the present huge scale are post-bellum growths, our friend must have ceased long before 1875 to be an obscure or infrequent figure; yet he was practically left out by the American novelists until that date, when Silas Lapham appeared. And although he (or at least his shadow) gained admittance less recently into the older and roomier establishment of English

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fiction, he was still confined even after 1875 to a modest corner of it, which by no means corresponded to his contemporary position in the world outside.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century England was sufficiently commercialized to lend some color to Napoleon's sneer about her shopkeeping; yet at the end of it our friend still appears in novels somewhat rarely, more rarely in the foreground of them, and still more rarely as himself. Let the reader search the nineteenth-century classics from Scott to Meredith for one tolerable portrait of the business man *as such*, — not merely, that is, as a husband or father or personage in 'society' or something else extraneous, but enveloped in his particular business, so that we understand it and see him forming and formed by it, even as we see the squires, clergymen, politicians, lawyers, soldiers, sailors, farmers, shopkeepers, of the same novelists through the medium of *their* respective occupations. I do not think the search will be successful.

If any such portraits exist, one might expect to find a specimen in Dickens. For Dickens introduces the business man oftener than any other English novelist does; he was free from the common absorbing interest in the uncommercial upper class, and he had some little business experience and training of his own. Now Dickens nowhere comes nearer to our mark than in *Dombey & Son*. Here is a novel called after a mercantile house, as Zola called one of his after a department store; Dickens even emphasizes the reference by describing the book in full, on the title-page, as 'Dealings with the Firm of Dombey and Son, Wholesale, Retail, and for Exportation.' It is not an insignificant firm which is thus set before us as the subject of the book; Dombey & Son is a 'great house' with 'dealings in almost all parts of the world,' and when it failed, 'there was a buzz and whisper on 'Change of a great failure.'

A good deal of the action passes on its premises, 'within the liberties of the City of London'; we are often admitted there, and Mr. Dombey himself was no idler who never visited them; he was 'in and out all day.' Finally, it is a gradual manipulation of the affairs of Dombey & Son by the manager, Carker, which produces the catastrophe of the plot. Yet, in spite of all these circumstances, the commercial side of the drama and of its personages remains practically a blank.

There are indeed some signs of the author's having 'documented' himself about his subject. We hear a good deal about the furniture of Dombey & Son's office, about its position in the street, the situation of the various rooms, what could be seen from the windows; we are told the names, characters, and personal appearances of most of the members of the staff; we see them at their desks, and hear their general remarks; but of the real work of the firm we learn little more than the office-boy, Walter, was able to report to the dealer in nautical instruments. '"Let's hear something about the firm," said Solomon Gills. "Oh, there's not much to be told about the firm, uncle. . . . It's a precious dark set of offices." "No banker's books or cheque books or such tokens of wealth rolling in?"' Walter becomes hazy, and the reader's curiosity on the financial point fares scarcely better than Uncle Solomon's. Vague hints are given here and there that Carker is running schemes of his own instead of looking after the interests of the firm, and that is all. There are stages in the story when it seems as if something clear and definite must be given; when the reader is impatient to get at least one glimpse into the state of Dombey &

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Son's ledgers; when Balzac, I think, would have drawn masterly narrative effects from the matter; but it remains wrapped in mystery, and Dickens glides past every opportunity of explaining it, with rhetorical phrases which at last become extravagant in their inadequacy and may perhaps console the reader by exciting his mirth. We do not even get a very clear idea of the general nature of Dombey & Son's trade, though we do hear that 'the firm had dealt largely in hides but never in hearts.'

Dickens did not always evade the business side in so conspicuous or (artistically speaking) so unfortunate a manner as this; but he was always evasive about it. Sometimes this was artistically right; at other times, of little consequence; but, apart from that question, what precise information do we, as a matter of fact, possess about — not the office, or the personal appearance, or the social character, but — the business of those 'German Merchants,' the Cheeryble Brothers, or about the business of Jonas Chuzzlewit with his promising 'business precept, "Do other men for they would do you,"' or indeed about that of any of Dickens's commercial characters above the shopkeeping level?

Without illustrating the point further I will assume that the instance of *Dombey & Son* is typical not only of Dickens but of the Victorian novelists in general, and, it may be added, of the post-Victorian as well. For the novelists of the present day in England, although in some few cases (where American influence has possibly been felt) they describe commercial affairs a little more closely than their predecessors did, — *Tono Bungay*, is a notable instance, — continue on the whole the tradition of silence or vagueness about the business part of the business man.

In what part, then, — in what lay part (commercially speaking) or what undress, — do the English novelists present our commercial friend?

They are not concerned with the way in which he makes his money; the point of interest for them is how he spends it, and especially how he spends it on 'society.' His surprising advance during the nineteenth century across the old class-divisions supplies them with their most frequent theme, and locally at least the results of this advance were important enough to justify their interest. The traditional order of the national procession, — landed gentry, professions, trade, — settled by centuries of custom and almost by the Constitution of the realm, was sadly upset by the development of modern industry, the reduction of agricultural profits and other causes. Never before was the ascent of our friend in the social scale so rapid or widespread, and never perhaps did real life put on the old comedy of the '*bourgeois gentilhomme*' with more frequency or vigor than during this period in England.

The business man's accession to external equality — equality in wealth and the power which it commanded — inspired him too often with an ambition for complete identity with the gentry. He might push or pay his way into their company, but his natural habits, ideas, and manners were seldom those of the uncommercial leisured class, and he was driven in the vain pursuit of his ambition to dissemble the differences by imitation and pretense. An early story of Maria Edgeworth's, *The Manufacturers*, published in 1804, contains in brief most of the criticisms passed by her successors on this misguided proceeding.

Two cousins, William and Charles Darlay, inherit a prosperous cotton factory from their uncle. William has no higher ambition than to stay in busi-

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ness, but Charles considers 'tradesmen and manufacturers as a caste disgraceful to polite society.' He proposes to an unattractive 'old coquette' of good family, who accepts him on condition of his adopting her name, giving up all connection with the 'odious factory' and also with his relatives, who, as she says, are 'not at all in her line,' and buying a seat in the country. Transformed into 'Charles Germaine, Esq., of Germaine Park,' he soon tastes disappointment. 'The country gentlemen at first stared, and then laughed, and at last unanimously agreed over their bottle that he was not born for the situation in life in which he now appeared. They remarked and ridiculed the ostentation with which he displayed every luxury in the house; his habit of naming the price of everything to enforce its claim to admiration; his affected contempt for economy; his anxiety to connect himself with persons of rank, joined to his ignorance of the genealogy of nobility, and the strange mistakes he made between old and new titles.' Happening to confuse 'one of the proudest gentlemen in the county with a merchant of the same name,' Charles was called out and nearly killed. He says to his wife one day: '"It is very extraordinary that your relations show us so little civility, my dear." "All things considered,"' she replies, '"I scarcely know how to blame them." Mr. Germaine bowed, by way of thanking his lady for the compliment; she besought him not to bow so much like a man behind a counter, if he could possibly help it.' In the end, his fortune gives out; she dies of a nervous fever, and the prodigal, bankrupt and cured of his folly, resumes his own name and returns to the factory.

William, whose prosperity and happiness have meanwhile been steadily increasing, receives him with open arms, and points the moral by observing, '"We have no connexions with fine people. We preserve our independence by confining ourselves to our station in life, and by never desiring to quit it, nor to ape those who are called our betters."'

The lack of self-respect, the supposition that friendship and esteem are purchasable, that a sow's ear filled with gold is not only as good as or better than a silk purse, but may be made to pass for one, and Charles's ostentation and pretentiousness, complete the usual portrait of his kind in English fiction. Pretentiousness is the trait which perhaps comes in for the most satire, — the commercial *parvenu's* sham fine manners, sham pedigrees, sham family portraits, sham libraries ordered by the yard. As Margaret, the daughter of the poor clergyman in *North and South*, says, — '"Gormans! Are those the Gormans who made their fortune in trade in Southampton? Oh, I am so glad we don't visit them! I don't like shoppy people. I think we are far better off knowing only cottagers and laborers and people without pretence."'

Lord Melbourne, the early counselor of Queen Victoria, expressed this common feeling in much the same language. 'I don't like the middle classes,' he remarked (ministers might still venture to say such things). 'The middle classes are . . . all affectation and conceit and pretence and concealment.'

Pretentiousness being a common human fault, it may be asked why it should be ascribed particularly to our friend? The fact that the parvenu, who is particularly exposed to the temptation, happens to be, in England and elsewhere, most often of commercial origin may be called an accident. But the possibility that the ascription rests on grounds belonging more nearly to commerce itself, and that it is not

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unconnected with the strenuous advertising, attention-hunting, or even bluffing methods of some traders, may perhaps be illustrated from a homely modern picture. 'The barber shop,' says the cheerful chronicler of that small Canadian town, Mariposa, 'is one of those wooden structures — I don't know whether you know them — with a false wooden front that sticks up above its real height and gives it an air at once rectangular and imposing. It is a form of architecture much used in Mariposa, and understood to be in keeping with the pretentious and artificial character of modern business.' Anyway, the novelists often pick a quarrel with our friend and his atmosphere on this score, in tones varying between the savage and the mildly amused.

Illustrations of so notorious a theme are unnecessary, but the reader will be glad, I think, to be reminded of Mrs. Elton in Jane Austen's *Emma* — Mrs. Elton who is the daughter of a Bristol tradesman. '"There is a family in that neighborhood who are such an annoyance to my brother and sister through the airs they give themselves,"' says she, — '"people of the name of Tupman, very lately settled there and encumbered with many low connexions, but giving themselves airs and expecting to be on a footing with the old-established families. A year and a half is the very utmost that they can have lived at West Hall; and how they got their fortune nobody knows. They came from Birmingham, which is not a place to promise much, you know, Mr. Weston. One has not great hopes from Birmingham. By their manners they evidently think themselves equal to my brother, Mr. Suckling, who has been eleven years resident at Maple Grove, and whose father had it before him. — I believe at least — I am almost sure — that old Mr. Suckling had completed the purchase before his death."'

Still milder is the attack, if it can be called an attack, in *Pride and Prejudice*, on Sir William Lucas, with his constant allusions to 'the Court of St. James's.' 'Sir William Lucas had been formerly in trade in Meryton, where he had made a tolerable fortune and risen to the honor of knighthood by an address to the King during his mayoralty. The distinction had perhaps been felt too strongly. It had given him a disgust to his business and to his residence in a small market town, and quitting them both he had removed with his family to a house about a mile from Meryton, denominated from that period Lucas Lodge, where he could think with pleasure of his own importance, and unshackled by business occupy himself solely in being civil to the world. For though elated by his rank, it did not render him supercilous. . . . By nature inoffensive, friendly, and obliging, his presentation at St. James's had made him courteous.'

When he meets the imposing Mr. Darcy, and the conversation turns on dancing, he does not fail to ask him whether he has ever danced at St. James's, and on Mr. Darcy saying no, he inquires, '"Did you not think it would be a proper compliment to the place?"' And when he goes to visit his son-in-law, the Reverend Mr. Collins, and Lady Catherine de Burgh calls immediately and invites them to her mansion the same evening, to the vast surprise of Mr. Collins, who exclaims, '"Who could have foreseen such an attention as this?"' — Sir William replies confidently, '"About the Court such instances of elegant breeding are not uncommon."' And when 'Lady Catherine, Sir William, and Mr. and Mrs. Collins sat down to quadrille,' and 'Lady Catherine was, generally speaking, stating the mistakes of the others, or relating some anecdote of herself,'

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while 'Mr. Collins was employed in agreeing to everything her ladyship said, thanking her for every fish he won, and apologizing if he thought he won too many,' — Sir William 'did not say much. He was storing his memory with noble names.'

As for that form of pretence which Lord Melbourne notes as 'concealment,' we may recall the perturbation of good Miss Jenkyns, in *Cranford*, when Miss Jessie Brown had made 'the unguarded admission (*à propos* of Shetland wool) that she had an uncle, her mother's brother, who was a shopkeeper in Edinburgh. Miss Jenkyns tried to drown this terrible admission by a terrible cough, for the Honorable Mrs. Jameson was sitting at the card-table nearest Miss Jessie, and what would she say or think if she found she was in the same room with a shopkeeper's niece!'

However, the novelists do not by any means overlook the praiseworthy cases where our friend, like William Darlay, avoids pretence and the mistaken idea that aping is rising. Writing her *North and South* in protest against genteel prejudice, Mrs. Gaskell insists upon the manufacturer's — Thornton's — 'pride in the commercial character,' and on his freedom from ambitions foreign to it. '"It was enough for him,"' as his mother puts it, '"to have one great desire, and to bring all the purposes of his life to bear on the fulfillment of that — to hold and maintain a high honorable place among the merchants of his country, the men of his town. Such a place my son has earned for himself. Go where you will, the name of John Thornton of Milton is known and respected among all men of business. Of course it is unknown in fashionable circles," she continued scornfully. "Idle gentlemen and ladies are not likely to know much of a Milton manufacturer, unless he gets into Parliament or marries a lord's daughter."'

Lord Beaconsfield, in *Coningsby*, gives Mr. Millbank, 'one of the wealthiest manufacturers in Lancashire,' the same sort of free character as Thornton displays. 'He sent his son to Eton, though he disapproved of the system of education pursued there, to show that he had as much right to do so as any duke in the land. He had, however, brought up his only boy with a due prejudice against every sentiment or institution of an aristocratic nature, and had especially impressed on him in his school career to avoid the slightest semblance of courting the affections or society of the falsely held superior class. The character of the son, as much as the influence of the father, tended to the fulfillment of these injunctions. Oswald Millbank was of a proud and independent nature, reserved, a little stern.'

Lord Beaconsfield, by the bye, was perhaps the first to introduce the 'super-millionaire' into fiction. Sidonia, in *Coningsby*, is described as 'lord and master of the money-market of the world, and of course lord and master of virtually everything else.' Needless to say, Sidonia has an independent mind under his suave manner, though he shows Lord Beaconsfield's own artistic satisfaction in the picturesque side of high English rank; needless to say also, we get no insight into Sidonia's business affairs.

The sympathetic note recurs in Charlotte Brontë's *Shirley* about the mill-owner, Moore; and the fine self-respect of John Halifax, a business man of humble beginnings, is the main theme of the once popular and by no means negligible work called after him. This story, which seeks to prove that 'the Christian only can be a true gentleman,' begins in the early years of the nineteenth century, when John

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Halifax is courting a Miss March, whom he has met accidentally in the country. John is at that time far from his final eminence; he is still, in fact, an assistant-tanner, and Miss March is the daughter of an ex-colonial governor with connections in the nobility; but neither at first knows the other's position. When he discovers hers, John exclaims to a friend, '"There can be no possible hope for me; nothing remains now but silence!"' She, still in ignorance, invites him to call on her at the home of her cousins, Mr. and Lady Caroline Brithwood. He replies, much disturbed, '"Mr. Brithwood would think me unworthy of his acquaintance." "Because you are not very rich? What can that signify? It is enough for me that my friends are gentlemen." "Mr. Brithwood and many others would not allow my claim to that title."

'The young gentlewoman drew back a little, and her involuntary gesture seemed to have brought back all honest dignity and manly pride. He faced her, once more himself. "It is right that you should know to whom you are giving the honor of your kindness. We are not equals, — that is, society would not regard us as such, — and I doubt if even you yourself would wish us to be friends." "Why not?" "Because you are a gentlewoman, and I am a tradesman." The news was evidently a shock to her; it could not but be, reared as she was. John's voice grew firmer, prouder, — no hesitation now. "My calling is, as you will soon hear at Newton Bury, that of a tanner." She looked up — a mingled look of kindliness and pain. "The world says we are not equals, and it would neither be for Miss March's nor my honor did I try to force upon it the truth, which I may prove openly one day, that we *are* equals." Miss March looked up at him, — it was hard to say with what expression of joy or pride, or simple astonishment.'

While the courtship is going on, his employer says to him, '"Why cannot thee keep in thy own rank? Be an honest tradesman as I have been." "And as I trust always to be," answers John. "I am the same person whether in the tan-yard or in Dr. Jessop's drawing-room. I should not respect myself, if I believed otherwise."' He marries Miss March almost at once, but makes no attempt to conciliate her amazed relations, or to improve his social position by the match.

Dickens, though very angry with Mr. Dombey for his pride, admits that it sometimes 'showed well,' as for instance in Mr. Dombey's attitude toward the aristocratic friends and kin of his second wife. Though she was the daughter of the Honorable Mrs. Skewton and niece of a peer, Mr. Dombey had no idea that he was raising himself by marrying her; and after the dinner party given in honor of the alliance, when they each invited their own list of guests, and 'Mrs. Dombey's list by magnetic agreement entered into a bond of union against Mr. Dombey's list, who were left wandering about the rooms in a desolate manner and seeking refuge in corners,' — and Mrs. Dombey made no effort whatever to stop the separation, — he lectured her very firmly. '"Some of those whom you have been pleased to slight tonight" (they included an East India magnate and a banker "reputed to be able to buy up anything,") "confer a distinction upon you, I must tell you, in any visit they pay you. I beg to tell you, for your information, Mrs. Dombey, that I consider these wealthy and important persons confer a distinction upon *me*," — and Mr. Dombey drew himself up as having now rendered them of the highest possible importance.'

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George Eliot draws so widely from middle-class life that her continual neglect of our friend is very noticeable. Only a few business people, and those seen entirely from their social side, are scattered through her novels. One remembers the Vincys, in *Middlemarch*, chiefly because of their marriages and the results of them; but Mr. Deane, in *The Mill on the Floss*, has something of interest to say in praise of his commercial calling. Having been all his life in Guest & Co., he opens out thus to Tom Tulliver, who is about to join the firm: '"Why, sir, forty years ago, when I was much such a strapping youngster as you, a man expected to pull between the shafts the best part of his life before he got the whip in his hand. . . . It's this steam, you see, that has made the difference; it drives on every wheel double pace, and the wheel of fortune along with 'em. . . . I don't find fault with the change, as some do. Trade, sir, opens a man's eyes, and if the population is to get thicker on the ground as it's doing, the world must use its wits at inventions of one sort or another. . . . Somebody has said it's a fine thing to make two ears of corn grow where only one grew before; but, sir, it's a fine thing, too, to further the exchange of commodities, and bring the grains of corn to the mouths of the hungry. And that's our line of business. I consider it as honorable a position as a man can hold to be connected with it."'

To the business man, regarded in his social aspect, then, I do not think the English novelists can be said to be unfair, if one strikes a balance between the censure and the approbation of him which they *express*. They recognize, for instance, that sometimes, when he does form 'fine connections,' it is through no truckling on his part, but because the fine folk hasten to meet him more than half-way, or because the general development of the community brings it about. Mrs. Gaskell praises her Thornton for not aspiring to enter parliament or marry a lord's daughter; but the duties of his own station, as it grew in importance, might well have obliged him to become an M.P.; and as for the lord's daughter, our friend was often sorely pressed to take her by her parents. These mitigating circumstances are not overlooked, and yet one may have a suspicion that the censure expressed by the novelists would have been more voluminous, but for two restraining influences. They would probably have said more about our friend's lack of polish, if they had expected him to possess any polish. And secondly, and chiefly, when surveying the collision between the business man and the gentry, they were much more taken up with the defending than with the attacking force. Nothing about our friend attracts them so much as his social rise; but even that is described by them less for his sake than because of the effect it had upon the upper class. The contact brought out weaknesses in the latter, and in watching these they often forget our friend. 'An aristocracy may be created by laws,' says Lord Beaconsfield, 'but it can only be maintained by manners.' If the novelists anticipate very little from the business man in the way of manners, they demand much in that respect from the aristocracy, and where the demand is not satisfied they are severe critics. It is the old story: it is always the leading class of a community which comes in for the most attention, pleasant and unpleasant.

Trollope and Thackeray illustrate this clearly; Dickens is something of an exception. There are two sides, of course, to the rise of the business man, the class he rises into, and the class he rises from. Dickens, whose outlook in-

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clined toward the latter side, criticizes our friend from below rather than from above. Naturally, therefore, he expects more from him, and it is, in fact, in Dickens that one finds the harshest attacks on his vulgarity; the reader will remember, in *Hard Times*, the ferocious onslaught on the vulgarity of Josiah Bounderby. But nine out of ten of the novelists stand at the other point of view, and the following extract from Trollope's *Doctor Thorne* is typical.

Mr. Moffat, 'a young man of very large fortune,' and 'seriously inclined to business,' but son of a tailor, is taken up by the noble De Courcys, whose purpose it is to marry him to a minor member of the family — Augusta, daughter of the Lady Arabella Gresham. This Lady Arabella, it should be observed, has opposed the love-marriage of her son, Frank, to Mary Thorne, the illegitimate child of Dr. Thorne's brother and of a sister of Scatcherd, — a stone-mason who has worked his way up to a baronetcy, — until it turns out that Mary has inherited Sir Roger Scatcherd's wealth, when the Lady Arabella at once relents, and 'forgives her birth.' Before this, it should also be observed, the Lady Arabella had meant to join Frank to a Miss Dunstable, whose father had made £200,000 in the 'ointment of Lebanon.' To return to Moffat. 'The Countess (de Courcy), the Lady Arabella and Miss Augusta Gresham had been talking over the Greshambury affairs, and they had latterly been assisted by the Lady Amelia, than whom no De Courcy born was more wise, more solemn, more prudent, or more proud. The ponderosity of her qualifications for nobility was sometimes too much even for her mother, and her devotion to the peerage was such that she would certainly have declined a seat in Heaven, if offered to her without the promise that it should be in the upper house. The subject first discussed had been Augusta's prospects. Mr. Moffat had been invited to De Courcy Castle, and Augusta had been brought there to meet him, with the express intention on the part of the countess that they should be man and wife. The countess had been careful to make it intelligible to her sister-in-law and niece [the Lady Arabella and Augusta] that, though Mr. Moffat would do excellently well for a daughter of Greshambury, he could not be allowed to raise his eyes to a female scion of De Courcy Castle. "Not that we personally dislike him," said the Lady Amelia, "but rank has its drawbacks, Augusta."'

Evidently, Mr. Moffat has some reason for remarking to Miss Dunstable, when he meets her at the great Duke of Omnium's: '"Yes, wealth is very powerful! Here are we, Miss Dunstable, the two most honored guests in this house. . . . Now they accuse us of being tuft-hunters; that is what the world says about persons of our class. It seems to me the toadying is all on the other side."'

Indeed, those cases where 'the toadying is all on the other side' receive most attention from the novelists, for the reason already stated. And, of course, the depreciatory remarks about our friend, which they often put into the mouths of the gentry, and which may cling to him in our memory, do not necessarily express their own opinion. Very often such remarks are meant to hit the small-mindedness, ignorance, or prejudice of those who utter them. Margaret, for instance, in *North and South*, displays her ingenuous wrong-mindedness when she says about Thornton, '"He is the first specimen of a manufacturer — of a person engaged in trade — that I had ever the opportunity of studying, papa. He is my first olive; let me make

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a face while I swallow it."' So the Miss Bingleys, in *Pride and Prejudice*, — persons of unquestioned family, — satirize themselves by their remarks on the commercial relations of the Bennetts. '"I have an excessive regard for Jane Bennett,"' says one of them; '"she is really a very sweet creature, and I wish with all my heart she was well settled. But with such a father and mother and such low connections, I fear there is no chance of it." "I think I have heard you say,"' rejoins the other, '"that there is an uncle an attorney in Meryton." "Yes, and they have another who lives somewhere in Cheapside." "That is capital!" said her sister, and they both laughed heartily. . . . They indulged their mirth for some time at their dear friend's vulgar relations.'

How far this prejudice still flourishes may be suggested by an article in the English *Review of Reviews* for January, 1913, on 'The Dignity of Business,' which attracted a good deal of notice. The writer complained that the young are 'deliberately taught to despise business,' and to regard 'business men as little better than paid hucksters, and quite outside the pale'; and most of the English newspaper comments on the article upheld the complaint. This, in spite of the continual commercialization of the English aristocracy. But then, the business man who is ennobled enters the circle of the old traditions as a convert rather than as a conqueror, and he sometimes acquires, after exchanging, so to speak, his office suit for a peer's robes, the keenest perception of the lowness of business.

And now, after this fleeting survey of social criticism, to return for a moment to our starting-point — the moral question. The English novelists, by comparison with the American, are practically silent on the subject of commercial honesty. This does not mean, of course, that they never introduce swindlers into their books; one can think at once of Mr. Montagu Tigg, Rummun Lal, and plenty more. But such persons have no more bearing on the subject of commercial honesty than Jack Sheppard, the highwayman, has. They stand outside of the pale; they are recognized outlaws, and illustrate nothing but the morals of thieves. What I mean is that the English novelists do not preach against the character of the business man who is within the pale. Such as it is they accept it.

The reasons for the acceptance, however, do not allow it to be inferred that silence in this case means approval. To begin with, the novelists are not interested in how our friend makes his money, but only in how he spends it; they have little occasion, therefore, to examine the morals of the former process. Secondly, they discriminate between two standards or styles of conduct, — the commercial and another, — of which the latter, though particularly enshrined in the gentry, is a matter for universal imitation, while the former, though valid enough within its own limited sphere, they never suppose to be capable of general human application, any more than the barrister's professional conduct in defending a man whom he believes to be guilty is capable of general human application. The commercial sphere is regarded as quite restricted and subordinate, and that being so, a discussion of its technical rules and usages is not deemed of interest to the general public. 'Business is business,' but it is nothing more.

Yet it is abundantly evident that they have no high opinion of the commercial standard, even though they accept its validity within its own circumscribed world. The criticism of

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the attitude of Sir Barnes Newcome, the great London banker, toward the Bundelcund enterprise, in *The Newcomes*, makes this plain. Sir Barnes withdraws his bank's support from the enterprise at a critical moment, and Thackeray, it will be remembered, in spite of Colonel Newcome's tirades and his own dislike of Sir Barnes, justifies the step as a proper and sound business proceeding, and blames the Colonel for losing his temper over it. Sir Barnes says of himself, '"In business, begad, there are no friends and enemies. I leave all my sentiment on the other side of Temple Bar."' And Thackeray alleges nothing else against him. He admits that Sir Barnes was, according to the legitimate commercial standard, an estimable person. Nevertheless, he does not conceal his contempt of him, and, through him, of the code which he so respectably embodies. He condemns the heartlessness of that code, — as Dickens does in *Hard Times:* its lack of chivalry, its disregard of everything but 'chance and arithmetic.' He may laugh at the quixotic Colonel for denying the right of irresponsible shareholders to get out of the rotten Bundelcund Company, and for comparing them to soldiers 'applying for leave of absence on the eve of an action'; he may ridicule his folly in ignoring the legitimate exactions of business; but about business itself he was perhaps not far from expressing his own sentiments in that well-known passage in *Barry Lyndon*, where the gambler compares himself with commercial people. '"They cry fie upon men engaged in play. But I should like to know how much more honorable *their* modes of livelihood are than ours,"' and so forth.

Let me place side by side two little instances from the same writer, in one of which the standard for general imitation, and in the other that of a technical character and limited applicability, is displayed. In Trollope's *The Eustace Diamonds* we read: 'Lucy Morris was a very unhappy girl. She had a second time accused Lord Fawn of speaking an untruth. She did not quite know the usages of the world in the matter, but she did know that the one offense a gentleman is supposed never to commit is that of telling an untruth.' How absurd it would have appeared to Trollope to substitute 'business man' for 'gentleman' in this passage may be inferred from the other instance. In *The Bertrams* he is describing one of the most highly respected men in the London business world, Mr. George Bertram, Senior, a director of the Bank of England, one beyond reproach according to the ideals of his sphere. 'It was on 'Change that he was truly buried, and in Capel Court that his funeral sermon was duly preached. There were the souls that knew him. . . . He had been true and honest in all his dealings — there at least. He had hurt nobody by word or deed — excepting in the way of trade. And had kept his hands from all picking and stealing — from all picking, that is, not warranted by City usage, and all stealing that the law regards as such. Therefore, there, on 'Change, they preached his funeral sermon loudly and buried him with all due honors.'

Certainly, these novelists have no very high opinion of commercial ideals or practice, and though no crusade against them is to be found in their works, there are many indications of the probability that such a crusade would have occurred, had the business world not been regarded as comparatively negligible, because subordinate to the world in which the other standard was set up.

To the reader who remarks the absence from this sketch of illustrations from contemporary English writers, a

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word of explanation is due. The typical attitude of fiction toward business in England has not undergone any great change, I think, during the last two or three decades. A detailed portrayal of commercial life is still very exceptional. And on the moral question, the Victorian point of view continues to prevail unmodified; the frankness with which the validity of an inferior code in business is still accepted gives, for instance, an almost picaresque touch of irresponsibility to the picture of the patent-medicine enterprise in *Tono-Bungay*. In short, such changes as are to be found may perhaps be passed over in presenting the English attitude for the purposes of an international comparison; and that being so, I have preferred to take my illustrations a little way further back, where the stream runs clearer.

In another paper I shall go on to the American side of the comparison.

PARIS

BY SAMUEL P. ORTH

I

My first impression of Paris was one of desolation. I stood in the midst of that vast waste of pavement bordered by trees clipped to perverted straight lines, the Place de la Concorde. The wide and stately avenues that merge here in a common centre, lent their vistas to the feeling of gloom and sadness; because each perspective ended in a monument, the souvenir of a dead glory: the Church of the Madeleine, severe and formal, cold witness to the failure of the surrender of the heart to the head, the Gothic to the Doric; the Chamber of Deputies, remnant of a Palace of Power; the Louvre, unwieldy reminder of the over-reaching Bourbons; the Arch of Triumph, taller than Trajan's arch and more pretentious, the monument of one, who, greater than all the Louis, wielded his genius to his own undoing and the mortification of his capital. Desolation of pavement, acres of cobble and gravel; desolation of vista, a forsaken palace, a forgotten religion, a mock triumph.

The mutilated trees were touched with the first green of April, and the mesmerism of Tolstoï's sentence came over me: 'Though hundreds of thousands had done their very best to disfigure the small piece of land on which they were crowded together, by paving the ground with stones, scraping away every vestige of vegetation, cutting the trees, turning away birds and beasts, and filling the air with the smoke of naphtha and coal, still spring was spring, even in the town.'

Spring was spring even in Paris.

Hypnotized by Tolstoï in Paris! A *frisson* that I hasten to shed in the fashionable throngs of the boulevards. But I cannot lose it. These Parisians, these restless particles of a restless race, with their nervous, everlasting gesture, are not convincing in their café gayety; they are a nation to whom

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nature and history have denied repose. Every circumstance, whether of catastrophe or prosperity, they meet with national nonchalance, filling the stage of their terrible national tragedies with a frivolous flowing of fashion.

After a long time, and repeated visits, you get acquainted with the French. I do not say with Parisians, — they are easy of access, — but with the French. Then you realize that this, their capital, is a national manifestation of restiveness; but that behind its commotion, concealed from view, — like the wonderful old gardens in the Faubourg St. Germain hidden from the vulgar gaze by ancient walls, — is a seriousness of purpose, a sort of patriotic sadness, that is regenerating the Land of Foibles.

The French nation is a mass of individual particles, scintillating, assertive, — strangers to all the ethics of cohesion. They are incapable of team work. You never read of French football or baseball or organized sports. They are a nation of individualists, brilliant individualists. Their philosophy, poetry, art, music, science, literature, all bear the imprint of a super-individualism that has filled the world with its radiance.

They defy every known law of human gravitation and fly off in a million fragments, careless of results. In truth, they never think of results. They have the child's love for the doing, and the child's scorn for the thing done. They begin more processes, inventions, contrivances, experiments, and end fewer, than all the rest of Europe put together. The French propose, the Germans and the English dispose.

This is the reason why you find the nation split up into factions, instead of divided into two or three large parties. There can be no universal sects among a people where each individual is his own party and writes his own creed. There are a hundred 'schools' of thought, of art, of politics and sentiment, engaged in the endless finesse of French disputation.

Their capital is the great human kaleidoscope in which these scintillating particles are momentarily arranging and rearranging themselves into new and fantastic forms. In no other capital do events shift as they do here. There is always an excitement, a universal topic of conversation and exclamation. Some years ago I thought I had analyzed a political situation, a 'climax,' and I left for Aix-le-Bains. The next paper brought me word of a complete overthrow of the government and the utter reversal of my conclusions. It is so with every session of the Chamber of Deputies. It is so in art, in literature; from one faith to another, from fad to fad, like a child tiring of its toys, these brilliant people glide. They never settle a question, never reach a resting place in their subtle speculations. They are constantly moving.

And the axis of their shifting is always a personality: a Dreyfus, a Mme. Steinheil, a Briand, a Rodin, a Bonaparte, a bandit, an actress, or a Mona Lisa. There must be a new personality every week, a new shift of colors, a new pattern of brilliant nothings on the sombre background of daily routine, for these children of the hour weaving myths and legends around contemporary characters.

When the great floods were filling the wine-cellars with silt some years ago, and the sewers and subways were choked, and the streets were flooded and buildings slipping from their foundations, the boulevard throng was gay with its new pleasure. It immediately invested the rising Seine with the personality of the granite soldier who braces the buttresses of one of the bridges. He was the hero of the turbu-

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lent floods. Crowds gathered to wager that the rising current would reach his thighs, his waist, his epaulets, his chin, his nose, his eyes, heedless of the fact that when the water touched his cap, bridges and quays would melt away.

The whole history of this race has been commotion and turmoil and overturning, one constant procession of dramatic events, from the days of the Great Martel to the latest ministry of the newest republic. Wherever you wander in their ancient capital, you encounter gruesome reminders of revolution and tyranny, old street names, squares, monuments, inscriptions, eloquent with the emotions of tumult and courage. Neither Saxon nor Teuton could have survived such centuries of dramatic torsion. Other nations have been forced into war; France has time and again compelled Europe to meet her in combat. Other peoples have been despoiled; France has robbed herself, three times in as many centuries, to the verge of ruin. Other countries have feared rebellions and trembled at the thought of uprisings; France is the mother of Revolution.

Other people find solace in philosophy, respite in religion, and tranquillity in literature and art. To the French, philosophy is an adventure, religion a speculation, literature an excitement, art a stimulant. The Parisian must have the absinthe of variety to dispel the dread of *ennui*. He acknowledges only one purgatory, the inanity of an existence without excitement.

But I have lost myself in the throng of the boulevard, where I sought consolation from the gloom of Tolstoï.

II

The Paris of to-day is a faithful reflection of the old France of yesterday, and a prophecy of the new France of to-morrow. For there is a new France in the making. I say this in the face of the lachrymose orators who find France the horrible example of 'degeneracy,' 'race decadence,' and 'banal debauchery.' In a few years the moral reformer will have to fall back on ancient Rome, like the perennial sophomore, for his morbid figures of speech. I say ancient Rome, because modern Italy, too, is responding to the spirit of awakening that hovers over Europe and China.

Paris is a faithful exposition of France, old and new. But always with this exception — the tourist. When a new Dante arises out of the ashes of modern poetry, he will fill a vast corner of hell with tourists, and the majority of them will have the image of Paris, the 'modern Babylon,' imprinted on their memory. Everybody goes to Paris. That has been the fair capital's misfortune. Everybody has gone to Paris for three hundred years, to taste the forbidden fruit. And Paris, with dainty conceit, has prepared elaborately and artistically the suggestive degeneracy which most of these tourists go to Paris particularly to see. Paris gives any one a boost toward the abyss, if he seeks it — and if he can pay for it.

But as for Paris going over the precipice, it is a neck-and-neck race between all the metropolises and capitals on earth, with the odds for staying qualities in favor of the city that can be the financial mistress of Russia, Germany, and Austria, while wearing the smile of frivolity and the robe of fashion.

Aside from the tourist and tourist-baiting, Paris is the capital of France. Here the ebullient government simmers. Occasionally it bubbles over and puts out the fire under the cauldron.

'We are always over a volcano, and never know what will happen before morning,' the oldest American resident

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once told me, as he related his experiences during the Commune. The bullet holes in the trees of the Tuileries, made in that last uprising of the proletariat, are warnings of the tantalizing temper of these people; and the ugly scars on the burned palaces are not yet healed over.

What of it? In London a commune would be a catastrophe; in Paris it is only an event.

Destiny, that potent ogre, prepared the way through a century of Bourbon degeneracy for the greatest, the ghastliest of French Revolutions; an overturning of everything cherished by the older civilizations. It was terrible, not because of its political acts, or its economic consequences, but because it revealed the uniformity of human nature. When the fanged and clawed harpy of the sewers lifted himself into power, he was as heartless and reckless and murderous as the politest Bourbon and the most accomplished courtier. When the Revolution was at its awful climax, when bourgeois had succeeded Bourbon, and the proletarian had risen over the middle class, Edmund Burke said, 'I scanned the map of Europe for France, and she was not.' A decade later, Paris was the capital of the Continent. The kaleidoscope had turned.

It is still turning. I never tired visiting the Chamber of Deputies, where the Republic is governed. No; let me modify my statement; it is not literally true that the Republic is governed by the Chamber of Deputies. The Republic is governed by the Bureaucracy, the wonderfully centralized system of administration designed by Napoleon and perpetuated by every empire and republic, as they have succeeded one another through the century, with Gallic precision. But the Chamber of Deputies is supposed to dominate the administrative system. It dictates to the premier, and when its sanction is withheld the government falls.

In this beautiful and ancient hemicycle with its subdued coloring and chaste classic details, there is enacted yearly the amusing farce, 'Gallic self-government by Deputies.' It will take three or four visits to overcome the feeling that these men are not boys and are not really angry and are not a mob. Every one talks at once, the President rings a huge bell and shouts '*Silence!*'—but there is no silence. The member who wishes to address the Chamber mounts the tribune, high up, out of reach. It is well that he is out of reach. No sooner has he uttered a sentiment than the crowd swoops down the aisles and is upon him; that is, they surround the tribune and shout and gesticulate up at him. They all ask questions in chorus. Nobody seems to mind anybody. When a favorite orator or a prominent politician speaks, he commands a hearing by paragraphs; the ordinary member is allowed to proceed a phrase at a time.

After a particularly turbulent meeting, when desk-lids were slammed and the Chamber was in an uproar, I remarked to a member — a well-known *avocat* — that there had been some confusion. 'Ah,' he said, 'do you not in America exhibit so fine a spirit of earnestness in your Congress?' And when, a few weeks later, I related this experience to a leading professor of law in the University of Paris, he smiled and said that was their way of doing; that political revolution was not abhorrent, but natural, to their national spirit. I do not know how many ministries they have had since 1873. But the average is about one a year. 'We dearly love triumphant insurrection,' answered the editor of a Parisian daily to my question as to why they did not seek greater stability in their government.

After all, this turmoil is only on the

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surface. The great freemasonry of government employees goes on, no matter what faction claims the premier or the president. These clever people play the game of governing, with wonderful adroitness. They love the spectacular show of shifting ministries, dramatic debates, sudden overturnings of majorities that thought themselves secure; but behind the scenes is a more or less efficient and orderly administration of affairs.

Underneath this interesting duality of humdrum and excitement, is a constant plotting and counter-plotting. The underground city of Victor Hugo still exists. I visited, one Sunday, a little meeting of anarchists and syndicalists in a basement in one of the out-of-the-way streets of the ancient Town. I looked into faces such as inspired Marat, — veterans of the Commune who helped tear down the walls of empire. There was one old woman whose face, covered with wrinkles, wore a hard and scornful glee. She had one tooth left, which showed like a yellow fang when her lips parted in a heartless smile. She was constantly mumbling to herself. What revenges was she hiding in her ancient soul? In her trembling fingers was some needlework. She might have stepped out of Dickens's *Tale*, fresh from the counting of falling heads. I can understand the Revolutions.

On a May day, I went about the haunts of the syndicalists. Their similes and metaphors were of violence and eruption. 'Rip up the bourgeois'; 'Nail the moneyed hides to the wall'; 'Not liberty, equality, fraternity, but powder, dynamite, and sabres, our potent trinity,' etcetera. Squadrons of cavalry in the avenues, brigades of infantry in the open places kept them in the alleys for the day. One of their leaders boasted to me that some members of his union had put coal into cases that were supposed to contain guns, subjecting their employers to heavy damages.

The next revolution is to be economic as well as political. These proletarians have generations of poverty behind them; they are the aristocracy of the poor. They have their theories written for them, and their pamphlets edited, by men of learning and culture who sit in easy chairs, in well-stocked libraries, in bourgeois residences on 'respectable' streets. It does not shock the French that Georges Sorel, clever and learned, writes readable books inciting the mobs to violence, or that Professor Lagardelle advocates strikes, boycotts, sabotage, destruction. Sorel is read and answered, and the Professor is received as a scholar. That is the Parisians' way, — condemn no man for opinion's sake. To-day he is a Syndicalist, to-morrow he may be a Royalist; Georges Sorel, I am told, has actually made this astounding shift. Paris only smiles and shrugs her shoulders.

I can lead you to another meeting, but I cannot take you in. I can only point out the mansion, or rather the château — for it is out in the country. Here, through an informant, you will hear the language of royal courts. The dukes and counts of the ancient régime revive their illusions of glory with the titles of a vanished splendor. They call each other Count and Baron and Countess.

The blue-bloods plot for regaining power, in the aristocratic faubourgs, just as the no-bloods plot for plunder in the cellars and half-lit chambers of the choked and crooked alleys of the ancient *cité*. The under-world and the super-world are plotting. It makes no difference to the outer world, the Republic goes merrily on. It is the French Republic.

I met these extremes one day in a

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most unexpected manner. It was in the Prison Santé, where I contrived to see Gustave Hervé, the noted anti-militarist and antipatriot, who was serving a four years' sentence for his inflammatory editorials in his daily paper *La Guerre Sociale*. While I was talking to him of his theories and his practice of his theories — these French antipatriots have a habit of practicing their theories — I observed a group of fashionably dressed ladies in another part of the prison yard. 'Who are these?' I asked. 'Oh, they are of the old aristocracy and are calling on those young men, who are Bonapartists, and are here for starting a royalist riot on the boulevards the other evening.'

Where else in all the world could such a meeting of the ultra and the nether theories of government have occurred? The Teutons would fail to see the philosophy of it, the British the humor of it.

This shows that inconsistency is an unknown word in the vocabulary of the Frenchman. There is nothing under the sun that is out of place, and nothing ever will appear in human society that will seem out of place, in Paris. You need not be startled, shocked, or surprised at anything in the way of dress, demeanor, or display, which you may see on the streets or in the public places; or at anything you hear pertaining to philosophy, politics, art, and religion. The great *salon* this year included the work of the cubists and the classicists. The University lures orthodox Romanism, rampant or quiescent skepticism, the mysticism of Bergson, and the materialism of Renan.

No one is debased, in France, because of his opinions. From the shining white basilica that surmounts the heights of Montmartre, you look down upon the city of the Pantheon; from the dizzy summit of the Eiffel Tower you look down upon the Sacré Cœur; and from the aeroplanes that buzz like giant locusts in the clouds you look down upon the Tower. It is a matter of absolute indifference to the every-day Parisian, whether you prefer the Pantheon, the Church, the Tower, or the airship. His curiosity as to these things was satisfied long ago. But if you can invent a new way of achieving heights heretofore unreached, then you will have Paris at your feet — for a day.

There is in Paris a genuine democracy of mind. Nowhere else in the world is thinking so untrammeled, philosophy so unshackled, science so ardently followed for its own sake and not for gain. Nowhere else is mere opinion so unguided, so free. And nowhere else does it matter so little what you believe or think or do or possess, so long as you are a personality. The bonhomie of intellect is achieved. It is as if the realm of thought and speculation were one joyous Latin Quarter where the soul of fellowship reigns. Cliques and claques change and shift, they never deny to one another the independence of research, conviction, and criticism which each asserts for itself. At least so much of democracy is here — whatever the Prison Santé may teach — a democracy of art, philosophy and letters. And where this is attained, what matters the outward form of mere government?

By the side of this democracy of culture, there is developing a new democracy of politics and industry. A new power is arising behind the dual forces that hitherto have made the government of the Republic. It is the old, old power in an entirely new guise; the power of landed property. But it is the power of decentralized, not of centralized property; not of trusts and feudal baronies, but of peasants and artisan owners of garden plots. There are more small holdings of land in

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France than in Germany, England, and Austria together. Such great estates as survived the revolutions and the vicissitudes of royalty are rapidly breaking into fragments and the particles are greedily snatched by the peasant farmer.

You smile? Let me tell you, here is the mightiest class in the world. Anchored to the soil, therefore as independent as the lark; living humbly and out of doors, therefore as strong as the ox; owning his acre, therefore as cautious as a banker; owning only an acre, and therefore as radical as a labor-unionist; thrifty, honest, and frugal, hoarding his earnings, therefore a lender of money and capable of commanding. There are, I know not how many millions of these peasants. Estimates vary. Their aggregate savings, herded and controlled by three or four great banking syndicates, are invested in Russian and Austrian bonds and German securities; and to such an extent that the French peasant and his city cousin, the artisan, can tumble the Dual Monarchy into the Danube, can shake the Czar's throne as by a revolution, and can put the new industrial Prussia into the hands of a receiver. Only this last May (1913), the city of Paris offered for sale $41,000,000 of bonds for the extension of the municipal gas-plant, and the amount was oversubscribed eighty times and by the humbler classes; proof that French frugality had stowed away $3,280,000,000. And as a deposit of ten francs was required for each bond subscribed for, there had been actually paid into the city treasury $115,000,000 for the privilege of subscribing for $41,000,000.

Last summer, when the Morocco scare was at its height, the French called in a few German loans, and the Berlin Bourse, in one day's panic, lost the price of several battleships and sent in haste a committee of bankers to wait on the Kaiser, to protest against the delay in the negotiations for settling the dispute.

This French peasant is also the gardener for England. The cabbages and potatoes of the French market-gardens form an *entente cordiale* between the hungry Briton and the thrifty Breton that is more enduring than the bland barter of diplomats.

Now this peasantry is finding its own. Heretofore the bankers led the peasants' political opinions as well as invested their funds. But they are forsaking these masters and flocking by the thousands into the Radical and Socialist camps. They have a new leader. I point him out to you as we sit in the balcony of the Chamber of Deputies, — Compère Morrell. He is a gardener, also a politician, an economist, a socialist and, like all Frenchmen, an orator. Socialism, to this group, does not mean destruction of *small* properties. It means democracy, self-assertion, power. The peasant is becoming politically self-conscious.

The twentieth century is beholding the apotheosis of the Great Revolution. Bourbon oppression and Bourbon opulence, Versailles and the Louvre, drove the peasant to frugality with the lash of hunger and the scorpions of terrible taxes. Royal cruelty called forth the habit of frugality and thrift; two centuries of experience have fixed it; and now these peasants are realizing their independence. To-day the Revolution is accomplished.

In France, household industries still thrive. Paris and the greater towns are filled with hand-industries. The peasant and artisan of the land and the craftsman of the towns, these are joining hands in the shaping of the new France. They have enlisted in their cause scholars, writers, and scientists; the aristocracy of intellect, of whom Anatole France is the supreme type,

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delights in coöperating with the democracy of labor.

There are other evidences of the new order, such as an awakening in education that is seen everywhere, from the University, through the lycées, to the common schools. Practical vocational training is receiving greater emphasis. A national society for the education of apprentices is growing rapidly, and technical and trade schools are increasing in favor. And the idealism of Bergson is permeating the neo-patriotism.

France is on the verge of an awakening that bodes no ill for the world. Unlike the prosperity of some other European lands, familiar to the reader, the prosperity of France will not be built on the ruins of a competitive trade. It will be the triumph of her national trinity: thrift, art, and idealism.

The beautiful capital on the Seine is witnessing these significant events with the apparent indifference that it has manifested toward all changes, serene or violent, during the stirring and eventful epochs of its history. The dead and the living are scarcely separated in the metropolitan thought — the great dead are standing everywhere, under the spreading trees of its squares and streets, in bronze and marble, reminders of the brief immortality of fame. The living surge everywhere, in search of gain and pleasure, unmindful of the fleetness of Time.

But underneath this frivolous unmindfulness is an eternal vigilance. The heart of Paris feels every true emotion of its people; the mind of the capital is conscious of every passing thought. Paris has witnessed so much history, such violent history, that it can never again be deluded. The capital knows that there are two Frenchmen in every jacket, one serious, the other frivolous. It knows that there is only one thing under heaven about which the Frenchman can be serious: that is *property*. Everything else is pleasure, speculation, vanity. But property, — that is serious. This explains France and the Frenchman — the boulevard, the café, the home. The Frenchman that you see is the Frenchman of the café. The Frenchman who has made history, and will make much more history, is the Frenchman of the home.

In the light of this duality, the Frenchman is the most consistent of mortals, and in the appreciation of his skill in separating his ego from his possessions, who shall say that he is not the wisest? And that Paris is not the capital of Sanity?

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VAN CLEVE AND HIS FRIENDS

BY MARY S. WATTS

CHAPTER XXII

BUSINESS WOMEN

AFTER a year or so of Nova Scotia, the Van Cleve family moved to Salem, Massachusetts, as we heard through Miss Gilbert, who was always more likely to know something of them and their whereabouts than any one else. But since that time we have rather lost sight of Van Cleve's people; they have never come back here, and their various flights and settlings have been too distant and uncertain to be easily followed. The last news was that they were in Pasadena, and Evelyn was engaged to a Mr. Heffelbauer, 'a son of the millionnaire prune-man,' as some one told me. It may be true, for in *American Backgrounds*, the magazine of house decoration, I came across quite by accident the other day a half-tone of a charming garden in the Italian style, — pools, marble benches, dark, pointed fir trees and all the rest of it, — labeled, 'Formal garden at Idlewild, the estate of W. D. Heffelbauer, San José, Calif. Prune orchard in the distance. Photograph from a painting by Miss E. Lucas.' So, I say, there may be something in that rumor.

And I will confess it has occurred to me once or twice to wonder whether a millionaire in the family might not help Van Cleve out a little, and to hope that the prospective Mrs. Heffelbauer's papa-in-law will be liberal with his prune money. To be sure, Van does n't need help much nowadays; they say he makes a great deal more than a comfortable living out of the real-estate business he went into after the National Loan failure. He borrowed money for the venture, and opened an office over the Central Building and Loan Association, with which organization he had been connected a long while. Its members stood by him stanchly, in spite of the ugly gossip going about; the small clients whom he had gathered during his term at the bank stuck to him, and he gradually gained others; nevertheless, he must have had a gloomy time of it for the first few years. Heavens, how he worked! What nights he spent awake, what days of effort and anxiety! Outwardly, he gave no sign of it; he had the temperament for such a struggle, and in a sense it agreed with him.

I have heard him say with a laugh that in the worst of his pinches he never worried half so much over holding any job, or making both ends meet, as he did the very first time he went to work, a lad of eighteen, at the shoe factory in St. Louis, and used to go up, trembling, for his pay envelope every Saturday night, in deadly fear of hearing that he was to be 'laid off.' 'I got the place during a rush season they were having, with the understanding that if competent and satisfactory I was to be taken on regularly,' he explained; '"competent and satisfactory!" My job was sticking black silk labels, with the firm's name on 'em in gilt letters, in the insides of the shoes, and I was n't so green but that I knew they could

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get fifty boys to do that whenever they needed them — that's what was on my mind. And I thought the family were headed straight for the poorhouse if it was n't for me and my eight dollars a week!' He laughed again, but to a discerning listener, the story was not all funny; and where would his family have been by now but for Van Cleve, one could not help questioning.

It seemed strange to Van Cleve afterwards, when the irretrievable had happened, that he had never suspected, scarcely even troubled himself to ask, at the time of the family's removal from Pass Christian to Halifax, whence had come the money for the journey, which he himself had refused to supply them. He understood that Evelyn had sold some pictures; well and good! He had received the news with a surprise not entirely complimentary to the artist; but had made no further inquiry. It was not until a year and a half later, in the summer of 1901, that he found out the truth. Nineteen hundred and one turned out a fateful year for Van: Mr. O'Rourke gave up his place among the bank directors at last, having indeed been called to another, some six feet underground in Spring Grove Cemetery, so that the poor old man never knew the disgrace that was to come upon their management or mismanagement; and Mr. Kendrick, who was even at that time cloudily dissatisfied and uneasy over the conduct of affairs, took his seat. The hot weather came on; Van Cleve took Mrs. Gilbert and Bob on east to the Vermont sanatorium, and himself extended the trip to visit his family, who were by this time getting ready for the Salem move.

It had been almost three years, but Van found them not much changed. His grandmother looked a good deal older, and clung to him rather pathetically; his aunt and cousin were as slender, brilliant, and emphatic as ever; Major Stanton had a new story, a tensely dramatic one, beginning, 'When I was with Sherman on his famous march to the sea, of which you may have heard —' and reciting how he had 'taken a detail' on a scouting expedition, and found a dozen people starved to death in a Negro cabin where they had taken refuge, the women in ball-dresses with jewels on their necks, and on every face a set smile ghastly to behold! The Major did n't invent this grisly tale, either, though his telling of it could hardly be surpassed. You may find it in Napier's *History of the Peninsular War* any day you choose to look. Van Cleve listened to it with due appreciation; he recalled his boyish agonies of shame and fear of ridicule with amusement nowadays.

As for the rest of the family, they were sincerely delighted to see him. Though they had gone off and left him without scruple, though they had had more than one disagreement with him, and had often complained to one another of his harshness and obstinacy, about the impossibility of reasoning with him, and his brutal way of 'saying things,' they were nevertheless very fond and proud of Van Cleve. They had long ago forgiven the Pass Christian grievance, being always generous-spirited and ready to let bygones be bygones. And, besides, the impracticability of Halifax as a place of residence, and the extreme desirableness of Salem now occupied them fully. Van Cleve heard them leniently, for once.

'It might not be a bad plan,' he said; 'this place seems to be all right, but I'd be better satisfied if you were a little nearer me, so I could reach you quickly in case some trouble came up. It takes too long on the road coming here.'

'Oh, Van, you *have* so much judgment!' said his aunt, devoutly; 'I knew if we could get that splendid clear head

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of yours to work, you would get right to the bottom of — of everything at *once*. Our only problem is getting to Salem. You know how we hate to ask you for another cent after all you're constantly doing.' Tears came into her eyes, as she gazed at him; it was quite true; they *did* hate to ask him for money — or thought they did.

'That's all right,' said Van briefly; 'it's possible that I can't give you all you need, but you might begin and save a little — don't stint yourselves, just save what you can, you know — every month from now until your lease runs out. Then with that, and what I can spare, you may be able to make out. Sold anything lately, Evelyn?'

'Oh, this is n't any place for pictures, Van,' the artist explained with energy. 'That's one *very strong* reason for our getting away. I really don't think we ought to stay any longer than we can possibly help; we can get somebody to take over the lease, you know, so we won't lose anything that way. It's *business*, you know, with me, Van. I'm simply *buried* here.'

'What's the matter? Are n't the people here up in art, and all that? Can't you get them interested? I thought it could hardly be a worse place than Pass Christian, and you did pretty well there.'

Evelyn and her mother began together: 'Oh, mercy, don't talk about Pass Christian! It was *horrid*. There was nobody there but a great drove of common rich people that did n't care for anything but money, and did n't know any more about art than they did about geometry. I dare say their houses were full of Rogers statuary and prize chromos. The only way to sell them pictures would have been by the yard or the pound. It was n't even worth while to *show* them *my* pictures; they would have been pearls before swine,' Evelyn finished contemptuously.

'Well, who bought them, then? You did sell some,' Van Cleve asked. He was used to their teacup-tempests of disapproval and denunciation, their violent likes and dislikes, and seldom gave himself the trouble of looking for a cause; but this promised to be interesting. 'Some of the swine must have known a pearl when they saw it,' he said, restraining a certain inclination to laugh.

Evelyn saw it, however, and flushed angrily.

'Oh, I know what you're thinking, but other people appreciate my work, people who have seen a great deal more, and know more about art than you do; Mr. Gebhardt, for instance!'

'That's so, he bought one when he was down there. He showed it to me out at the house,I remember; I thought it was pretty good,' said Van Cleve, cordially. 'Who took the others? You seem to have a good many left still.' He glanced about at the walls, which, in fact were as well covered as ever.

'Mr. Gebhardt,' said Evelyn, with a shade less confidence than before; and this time Van Cleve was openly astonished.

'What? All? The whole four or five hundred dollars' worth, I mean? Thunderation!' he ejaculated; and paused with a puzzled face. 'It's funny he never said a word to me about them. He only showed me that one.' And now he looked at the three women, sudden suspicion growing in his quick, light eyes. 'How many pictures did he take, Evie?"

Everybody again began talking at once.

'Why, it was four — he took — that is, there were four of them, Van. But you don't quite understand — at least you don't seem quite to have understood —'

'I did n't want them to do it, Van Cleve; I knew you would n't like it;

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but they *would*, anyhow,' his grandmother cried.

'You see, it — it was n't a sale exactly —'

'Well, Mr. Gebhardt can have them whenever he sends. It's the same thing —'

Van Cleve silenced them with a gesture. 'One at a time,' he said with a voice and expression so like the late lamented Joshua that his grandmother gasped. 'I want to know what you've been doing. Aunt Myra, will you please tell me? I said, *one at a time*, Evie. Now Aunt Myra, will you go ahead?'

'Van Cleve, you know it was when we wanted to come here, and we could n't bear to worry you after you said you — you could n't let us move again, and we thought we'd have to stay there in that horrible place forever, and oh, Van, you can't have any idea how terrible it was! We could n't *stand* it. It was *killing* us all. We had every one of us been down with *coast fever*, and the colored servants were so lazy and dirty and disgusting; just think, the last one I had went off and left the muffin-pans stuck away in the back of the closet with some of the batter in them! And the doctor said we were all the kind of constitutions that would *never* get acclimated, *never*. Van Cleve, we were just *desperate* —'

Mrs. Lucas had to stop for breath; Van Cleve waited patiently; he had no doubt of presently getting to the truth, for they were truthful and upright women.

'So I wrote to Mr. Gebhardt. You know he had told us over and over again that very time when he was there, and bought Moonlight on the Bayou, that he would do anything in the world to help you, financially, or any way, and wished he could have the chance. So I wrote him just how it was: that you could n't afford to move us, and we did n't want to be any more of a drain on you, when you were trying so hard to get ahead. Only it was a case of *life and death*, and we *must* do something, for a little more of Pass Christian would finish us all. And I told him that Evelyn had four pictures that she would let him have for five hundred dollars; she considers them her best work, and you know, Van, they have been exhibited and *wonderfully* spoken of by the finest critics in the country. I enclosed the newspaper clippings so that he could see for himself,' said Mrs. Lucas, impressively; 'I wanted him to know he would be getting a *bargain*, that it was n't just talk on my part —'

'I *begged* you not to do it — I *said* Van Cleve would n't like it,' reiterated the old lady.

'Well, no, I don't like that sort of thing,' Van said, temperately; 'but I suppose there's no harm in it, since all artists do it, I'm told. I would n't like Mr. Gebhardt to think that I was putting you up to it, that's all. He might, you know. However, it can't be helped now,' he meditatively rubbed his chin. 'Did he take them at that price?'

'No, he did n't take them at all — oh, Van Cleve, he was perfectly lovely, he is the *dearest* man!' cried Evelyn. 'He wrote back a beautiful letter and said that he would be proud to own any pictures from the same brush as his beautiful Moonlight on the Bayou; but he did n't want to take advantage of me that way; and that he had often thought what a pleasure it must be to do something toward helping struggling talent, because genius always did have to struggle, no matter how great it was, and I was no exception to that rule; and if I would accept it, he —'

'He'd give you the money, but you could keep the pictures, is that it?'

'Yes, but he put it in the sweetest, most delicate way. We *could n't* refuse flat, Van, it would have been horrid; so Mamma wrote.'

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'I wrote and told him how much we appreciated his noble, generous offer, and how we hoped he would n't think us ungrateful, if we considered it as a loan, not a gift,' said Mrs. Lucas, eagerly. 'I told him we would keep the pictures since he wanted us to, but as far as we were concerned they would be *security* for his money, and he could have them at any time. And he wrote back and said that was perfectly satisfactory. So you see it was nothing but an ordinary business transaction after all, and you must n't worry about it, you dear boy; we would n't be so hateful and selfish as to do anything that would cause you one minute's worry.'

Van Cleve sat silent, rubbing his chin, while all the women gazed at him a little apprehensively; not indeed that they were in the least anxiety about the wisdom and righteousness of their own recent course, but it was sometimes so difficult to bring Van Cleve to their point of view; with all his splendid, manly qualities he was often so stubborn and unreasonable! However, instead of scolding or arguing, he dismissed the matter with an extraordinary speech, a speech which had no apparent relation to anything he or any of them had said hitherto.

'I guess the laugh 's on me!' were his words, uttered with that semi-humorous dryness which they resented without knowing why; and he addressed Mrs. Van Cleve with a startlingly abrupt change of subject. 'Oh, Grandma, tell me again about that time when Grandpa would n't buy you that carpet you wanted, will you?'

CHAPTER XXIII

ANOTHER BUSINESS WOMAN

The Vermont sanatorium did so much for Bob Gilbert that in less than a year he came back looking, to be sure, not fully restored or as if he ever would reach normal health and strength again, but much better than anybody had expected, fleshier, his color tolerably good and cough almost gone; and he himself, as usual, unquenchably sanguine. 'Oh, yes, the symptoms were tubercular,' he would acknowledge with a fine air of superiority and detachment; 'the doctors all told me so. In old times you 'd have felt as if your death-warrant had been signed, and would have made your will and laid right down. I believe people died of pure fright as much as of the disease. It 's different now; we know so much more about treatment and — and all that. I took it in time, and it never got any real hold on me. Of course they keep telling me to be careful; but I expect to keep even with it, and eventually to get it under. I've always been lucky about that — coming out even, you know, or a little better.' And with his laugh, which always ended in a little choke, Robert would change the subject. He never spoke about his health at all unless directly questioned.

He wanted to get something to do at once, and talked very eagerly and insistently about 'getting back into harness'; perhaps he was governed as much by a subtle anxiety to have his theories about his renewed health confirmed even to himself, as by any real motive of ambition or industry, for he was not naturally ambitious or industrious. But now he sought work feverishly, canvassing his friends, haunting offices and salesrooms, attacking all sorts of unlikely people, offering himself for positions he could no more have filled than that of Secretary of State. In fact, it would have been hard to name one for which Bob was qualified, he had had so little training, either business or professional; and his friends were sorely put to it for terms in which to recommend him. For the sake of the

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family every one did his best for Bob; but bad luck — or what he considered bad luck — dogged him unswervingly.

For a while he held some sort of small clerk's position with the Antarctic Ice Company, a business enterprise which had collapsed recently, and was being run by a receiver (Stuart Nicholson, the same Mr. Nicholson who was at that time so attentive to Lorrie Gilbert). Bob may have been doing well enough — nobody knew — but anyhow the receivership presently ended, the company got on its legs again, and in the changes of its reorganization, they let Robert go. After that, Van Kendrick bestirred himself and found several small jobs of collecting for Bob to do — an absurd effort, really, for if there was a thing on earth for which Bob had not even a vestige of taste or capacity it was running around after other people to make them pay their debts. The idea of that shiftless, easy-going fellow harrying other delinquents as shiftless and easy-going as himself was ludicrous; they could make him believe any cock-and-bull story, or work on his sympathies until he would be ready to empty his own pockets to save theirs! At the end of six months, having conclusively demonstrated how not to do collecting, Bob was out of employment once more. And about this time, it began to be rumored that he was drinking again.

I cannot now recall all his other attempts and failures, or follow his alternate backslidings and rehabilitations. One met him from time to time, now shabby and run down, now clean and confident, now idle for months, and again working with a hectic energy, full of excitement and enthusiasm, always thin and coughing, yet somehow never seeming to be much worse. It went on for five years; people were constantly prophesying his decline and death and wondering how the family could bear to watch the process, or telling one another with pitying indignation that it was hard to say which must be the more painful and humiliating spectacle for his father and mother and poor Lorrie: Bob on one of his sprees, or Bob sober and half-alive with one lung gone, trying unsuccessfully to support himself in ways the average bright boy of sixteen would disdain. The last place he had was at the Hotel Preston, the big new hotel put up by the Preston estate in 1907. It is a handsome establishment in the most approved hotel style, with canopies of glass and wrought-iron over the entrances, and half a dozen elegant little shops along the front, where persons of sufficient affluence may buy candies, 'gents' furnishings,' and rich blue brocade corsets. Within there is a rotunda with frescoes and a musicians' gallery; and many resplendent rooms upstairs occupied mostly by New York tailors and milliners on tour with displays of their goods. Robert was in the small booth near the lesser door for ladies, in charge of the supply of cheap umbrellas which the management benevolently hires out to people who have been caught unprotected in a shower. I saw him there myself when I darted into the Preston in the middle of a storm one day.

There he was, in the hotel uniform and buttons, like the bell-boys, handing out umbrellas, taking the names on little pasteboard checks and putting away the money, with quite a long line of hurried and impatient customers before him whom he served briskly, civilly, and without confusion. We recognized each other at the same instant; and his manners were better than mine, for whereas I stopped short, and hesitated, feeling sickeningly sorry and ashamed, Bob kept a perfectly placid face and matter-of-fact air, nodded with his nice smile, and went on dis-

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pensing umbrellas until it came to my turn, as if that were one of the most worthy and suitable of occupations for an educated man, thirty-five years old, and born and bred a gentleman.

'You did n't get wet, I hope. I never saw anything like the sudden way that rain came up,' he said when I reached his counter. He looked about as usual, with a high color and large, brilliant, hollow eyes; and he did not smell at all of whiskey.

I do not know why I should have been so unhappily embarrassed. I tried to speak naturally.

'I did n't know you were here, Bob.'

'Well, of course you would n't be likely to. You don't come in very often, I expect; nobody ever knows much about the hotels in their own town. I've been here two months,' he said simply. 'This is a nice one. You have to leave a dollar, you know.'

I could think of nothing more to say, so got the money out in silence and watched him put my name down, lingering in a wretched uncertainty. 'Why, you're left-handed, are n't you?' I said at last, idiotically, as he tried the umbrella to see if it was in good order, and passed it over.

'Eh? Why no, not naturally. I've been learning to use that arm, on account of having some trouble with my right here recently,' he explained indifferently; 'some kind of neuralgia or neuritis or something.'

The right lung was the one that was gone — or going — undoubtedly; I might have guessed it, and refrained from questions, if I had not been so flustered. After this maladroit effort, I stammered out some sort of good-bye and was about to retreat thankfully; but the bad quarter of an hour was not yet ended. Before I could move, a lady stepped out of the azure corset-shop which opened on this corridor near at hand, turned towards the door, saw the rain, and turned back quickly. She walked up to the umbrella booth. She was dressed in a beautiful dark blue linen suit, that fitted with incomparable snugness over a figure of smooth, unyielding, accurate curves surpassing those of the whale-boned and pompadour-ribboned dummies we could see through the plate-glass doors behind her; her fawn-colored hair was arranged like theirs in regular, petrified waves, glossy with brilliantine, under a neat, stiff hat with dark blue quills and ribbons smartly applied. She came up to the stand, and the light struck full on her face, and I would have known her in a thousand. 'Can I get an umb —?' she began; and broke short off, staring. It was Paula Jameson — Gilbert — whatever she called herself — Bob's divorced wife; all three of us stood a moment dumb.

I do not know what I should have done — what would have been the proper and humane thing to do, that is: run away as if I were afraid of being caught with them, or stay as if I wanted to see what they were going to do? Actually I contrived to do neither; it all happened too quickly. Paula — she seemed merely surprised, not at all disconcerted — recovered almost at once, and knew me and called me by name; and she said, 'Why, hello, Bob!' and put out her hand to him, too!

He took it automatically, and said, 'How do you do?' looking at her helplessly. Paula kept on talking, not to relieve the situation, for it was plain she herself felt no awkwardness about it, but as it would seem out of the fulness of her heart! She asked both of us if the folks were well? She inquired after several other people. She said warmly, 'Well, this little old burg has waked up at last, has n't it? Look at the new sky-scrapers! And let me tell you there are n't many hotels in this part of the country that have got any-

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thing on this one. If they'd only get a bunch of porters with caps and uniforms and numbers down at the Grand Central to grab your grip when you get off the train, why, the town'd be right up to date!' And she laughed, showing all her teeth, which were as pretty and white and flawless as ever, and a tiny crease in one cheek that used to be a dimple years ago.

She was astonishing. I believe the woman was glad to get back here, glad to see us, glad to talk to us. Let me give no false impression; Paula's hail-fellow-well-met manner was not in the least brazen or self-assertive; one sensed a kind of good feeling in her very lack of feeling. She could not be a gentlewoman, or even look like one; but for all her teetering high heels, and her tortured waist, and her carefully made-up complexion, and the breezy assurance of her address, she was absolutely respectable. Her respectability clothed her visibly, like her blue linen suit; she had the air of being armed and bucklered against the world and the wiles of men, supplied with an arsenal of morals, and ready to open fire at the slightest hostile demonstration.

I edged away at last, and was escaping, but Paula interrupted her eager chatter — she was actually asking Bob what that friend of his, Mr. Kendrick, was doing, and whether he and Lorrie had made a match of it yet! — to run after me. 'Oh, do you have to go? Can't you stay a minute? It's raining cats and dogs still,' she said, and seized my arm confidentially; 'can't you just come upstairs, and let me show you our display? I know you'll like it, and I'd love to show you. The things are awfully pretty, and the very latest wrinkles — right straight from Paree, you know, the swellest ever. Oh, say, do come! Our prices are n't sky-high, either, but anyway you don't have to buy anything, you know; I'd just love to have you *see* 'em. Say, can't you? Well, all right, then, but I'm going to be here for three days, so you'll come in some other time, won't you? Did n't you get one of our cards? Well if that ain't the limit! I know you must have been down on our list; we get all the names out of *Who's Who*. Here, take this one. And say, mention me to your friends, will you? I expect some of them remember me, anyhow. This is the first time I've ever made Cincinnati on a trip, and I'd like to work up a trade here for the firm.'

The leaflet she pressed on me was handsomely engraved at the top with a crest, the head of a Roman emperor (to all appearances) enclosed in a wreath, and underneath in minute lettering: 'L. Bloch, 325 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.' Farther down it announced in flourishing script that M. Levi Bloch of Paris, Vienna, and New York, desired to call my attention to the display of samples from his ateliers which would be on view at the Hotel Preston, Parlors A and B, the 24th, 25th, 26th. Corsets, Brassières, Garters, Silk Stockings, Woven and Piece Silk Combinations, etcetera. Exclusive agents for La Sylphide Empire girdle. Expert fitters would be in attendance, and their representative, Mme. Clarice, would give my order her personal supervision.

'I *wish* you'd come up; you might look around while you're waiting for the rain to hold up, anyhow, could n't you?' said Paula, nudging me towards the elevator. 'Say, come on!' And shrewdly keeping a firm grip on my arm, she turned and called a familiar good-bye to Bob, over her shoulder. 'See you later!' He did not answer; indeed, he had hardly spoken at all throughout the incident.

Paula piloted me, unresisting, yet inwardly amazed at the feebleness of my compliance, upstairs and to Parlors

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A and B, where, in fact, there was a sumptuous parade of Corsets, Brassières, Combinations, and all the rest of it. She had a couple of *mannequins* there, good-looking young women, all Marcel waves and glittering fingernails, who surveyed me with the extraordinary deferential patronage of their kind; and I noticed that Paula herself exhibited that manner to perfection as she guided me about. She put it on like a glove for the benefit of her underlings, holding up one garment after another, and murmuring prices in confidence; and blarneyed me into buying an expensive harness of sky-blue moiré, lace, and silver buckles, which I have never had on from that day to this, in a style no Parisian saleswoman could have bettered. It was inconceivable that 'that little Paula Jameson' could have developed into so able and distinguished a personage as Madame Clarice, but such was the fact! And in a moment when we were alone, I had the hardihood to ask her a question or two about the process.

She was not in the least offended; I think she took my curiosity and surprise rather as a compliment! 'Why, I just kind of fell into it,' she said. 'I've been in it now for four years. I had to do *something*, you know. After Momma died — that was in nineteen-two — no, three — I've lost count, but it was along there some time — well, after she died, I found we just did n't have anything left. We'd lived it all up. Momma did n't know much, and she did n't raise me to know much, either. — Very well, Ongriette, you can go to your luncheon now, and right afterwards I want you to take those garters up to show the lady in 217 that was in this morning. Tell her we can match any color of corset or silk lawngerie she selects; it 's so chick to have everything underneath match.' And as the girl departed, Paula, who had momentarily resumed her saleswoman's elegance of deportment, turned to me, relaxing again.

'We'd simply lived everything clean up. Momma never did have much head-piece, you know,' she explained impartially. 'She'd got to be in poor health, and it was a good thing she died when she did; she'd have been an awful drag on me. I could n't have taken care of her and made a living for both of us, too. As it was, she died and never knew a thing about it. But my, you have n't any idea what a time I had afterwards! Why, I had to sell some jewelry to bury her with. Hey? Why, we were in N'Yawk. I went and got a room in one of those perfectly punk boarding-houses down near Washington Square. You have n't any *idea* what a time I had! I did n't know what to do, and anyway there was n't a thing I *could* do — not even sewing or cooking. If I had n't had luck, I bet I'd have been scrubbing floors this minute. First I thought of going on the stage; but pretty soon I saw that was n't any good. You can hang around the theatrical agencies and offices, and hang around 'em, and *hang* around 'em, till your feet drop off, and you'll never get a look-in, unless you've a friend with a pull. You know the kind of *friend* I mean.' She paused significantly, and I nodded.

'Well, I was n't that kind,' Madame Clarice went on, a certain hardness settling about her still lovely mouth. 'Of course I *could* have —!' She shrugged. 'But what's the use? I just felt as if I was good and done with men. When they come around me now, I just tell 'em all nix on that talk. It don't go with *me*. I've seen too much. I don't want anything more to do with any man, except in a business way, of course. I must say that when a man's got his head set on business, he's, generally speaking, a perfect gentleman.

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Well, as I was telling you, there I was in N'Yawk, in a hall-bedroom, you know, without a cent and scared to death every time I heard the landlady coming upstairs. Then one day I had an idea. I got it from something I heard a girl say in one of the dramatic-bureau places I'd been going to. She was a chorus-girl, I guess — looked it, anyhow; and I heard her telling the man that she'd been in a coat-and-suit model job over on Sixth Avenue, ever since the "June Roses" show broke up.

'That interested me, because I always *have* wanted to know what they did in between times, have n't you? That's where I got my idea, too. I just thought, "Why should n't I be a coat-and-suit model? They get good money, and nothing to do but stand around and be looked at. And I've got enough better figure than that chorus-girl." So one day I put on my things and started out.

'Well, it was n't so easy as I thought, but I finally did land a job with a ladies' tailor named Blitz on Thirty-second, near Broadway. His head-woman was sick, and they took me just to fill in while she was away. What he wanted was more of a saleslady to show the things and sort of jolly people along, than a model. It was n't a real swell place like they have on the Avenue — like this one, you know —' And here Paula sent around a glance of proud satisfaction which was, on the whole, rather agreeable to see. She got up and rearranged a negligé of opalescent-tinted crêpe and silver embroidery, so that it would show to better advantage, laid carelessly over one of the gilded Empire chairs of Parlor A; eyed the effect a second, with her head on one side, touched the folds here and there, and returned to her chair and narrative.

'Of course I was pretty green at first, but by the time I'd been there six weeks, I could see I was making good with Blitz. He was business clear through: kept tab on your sales, and got every ounce of work you held out of you. However, the head lady came back one day, and she had n't been in the place a half hour before I knew it would presently be here's-your-hat-what's-your-hurry for me. Mad! And jealous! *Whee!* And the worst of it was she was too good herself for Blitz to get rid of her. Smart as a steel trap, you know, sell you the whole stock without your knowing it; just hypnotized you into buying. I learned a good deal watching her. My, I've often thought how mad it would have made her to know I was getting a line on all her ways, and seeing where I could improve on 'em! When it came to looks, I had the biggest kind of a lead over her, and I guess that's one of the things that made her sorest. I was more refined style, you know, and that's very hard to get always; you don't see a real refined one every day.

'However, by that time, I'd made some acquaintances in the trade; so when I left Blitz, I did n't have any trouble at all scarcely. I went right over to the Lawngerie Department at Altman's. But I had n't been there any time at all before a man I'd met that was in passementerie and fine trimmings came to me and says, "Look here, what you doing here? This ain't any place for you." "Well," I says, "what I'm doing is getting my little fifteen a week. Any place where I can make that is the place for me, according to the way I figure it." He just laughed. He says, "Fifteen! Why, you're too good for that. Now I've got a friend," he says, "with the Maison Bloch, name of Sweeny; he's their head man there, and he's looking for somebody like you. You can put it all over any saleslady he's got. Just look at your form for one thing; form's

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everything in the corset trade. Tell 'em you wear the La Délice or the Cleo or the X.Y.Z., or any old style you choose, and they look at your form and fall for it every time. Now I want to take you around and introduce you to Sweeny." Of course I knew that meant I was to throw Sweeny's trade his way all I could, but I'd just as lief. He had a first-class line of goods, and one good turn deserves another, don't it? So we went over to see Sweeny, and sure enough, did n't he engage me right off! Only thing he said to me was: "Say, you got to can that name. You don't want to be *Mrs.* Anybody — you've got to be *Madame* Something, or just a single name like Louise or Charlotte or Adelaide; that's the nifty thing to do." So we decided on Madame Clarice. I think it sounds swell, don't you? Madame Clarice.'

I expressed due admiration; and we sat silent a moment, Paula thoughtfully moving and replacing the charming little sachet-bags, jabots, and odds and ends spread on the table near her.

'It's been easy for you ever since, I suppose?' said I, at length.

'Yes, oh yes. Well, of course, I've got to keep on the job every minute; believe me, I *work*. But I have n't had any trouble; I've gone right along. I make two trips a year, South in winter — Palm Beach, and all the resorts, you know — and North in summer. It's funny I never happened to come here before, but I believe the management have got a notion it is n't a likely place. Anyway, they never put it in my route. You don't know how queer it seemed to-day — same old town, but everything different!'

She was silent, playing with the trifles, and then spoke abruptly: 'Bob Gilbert looks awfully, don't he? I don't believe he'll live long.'

She said this with an air of detached and impersonal observation startling to witness. Whatever their experiences together had been, it was evident that Paula cherished no resentment, no feeling of any kind, about her ex-husband. She regarded him with an amiable indifference. While I was still sitting in a wordless confusion, she added with much more earnestness, 'Lorrie has n't ever got married, he said. I wonder why. Do you suppose it's because of her having been engaged to — to —?'

'To that Mr. Cortwright, that was killed in the Spanish War?' I supplied, seeing her hesitate; 'why, yes, that's what everybody thinks.'

'I thought sure she'd marry Mr. Kendrick,' said Paula, gazing into space with a meditative frown. She caught sight of herself in a mirror, and gave a sound of consternation. 'My, I've got into such a bad habit of frowning that way! Ain't it awful? I'll have my forehead full of wrinkles if I don't look out.' She rubbed her finger-tips across it anxiously.

Some customers coming in just then, this was the end of the interview; and I did not see Madame Clarice again, although she invited me very urgently, and kissed me at parting! It was to be feared that she had diagnosed Bob's case accurately; for going to the Preston next day to turn over the umbrella, I encountered a stylishly trim young woman at the booth in his place. And in answer to my inquiry she told me that the regular clerk had been taken sick yesterday afternoon and had to be sent home.

'I guess he's pretty bad off. They had the house doctor to fix him up, and he took him out to where he lives in a cab. I heard 'em say he had a hemorrhage, or was going to have one,' she said.

(*To be concluded.*)

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SOME LETTERS OF WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY[1]

II

EDITED BY DANIEL GREGORY MASON

To Mrs. C. H. Toy

[CHICAGO, *August* 11, 1896.]

As for Chicago, I find that it gives me days or at least hours of broad-gauge Whitmanesque enthusiasm, meagrely sprinkled over weeks of tedium. The tedium is not of the acid-bath sort, however. Genuinely, I feel mellower, deeper-lunged, more of a lover of life, than I have ever felt before, and the reason is that I have had long somnolent spaces in which to feel the alchemy of rest.

I am writing, not much, but with time enough to listen for the fairy echoes, to turn and taste again, to fix and prefer. I shall never have a lordly shelf-full of books to point to ('Paint my two hundred pictures, some good son!') but if I live out the reasonable span, I think I can hope to have one little one at least, or two maybe, which will be in their own way *vocal* from cover to cover. Whether the voice will be one that people will care to hear, matters less to me than it did — perhaps less than it should. Safely stowed in my gum-cell, with my globule of amber honey, I find it easy to forget Leviathan and his egregious spoutings. He begins to seem the least bit comical, Leviathan, from the gum-cell outlook. The fact that we and our cell could hang unobserved on one of his eyelashes, does n't negate our importance in the least. . . .

To Daniel Gregory Mason

[CHICAGO, *August* 27, 1896.]

DEAR DAN:—

So far from considering your letter 'merely silly,' I found it really stirring — at least after I got over my amusement, which you must grant to the weakness of the flesh. The chief reason why I have not replied sooner is (prepare to be shocked beyond speech) that I have been trying to make up my mind which side has the least injustice and unwisdom to its account in this matter. Living here in the heart of the debtor's country I have come to see that the present régime cannot possibly endure. Free silver is undoubtedly a desperate remedy — perhaps an insane one; but the slow asphyxiation which the vast farming population of the West is undergoing from the appreciation of deferred payments on their gigantic mortgage debt, due to the inadequacy of the maximum gold coinage to keep pace with the growth of values — calls for immediate relief of some sort.

I have seriously thought, had indeed before you wrote seriously thought, of doing a little stumping during the fall vacation, but on which side my voice and vote will fall is still a matter of debate with me. This is the utmost abyss and downward of my recreancy.

[1] The first instalment of these letters from Professor Mason's collection was printed in the August issue. — THE EDITORS.

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I envy you your feverish and on-the-whole delightful visitings with a poisonous tin-green envy. I have about got my mouth full of western heartiness and uniplexity, and long for the lands of purple haze and wicked goat-shanks of apothegm footing it after the sky-fluttered robes of dryad metaphor. Abbott Thayer must be a daisy: tell me about him. O to walk in a far sweeter country, among dim many-colored bushes! O now to drink a brown drop of happiness with my good friend! Selah!

I note with grief the catalogue of black-prowed ships the Gods have winged with disaster against your spirit's Troy. Anxious counting will not seem to make them fewer. I would urge you again to brave the blustering rigors of the west, if it did not seem such abandoned selfishness to do so. For me to go East now would not only be to 'break a trace,' but to break for a hasty feast the little pot of honey I have stored up by much noon-day toil to serve for a long, long starveling joy next summer and the winter after. I shall only be able to pull through the winter on the prospect of nine months of golden liberty at the end — the epithet being, let me hasten to add, notably metaphorical.

The Singer refuses to comfort my exile with so much as a shed feather of song. My letters lie unanswered, and my tear-bottles cumber the Dead-Letter Office. Wherefore are these thusly? Ah me, to walk in a country of dim many-colored bushes, beside bright-breathing waters! To hear the shy bird that woke at evening in the breast of my friend! Selah.

I was glad to hear you liked the *Atlantic* article. I am in a state of rawness and jealousy when praise of even a pot-boiler makes me lick the hand of the giver. Desperate is the pass of all little Gods who say after the sixth day, 'This is my handiwork, and lo, it is mostly Lolly-pop!'

Divinely yours,

W. V. M.

To Josephine Preston Peabody

August 30, [1896?]

Are n't you ever going to speak to me again? Is my back-yard left irremediably desolate? Have your rag dolls and your blue dishes said inexorable adieu to my cellar-door? The once melodious rain-barrel answers hollow and despairing to my plaints — but for that the summer is mute. What have I done? What have I left undone? Alas, these questions are the ancient foolishness of the Rejected. Forgive me that the rejected are foolish, but tell me my sin.

But a little while ago you were my intercessor with one whom I had inscrutably offended, and now you visit upon my head inscrutable doom. Imagine the panic of a spider who has anchored his web to the pillars of the firmament and discovers of a sudden that they are the spokes of a bicycle in active requisition. Such a one so smote me yesterday with his allegory that I plucked him, silky ruin and all, from his fool's paradise, and deposited him among the comfortable rafters. Will you be outdone in charity? My web is a sight — and Messieurs the flies, once my toothsome prey, beleaguer me, buzzing annihilation.

W. V. M.

Categorically, I crave answer to the following questions: —

1. Where are you to be next year?
2. What are you going to do there?
3. Where have you been this summer?
4. What did you do there?
5. What are your latest *opera?* (a ms. copy of same should accompany reply).

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6. What are your contemplated opera? (May be omitted for cause.)
7. Are you happy?
8. Are you well?
9. Are you still friends?

N.B. Please answer the questions in the order given. Use only plain idiomatic English. You will be judged by both the quality and the quantity of your writing.

To Daniel Gregory Mason

CHICAGO, *November* 24, 1896.

DEAR DAN:—

So far from being able to 'dartle a ray of poesy' into your world, I contrast the vivid glow of that world as set forth in your letter, with the kennel I inhabit, in a spirit of blank misgiving. Fourteen consecutive months of hack teaching have left me in a state of spiritual beggary I never dreamed of, and the seven months that still roll their vermiform length before me sometimes startle me into a Bedlam query.

The uncourageous truth must be told, that I have got already to the lees of my resisting power, and at the best can only crawl stricken and tolerated to the latter end. The spirit of selection, the zest of appropriation, is gone out of me. For a more instant misery, I must give up my Christmas trip east, to which my rheumy eyes have long been straining for light. A new course to read for, and a pinching poverty, are the main reagents in this stinking bit of chemistry; at the black bottom of the retort lieth Little Willy's calcined pebble of a heart. Sing a song of willow. Strew on him sawdust, sawdust, with never a hint of goo. Convey a poor devil's plangent gratitude to your mother and your sister-in-law for their offered hospitality. This reminds me, how did Mrs. Dutton Mason get it into her head that she had offended me? Let her know that in my present state, perhaps in any state, a snub or a cuffing from her likes would be unto me as rarest hydromel, since after all even a snub, or a cuffing, constitutes a sort of bond. The blue beatitude of those Milton hills often yearns into the grey drift over Chicago roofs, and I hear thence, even in the midst of cable-car-gongs and elevator chains, a spectral hymnody. . . .

Your statement of your musical condition fills me with sorrow and wrath. Your letter reached me just as I was starting for the Friday afternoon Symphony rehearsal, and darkened for me this one flower of passion and color that still blooms where the city of my soul once was. But in the midst of a Schumann thing my eye wandered to the program and read there the story of his being turned by just such a misfortune as yours into the work which was so gloriously his to do. Of course you know the story, but I could hardly help sitting down at once and calling upon you, beseeching you to think of it again. For you to give up music for 'letters' is for an oyster to renounce pearl-making in order to devote its energies to the composition of sea-weed pills. I hasten to add that this is n't saying a damn against the pills. . . .

W. V. M.

To Josephine Preston Peabody

HARVARD CLUB,
2 WEST 44th ST., *March* 26, 1897.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—

Now that I have at last emerged from darkness *a riveder le stelle*, I turn to you as Dante to Casella, and beg at least a word to prove that Florence still has true hearts. I am still rather numb as to brain, and drab-colored as to soul, but I can feel the holy influences that wait upon him who loafs beginning to purge me and urge me, though I tremble to say so for fear of

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frightening back their shy inquiring tentacles. The thought of six whole months of acquaintance with myself fills me with an inexpressible arrogance, the likes of which I did n't suspect my meek pedagogical make-up of. I had promised myself for a long time a few days' tarry in Boston before sailing, but got caught as usual between the contracting prongs of time and space. So, instead of the long afternoon or afternoons during which I had hoped to rummage the past and peer into the future with you, here I am with a half-hour and a sheet of paper. Nevertheless, that will suffice for the cardinal question — How is it with you? What is the news from the Niche? Won't you tell me, through the medium of Messrs. Whitby and Co., 5 Via Tornabuoni, Florence?

W. V. M.

[During the six months' trip to Italy and the Austrian Tyrol that Moody now made, he wrote 'Good Friday Night' and the 'Road Hymn for the Start,' and began work on the 'Masque of Judgment.' He returned to Chicago in September, 1897, and undertook, in addition to his teaching, at the suggestion of Mr. Horace E. Scudder, whom he refers to as 'Uncle Horace,' the editing of the Cambridge Edition of Milton's Poetical Works.]

To Ferdinand Schevill

CASA FROLLO, GIUDECCA,
VENICE, *June* 8, '97.

DEAR FERD:—

I have put off writing to you from day to day, partly by reason of the manifold demands which Venice makes on one's powers of sensation and utterance, but principally by reason of the delay which my intimate connections with the patrician houses of Milan failed to prevent in the forwarding of my negatives. Here they are at last, such ones as I have got printed: rejoice over them duly.

I have been installed in the Casa Frollo with the Lovett family for two weeks, and many blessings have been showered upon us. Foremost to be mentioned among Heaven's gifts is a garden, green and voiceful, reaching back through checkered vistas to the Lagoon — a regularly bang-up place of dalliance. Lacketh as yet a laughing Lalage; as yet, I repeat, not without a sinking at the heart. Meanwhile Euterpe floats at the ends of the vine-yard alleys, elusive, promising. The Good-Friday theme has taken shape; it proved more modest in scope in the working out than I had anticipated, but I am almost satisfied with it nevertheless. I hope you may not frown upon it, when in the fullness of time it is chanted before you.

I am at work now on a rather hopelessly fantastic thing, I fear, half-lyric, half-dramatic; I shall try to excuse the wilfulness of the form by calling it a Masque. The subject is the Judgment-day — no less — a kind of sketchy modern working over of the theme, from the point of view of the accusing human. God Almighty promises to be an engaging figure, with proper foreshortening. The protagonist is the archangel Raphael, a staunch humanist (his enemies — Heaven confound their counsels! — would say a sentimentalist), and principal rôles are sustained by such pleasing characters as the Seventh Lamp of the Throne, the Angel of the Pale Horse, the Lion of the Throne, and the Spirit of the Morning-star. I foresee great possibilities, — a kind of Hebrew Götterdämmerung, with a chance for some real speaking-out-in-meeting, — hoop-la! — Excuse my barbaric yawp, it is merely meant to express enthusiasm.

We keep a gondola-slave, and make frequent trips to the Lido, which how-

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ever is dull as yet. The weather grows hot and heavy apace; I fear we shall have to make a break for the mountains before long. . . .

W. V. M.

To Josephine Preston Peabody

CORTINA D'AMPEZZO,
TYROL, *July* 15, 1897.

MY DEAR MISS JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY: —

I have not answered your unfriendly and inadequate letter sooner because I found myself incapable of mustering the amount of ill-feeling which I judged commensurate with the demands of a reply. I have, indeed, given up all hope of such a strenuous accession, and have resolved merely to hide the fountains of my good will under a decent covering of recrimination, throwing my human longing for retaliation to the winds. I am the more moved to measures of pacification because, in the first place, my return to New England shores has grown suddenly more imminent, and in the second, because I hear news of noble Works taking shape and soul under your hands. It is now nearly three weeks since I fled here to this sky-hung, cloud-acquainted village of the Austrian Tyrol from the too generous ardors of an Italian summer. I am moved to harrow your literary sensibilities with 'description' of these wind-swept valley pastures, hedged in by ferocious peaks, and dowered, even to the border of the snow, with unimaginable wealth of wild bloom. Tremble not, I will not maltreat a captive of courtesy.

To tell the ignoble truth, as my time of liberty draws to an end, and I see how very little I have accomplished in it, I find myself trying to shut out sensations which are too poignant and crowding, in order that I may find the restfulness necessary for work. I have arrived at a depth of miserliness where it is possible for me to give up a night in the star-lit grass for a night of lamp-oil and muddy ink. Not that I have done much, or shall, I fear; but I have a good thing to do, when it pleases Apollo. I have just had a letter from Uncle Horace, making propositions — messes of pottage: it is the reek and fatness thereof which draws my Esau-soul homeward before its appointed time — perhaps.

W. V. M.

To Daniel Gregory Mason

ALBERGO D'ESPAGNA
VIA CALZAIOLI, FLORENCE,
August 1, 1897.

DEAR DAN: —

When I found in the batch of letters awaiting me here this morning one from you, remorse, long dozing, awoke and gnawed. I have been a monster of *taciturnity and greedy possession*; I have lain on my gorgeous heap of sensation like Fafnir on the Glittering Hoard, growling, from my *papier-maché* throat, to all importunate duties and memories, 'Lass mich fühlen! Ich lieg und besitze.' As I count over my rosary of Italian days — and nights! — with the little seed pearls and the pearls of price and the green gawdies, a sense of profound pity for everybody else in the world invades my breast, — now at least when the imminent prospect of a return to the key of drab sends over me a sense of moral realities once more. The substance of your letter as well as its tone precipitates this floating compassion about yourself, a reaction of the spiritual chemistry for which you will doubtless thank me as little as I should you in a reversed case. That your arm does not pick up, that ——'s beard has again been known to stick out straight, that —— laughs a hyena laugh before relapsing into ambrosial silence, to say nothing of your estrangement from the mint julep and

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its realms of gold — all together constitute a desolating picture — so desolating indeed that I hesitate to communicate a plan I had formed for spending the month of September in Boston.

The only scrap of comfort I get, fortunately an intensive one, is the parenthetical assurance that you spend the hoarded strength of your arm in writing music. I have never quite got over the shock given me by your announcement six months ago that music was not for you. There seemed something obscene about such a blow to your chance of happiness, such a lopping off. I remember once seeing a playmate coming out of his door on crutches after he had lost a foot. Bah! my soul sickens yet, after fifteen years. These things should not be done after these ways.

My golden bath, my Semele-shower of sensation, has only strengthened my conviction that the adventures of the mind are beyond all compare more enthralling than the adventures of the senses, that no twining of amorous limbs can bring the intoxication of the airy grappling of the Will to Beauty with the feminine latency of thought toward being beautifully created upon. I hope that is not as snarled as it looks on paper, though I know it's full as bawdy.

This conviction is perhaps the best thing I have to show for my vacation, however. I observe with sudden retrospective dismay that I have accomplished next to nothing in printable pages, one or two short poems, and a couple of torsoes sketched out in the block, but so big that my mallet and chisel lose themselves in the interstices between dust speck and dust speck. I clamber with Liliputian ingenuity over the bulk thereof, spying out, very agile and bustling, with horny eye apprehensive upon cracks and precipices. As yet no planet-displacing news.

Remains to be communicated my plan for September; this: Uncle Horace has had the *gentilezza* to offer me a substantial job of book-editing, which if I accomplish in due season will insure me another playing-space months earlier than I could otherwise hope for it. I propose accordingly to cut short off here, sail on the 19th August for America, reach Boston by the first of September, and spend the ensuing four weeks working in the Boston and Cambridge libraries, with seasons of torso-climbing and mint-juleping generously interspersed. Till when —

WILL.

P.S. When you write abroad again use tissue-paper and invisible ink and write on both sides. My disbursements to the Italian government and the Postal Union on your blue-book amounted to just eighty-five (85) centesimi. Not that it was n't worth ninety (90), but thrift is thrift.

W. V. M.

To Josephine Preston Peabody

[*Spring*, 1898.]

Thanks for the good tidings; they have shed about me a reflected glow of spiritual *bien-être* rare enough in the procession of my days to be relished, I tell you. Then it was n't all reflected either, nor will it altogether go with the fading of the ink. It is jolly that some of us are going to have a say; the elected one must be spokesman for the rejected, and say it with an air and a gesture! Not without responsibility, in view of the others, listening glad but a little jealous, hoping to hear it put just their way, and ready to lift protesting hands if it is n't. I could swallow my own little hiccough of envy with a better grace if I were there to dogmatize over title and title-page, order and grouping and pruning and pad-

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ding. I suppose you will have to struggle alone your unillumined way without me, poor thing; but there will come a day of reckoning for all shortcomings, when I crawl over your pages, horny eye animadversive upon this and that, antennae excitedly waving. And if all is good and seemly without and within, I shall go away mollified, and there shall be no more drudging that day but only joy, in the kingdom of Ants.

The jewelled white of the New England winter! Here it is mud — sky, lake, boulevard, factory, flat, one featureless contiguity of Mud — to say nothing of People and their Insides.

W. V. M.

[About April 1, Moody arrived in New York and took a room at 109 Waverley Place. He was working hard on his edition of Milton, but also found time to write out the 'Masque of Judgment' in somewhat tentative and fragmentary form. This he read to me in Boston, early in June. He returned to Chicago for the summer and autumn quarters' teaching, spent the Christmas holidays in Boston, and in the first days of 1899 established himself in New York again, this time at 318 West 57th St.]

To Daniel Gregory Mason

THE PLAYERS,
NEW YORK, *April* 8, 1898.

DEAR DAN: —

. . . The plan you outline for the Easter vacation is so tempting that if you had sprung it on me soon enough I suppose I should have yielded to your blandishments and given New York the go-by. Once here, however, I feel that I ought to stay. If I mistake not, my lines are apt to be cast in these places permanently in the not distant future, and I have a good chance now to make some acquaintances and learn the ropes of New York life against that desirable time. I have already met a number of capital chaps here at the Players, where Carpenter has kindly set me down — chiefly playwrights, not very big ones I suspect, but full of enthusiasm and practical expedient. The great thing about them is that they get their things played, and that sort of thing, begad, begins to appeal to me. Do not believe me quite recreant to ideals; Cambridge and her elegiac air seems still lovely and of good report. But these chaps here, though very moderately elegiac and of a dubious report, are splendidly American and contemporary; and I feel convinced that this is the place for young Americans who want to do something. (N. B. *I have not enlisted in the marine.*)

. . . As for yourself, go to Chocorua by all means, and believe me with you in wistful imagination when the spring sun gilds your mountain-tops and absorbs the spare goo from my asphalt pavements.

As ever,

W. V. M.

To Daniel Gregory Mason

THE PLAYERS,
NEW YORK, *April* 13, 1898.

DEAR DAN: —

. . . Thanks for the addresses: I shall certainly look up Harry. If you know any other good people here, send me their names and whereabouts and a card of introduction. I am going in for people now, having made the discovery that the average man is among the most unexpected and absorbing of beings. . . .

To Daniel Gregory Mason

CHICAGO, *Dec.* 2, 1898.

DEAR DAN: —

This is an attempt to forestall your righteous wrath at my ungentlemanly neglect of your letters, which have

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been meat and drink to me at the seasons of their arrival and for long after. I will accept any punishment except a refusal on your part to rejoice over the fact that I am coming to Cambridge for Christmas week. Intend thy thoughts towards revelry, for there must be mad times. Like a sick and lonesome gilligalloo bird I begin to think on me native sugar-cane swamps, and plume me feathers for a flight thither where the carnivoristicous Philistine invadeth not with his pot-gun of Important Business, and neither moth nor dust doth corrupt. Don't tell me you ain't going to be to home, for I'm a-calculatin' on you for my main holt.

W. V. M.

To Mrs. C. H. Toy

CHICAGO, *Dec.* 5, 1898.

MY DEAR MRS. TOY:—

This is to say that I expect to spend Christmas week in Cambridge. . . . I am eager for the queer inimitable charm of Cambridge, for that atmosphere of mind at once so impersonal and so warm, for that neatness and decency of you children who have been washed and dressed and sent to play on the front lawn of time by old auntie Ding-an-Sich, while we hoodlums contend with the goat for tomato cans in the alley. I have a fair line of the same to lay before your eyes when I am admitted inside the aristocratic front gate: some of them will make a fine effect in a ring around your geranium bed.

To Daniel Gregory Mason

[CHICAGO, *Dec.* 19, 1898.]

1. Arrive Friday P.M. or Saturday A.M. Exact time to be communicated later.

2. Will stay at 39 with pleasure.

3. Think Chocorua too risky, especially for your purposes of recuperation.

4. You shall loaf, sir.

5. You shall go to themes once more on Jan. 2 in a galliard, and conduct consultations in a coranto.

W. V. M.

To Josephine Preston Peabody

318 WEST 57th ST.
NEW YORK, *Jan.* 8, 1899.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—

I put off writing Hail and Godspeed when the Book came out because I wanted to speak my words of pride and praise in person. You were not there to hear them, and since then I have been caught in the wheels of this world's business. But you cannot but believe me when I say that the book gave me a very keen delight, first because it was yours, and second because it was the world's; and read in cold type it entirely justified my old enthusiasm. Some things, which seemed to me less mature and less forthright, I could have wished away; and others I could have wished a little nearer the everyday speech: but even for these the *Envoi* made *amende honorable.*

What we expect of you now is to fulfill the promise there made: to take hold of the common experience and the common idiom and glorify it. Who am I, to be sure, that I should be offering sage advice? Yet I hope you ask the question without sarcasm, for after all I am one who has loved the Muses well, and hoped much from my friends, however I may seem to have forgotten both the one and the other.

W. V. M.

To Daniel Gregory Mason

HARVARD CLUB,
NEW YORK, *Jan.* 17, 1899.

DEAR DAN:—

I certainly shan't let you off, now that you have been rash enough to make advances. 'F yez don' wan' the

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pants, w'y in hell 'd you try 'em on fur, blokey? I answer your questions categorically.

1. You can see all of me all of the time after and including lunch, which I usually take about 1.30; from the mysteries of my bath, breakfast, and matutinal galumphing o'er twin-peaked Parnassus, I shall exclude you peremptorily, but after 1.30 I am yours till cock-crow.

2. My luncheon, consisting of a sandwich and a drink, usually costs ten (10) cents, unless I frequent a free-lunch counter, when it costs five (5). Since looking at the expanse of cheek in the picture which you send (and for which I thank you kindly) I have about resolved to intermit lunches for the time being. If this sounds too Spartan, just remember that a great deal of Nourishment can be bought between Washington Square and Central Park, if you still feel atrophied after lunching with me. For dinner I pay (including tip) from sixty to eighty-five cents, except on rare occasions when I feel proud and sassy — on which occasions I sometimes reach the dizzy and disastrous peak of a dollar ten.

3. The weather will be fine. Shut up, I say it *will!*

I have n't touched the Masque, but have plunged *in medias res* with the play.[1] It bids fair to be short (perhaps 50 minutes to an hour to act) but it's developing pretty well. I found myself embarrassed a good deal at first by the dull monochromatic medium of every-day speech, but am getting more used to it now, and find that when you do get an effect in it it is more flooring than anything to be got with bright pigments. I am trying hard to give it scenic structure, for as I conceive it nearly half of it will be dumb show; at least a great deal of its effectiveness will depend on the acting. I shall have it ready to read to you — at least in first draft — when you appear. I've got a Chinese restaurant to show you on Mott Street; likewise a Chinese stew that will make your gizzard turn pale with joy. Refusing to be refused,

W. V. M.

[1] The first draft of what eventually became *The Faith Healer*. — D. G. M.

To Daniel Gregory Mason

[Postal card].

[New York, *Jan.* 31, 1899.]

Are you going to take those pants? It is important for me to know, as there are other customers. If a hasty decision (or the necessity of it) will prejudice the possibility of your coming, however, put it off until the ninth hour.

You'd better come. Verbum sapienti. Pictures — music — theatre — dives — dinners — Broadway — Bowery — beer — girls — galoots — [the last word is stricken out] Heaven forefend! I 've just come out of it.

W. V. M.

To Ferdinand Schevill

The Players, 16 Gramercy Park,
New York, *Feb.* 20, 1899.

Dear Ferd: —

The great king Grippe reigns in Babylon, and his hand has been heavy on all his subjects — especially your afflictedly. . . .

Are you still minded to woo the Muse under these skies in spring? There may be better places, but there surely are worse; and if the Muse, though never so strictly meditated, prove thankless, there yet remain Amaryllis and the tangles of Neaera's hair. The latter is usually a wig, but very nicely tangled and adequate for most purposes of distraction. . . .

Will.

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To Daniel Gregory Mason

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE. SS. MESABA, NEW YORK, *March* 11, [1899.]

DEAR DAN:

This is only a word to say that I have been unable to resist the very low rates of passage brought about by the rate-war between the transatlantic lines, and am off for England. . . . I shall settle down and work steadily. . . .

Hastily,

W. V. M.

To Daniel Gregory Mason

[Postmarked: CHICAGO, *Dec.* 18, 1899.]

Put it behind thee, my boy; 't is a device of Satan — a whisper of the Demon of Unrest and Seller of Dead Sea Apples. For which belief I shall soon furnish (*viva voce*) argument. The Muses, I groundedly believe, reside at present on an obscure peak (not yet visited) of New Hampshire or Maine; that is, if they have not already succumbed to the attractions of Pike's Peak or Mount Shasta. At any rate that's where I purpose to seek them, and Europe be damned. I have spoken.

W. V. M.

[Moody arrived in Boston at Christmas. It was here that he finally completed 'The Masque of Judgment.' The 'Ode in Time of Hesitation' was also written during this period, and appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May. In the early spring he established himself at East Gloucester, Massachusetts, where he wrote 'Gloucester Moors' and the 'Menagerie,' and revised the play dealing with Schlatter, the 'New Mexico Messiah.' During part of the summer he lived with his friend Mr. Truman H. Bartlett, in Chocorua, N. H. In October he was again settled in Boston, but in November he went to New York, where he lived until his return to Chicago in January, 1901.

During all this period, a most important one in his poetic development, he had to give a considerable portion of his time to the text-book on English literature, but managed to keep his mornings largely free for creative work. The period is notable for publication as well as for production: 'The Masque of Judgment' was printed by Small, Maynard, & Co. in November, 1900, and the 'Poems' appeared in May, 1901, under the imprint of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Throughout the final decade of his life, Moody worked as industriously as his uncertain health permitted. After the completion of his two plays, *The Great Divide* and *The Faith Healer*, he returned to poetry as his definitive pursuit. He died at Colorado Springs in October, 1910. — D. G. M.]

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BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Six hours on the train had nearly exhausted Joseph Cargan. He had read all the available magazines, looked up his connections twice in the railway guide, and even gazed for an hour out of the window. But there were only woods and farms to be seen, scarcely a billboard, and no automobiles. He dropped his cigar wearily into the spittoon by his chair in the club car and relapsed into lethargy. With dull iteration he ran over the plans for the deal in prairie land that he hoped to put through to-morrow, and guessed lazily at whether $6000 would purchase the tract of which they had written him. He thought of his wife, and hoped that his telegram would be telephoned over to the Runkles' so that she might meet him at the station with the clean shirt he had asked for. Afterwards he cut his nails, yawned loudly, and was just going to sleep when they stopped at Joline and a boy came in with papers.

Cargan turned first, as usual, to the stock-market reports. There were only two items of interest since he had left the tape. Montana Pacific had gone off a little more. But 200 shares of Benningham Common had sold at 17, a drop of ten points! His eye caught an explanatory note: the dividend on the preferred had been cut; the surplus was heavily reduced. His mind, searching rapidly over their business, fixed upon two marginal accounts — Jim Smith's and Waldron's. In each case the collateral deposited had already been insufficient. Drawing out his note-book he swiftly figured. 'That old gambler Smith's always on the edge,' he reflected. 'We can hold him a little longer. Gotta sell Waldron out. Must have made a thousand dollars out of that account first and last. Too bad.' A momentary sense of Waldron's calamity swept over him, but quickly evaporated. 'Business is business,' he thought, and remembered, with a little angry satisfaction, Anita Waldron's coming-out dance and how the Runkles, who were invited, kept talking about it all winter. 'Old Waldron won't be so darn particular next year.'

As the train pulled into his home town he hurried out upon the station platform, and saw with pride and pleasure that his wife was just stepping out of the Runkles' motor. Looking about to see who might be there to note the company she was keeping, his eye fell on a tall and stooping gentleman with a trimmed beard and eyeglasses, who was searching with weary eyes the train windows; but even while he frowned at the recognition his wife had seized him by the shoulder, caroling, 'Hello, Jimmy. Give me a kiss, dear, and take your old shirt.' She was a graceful woman, stiffened by an obvious corset, and faintly powdered. A long yellow feather dangled from her orange hat, big pearls were set in her ears, and her shoe-buckles glittered as she walked.

He kissed her admiringly. 'Say, Martha, you look great,' he chuckled. 'I hate to have to go right on. You tell the kids I'll bring 'em something when I get back.'

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The train was starting; indeed he had just time to dash up the steps of his car. 'Good-bye, dear,' she caroled. 'Good-bye, dee-ar,' hummed the brakeman, and slammed down the swinging floor of the vestibule. Cargan was already balancing himself along the corridor of the club car. A lurch of the train swung him heavily out among the chairs; to save himself he caught a shoulder and dropped into a seat. His neighbor had but just sat down. It was Waldron.

They shook hands as if nothing were in the air, and then compared watches to see if the train were on time. This done, Waldron took off his glasses, swung them on their black cord, and began to polish them nervously, blinking with short-sighted eyes into the space that hurried past the car windows. Cargan offered him a cigar, but he put it aside quickly.

'No, thank you; no, thank you — Well — they cut the dividend.' He looked at Cargan with a wan smile. 'What'll I do, Cargan? They told me I'd find you on the train, and I thought I'd ask your advice.'

Cargan was relieved. 'Sell, Mr. Waldron,' he answered earnestly, 'Sell right off. That Brogan crowd's runnin' the company now, and they're no good. Sell quick.'

Waldron looked at him in doubt. 'How much do I lose?' he asked feebly.

''Bout six thousand' — against his will Cargan made the tone apologetic. 'Say, put up only five thousand more collateral and we'll carry you till better luck.'

The old man blinked rapidly, then conquered his pride. With punctilious care he unbuttoned his gray cutaway, took out a wallet from under the button of the Society of Colonial Wars, drew forth a sheet of note paper, and with a pencil inscribed a broad O. 'There's my collateral, Mr. Cargan,' he said whimsically.

He was so helpless, and so elegant in his helplessness, that the bully awoke in Cargan. With an effort he broke through the nervous deference with which Waldron always inspired him and spoke roughly: —

'We don't do business without either collateral or cash, Waldron.'

The gentleman put his wallet back hurriedly as if some one had laughed at it, and cast a quick, hurt look at his broker. 'You have n't been thinking of selling me out — after all the business I've given you?'

Cargan nodded.

Incredulity, horror, resolve, passed over Waldron's face. 'You cannot! It's impossible!' he said firmly.

The assertion in his tone was irritating. 'What's goin' to stop us?' Cargan asked coolly; shoved his hands into his pockets, and puffed clouds from his cigar.

Different worlds of imagination revolved in the two men's minds. Theophilus Waldron thought of the children, and of his father the governor, and of the family pride. Sudden poverty was as bad as disgrace. 'I did n't mean it that way,' he answered hurriedly. 'I'm in temporary difficulties. My house is mortgaged. I've borrowed money from my wife — and other places.' — He was too proud to add, 'This is confidential.' — 'My boy's just entered college, my girl's just come out. It is n't just the money —' a gush of emotion reddened his face — 'You've got to pull me through, Cargan. It's impossible; it's out of the question for me to break now!'

But Cargan was remembering how he lost his job in the department store and could n't pay the rent. When *he* was kicked out, nobody said it was impossible! Nobody said it was impossible when they went into the top of a

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tenement! The contrast made him bitter; but it was the thought that he had never felt it to be impossible, the inescapable inferiority always forced upon him in the presence of Waldron, which roused his temper.

'Business is business, Mr. Waldron,' he said curtly. 'Ab-so-lute-ly, we won't take the risk.'

They were rattling through coal-sheds and grain-elevators at the edge of a town. Waldron got up stiffly and carefully brushed the cinders from his coat.

'This is Bloomfield, I think,' he said coldly. 'I'm meeting my family here. Mr. Cargan, there are considerations above business.' His voice failed a little. 'This is a matter of life and death.'

Cargan had heard that bluff before. 'What d' you mean?' he grunted.

Mr. Waldron was staring fixedly out of the window. 'I mean,' he faltered, 'that I may not be able to stand up under it.' And then his voice resumed its desperate certainty. 'I mean, sir, that what you propose is impossible. I mean that ab-so-lute-ly you cannot sell me out.' He bowed and felt his way down the corridor.

'I can't, can't I!' Cargan flung after him; then jerked a sheet from the telegraph pad in the rack beside him and wrote: *Sell out Waldron noon tomorrow unless 5000 collateral.* 'Something'll drop for you, old boy,' he growled, addressed the telegram to his partner, and gave it to the porter.

Outside, Cargan heard a burst of merry voices and saw Waldron hurried away by two laughing girls to an automobile waiting with a trunk strapped behind it. Mrs. Waldron followed. She was a stiff woman, a little faded, quietly dressed. Her face was troubled, and when they reached the motor, she caught her husband's elbow gently as if to ask him something, but he merely nodded and turned her glance toward Cargan's window. She bowed and smiled very sweetly in his direction, and Cargan smiled sourly in return. Then the children hustled the old folks into the tonneau and they were off, just as the train started.

Cargan felt hardly used. 'A man's got to look out for himself,' he thought angrily. 'Business is business — that's the thing for him to remember. "It's im-possible"!' Nevertheless, in self-defense he began to calculate what it might have cost to carry the account, until the appalling magnitude of the risk shut off the discussion. 'The darned old self-confident aristocrat!' he murmured, working himself up into a fury. 'Thinks he can bluff me, but he'll find out what's impossible, believe *me*.' Then he dispelled his irritation by a cocktail and hurried into the diner.

He snored in his berth while the train ran out farther and farther upon the great Kansas plain; slept while signs of culture disappeared one by one, and arose in the midst of an endless, unfamiliar world of grass. When he sat down in the diner for his morning meal, the great wheel of the horizon rimmed round his little train without a notch on the perfect circle; over night the outer world had changed, but he was absorbed in fitting his choices into a sixty-cent breakfast.

The train stopped quickly and firmly, and lay dead upon the prairie.

'Eccentrics or hot-box,' said the man who jumped off the step beside him. 'Nothing much else goes wrong with an engine nowadays. What is it, Bill?'

And the conductor, looking about him to see that no more passengers were within earshot, answered, 'Eccentrics — two hours anyway.'

Cargan flung his cigarette on the ground. 'I'll miss my connection at

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Hay Junction!' he protested. 'I've gotta be in Hamden this afternoon.'

'Walk then,' said the conductor stolidly. 'It's only ten miles from here straight across.'

There was no house in sight, no road, nothing but the dead train, the new land of endless shimmering prairies, and, beyond the ditch, a single horseman looking curiously at the long cars and the faces strained against the glass of the windows.

'Say, you!' Cargan called, 'can you get an auto anywhere here?'

The figure looked at him impassively, then shook its dusty head.

'Or a team?'

It shook its head again.

'Or a — horse?' Cargan hesitated. He had never ridden a horse.

A sudden gleaming idea shot across the man's solemn features. He slid off his pony and led him nearer the ditch.

'Say —' he suddenly became voluble, — 'you said you wanted to get to Hamden. Well, if you'll make it five plunks, and give me your ticket, you can take this horse, an' I'll go round by train. Say — do you want to?'

Cargan was tempted. All you had to do was to stick on.

'What'll I do with my suitcase?'

'Gimme it to take for you. I guess it ain't worth more 'n my horse.'

They helped him on, and pointed out the dim line of telephone poles which marked a road a mile beyond. He walked his horse onward, not daring to trot, struck the dusty highway, rode on over an imperceptible roll of the plains, and was alone on a vast bare earth, naked as when born from the womb of time.

Plover swung up before him with melancholy cries. A soft haze rose from the plains. They grew more vast, more endless. In the north, a white cloud-mass piled itself up and up until it seemed as if it might topple over upon the flat world beneath. He had never before, looked at the country except as real estate, never seen the plains, and a curious new sense of the bigness of the earth oppressed him. He felt very small and very mean. The humiliation of his spirits was a novel feeling and an unpleasant one; he tried to hum it away: —

> Just wait till I strike Broadway
> And watch me with the girls,
> For I'm the man that invented it —
> The hair that always curls.

His harsh voice in the stillness was ridiculous — even to him — but when he stopped singing the silence flowed over him as a stream that had been held back. The sky was enormous; he was only a speck on the vast floor. As he plodded on and on and on through the dust, he began to grow dizzy from the glare and the heat. He could not collect his thoughts for business. A curious sense of weakened identity perplexed him, and his head was full of drifting pictures — Waldron's face among them. That face lingered. He saw him looking vaguely out of the car window — saying that he could n't stand up under it — that it was 'impossible.' He wondered if it was a bluff, after all. The face faded away leaving a dull pity behind it, a struggling remorse. Cargan shifted uneasily in his saddle, and tried to think of business. But instead of business queer childish ideas began floating in and out of his mind, accompanied by words remembered from Sundays in his boyhood. He was alone with God. God saw into his heart. A little nervous shiver ran over him, and when he checked it with a laugh there followed a wave of superstitious emotion.

A low wave of the prairies had hidden from him a little house and barn standing crudely new against the sky in the distance. Tiny figures were moving behind the buildings, and a dust

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cloud rose from the highway in front. Cargan suddenly became conscious of his appearance — his serge suit, his straw hat, his awkward seat in the saddle. The loneliness of the plains had shaken his usual self-assurance.

'Maybe they'll think I stole this horse. Guess I'll go round,' he said aloud; jerked his steed from the road into the grass, and urged him into a trot. Instantly he found himself beaten and jolted like a ship in a tempest. He lost a stirrup, he slipped sidewise on the saddle; then in a panicky fright he began to shout and saw at the bit. Frightened by the voice and the thunder of hoofs, a chaparral cock darted from beneath the horse's nose. It was enough to make the beast swerve, then toss his head, and in a panic madder than his rider's, break into a run and dash unrestrainably onward. Cargan, numb with fright, leaned over his neck and wound his hands in the mane. The speed sickened him. The flat earth swung beneath, the sky swam dizzily. He did not dare to pull on the reins; he could only hold on grimly and shut his eyes. Once he slipped, and, screaming, saw for an instant a blur of grass before he could pull himself back to safety. And then the speed increased, the sweaty shoulders labored beneath him, and his senses whirled.

He did not note how far they ran; but at last came a slower motion; a gallop; and then a trot. Weak from exhaustion, he was bumped from the saddle, and found himself clutching and kicking with both arms around his horse's neck. Flinging himself outward, he rolled over on the soft ground, and lay groaning on the prairie. The well-trained horse stopped and began to graze; he too was quivering with fatigue, but his fright was over. The sun was burning near the zenith. The world again was empty, and this time there was no road.

Cargan was lost.

When he recovered a little, he caught the horse, and, too shaken to mount him, limped on, leading him by the bridle, in what direction he did not know. Pangs of hunger and faintness assailed him. The awful loneliness chilled him through in spite of the blaze of heat and light. He remembered stories of men who had wandered on the prairie, round and round in an endless circle, until they had gone crazy and blown out their brains. A profound pity for himself stirred him. Never had he so felt the need of humanity, of human aid. He would have given a hundred dollars to be walking up Main Street, with the boys calling to him from Rooney's cigar store, and the world where it was yesterday.

Just in front a little calf stumbled to its feet and ran toward them, mooing piteously. It, too, was lost. Cargan stroked its nostrils, and a sympathy for all suffering things flowed through his heart. He thought with a shudder of Waldron, pacing somewhere like himself, alone, lost, helpless, his pride gone. In his awakened imagination, he saw him wandering nearer and nearer the fatal act. 'He'll shoot himself. I ought to done something,' he whispered, with a sudden rush of unfamiliar emotion; and all the sentiment in his nature heaved and struggled to the light.

A cow lowed somewhere beyond them; his horse pricked up his ears, and the calf ambled off in the direction of the sound. Cargan limped after hurriedly, leading his horse. A hundred yards brought them to the edge of a slight bowl in the plains, with a little moisture around which pewees were flying, and his heart leaped to see beside it a tiny house of unpainted boards. Wires stretched from one window, along the depression which led westward, until they disappeared in the endless hori-

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zon, and, as he paused to survey, a sharp bell rang.

'Hello, is that Annie?' came faintly across the silence.

He looked at his watch, and saw that it was only eleven. 'I'll talk to Casey about Waldron,' he said guiltily. Relief for his escape, and still more the hush of that enormous plain, the solemnity of the great and shining sky, filled him with high and noble thoughts.

'Say, is Hamden near here?' he asked of a slim woman in a gingham dress who appeared at the door.

She nodded.

'And say, can I use your telephone?'

She hesitated, looking him over, then motioned him incuriously to the stool behind the pine table. Solitude seemed to have made her unready of speech. He called Cargan & Casey, then waited fidgeting. Silence invaded the little kitchen. The clock ticked in a hush; the chickens droned in whispers; the woman herself worked over the stove with slow fingers, moving the kettles gently. Cargan & Casey were 'busy.' He fumed for an instant, then gave his own home number.

'It's Jim,' he said, and heard his wife's carol of surprise. He could see her tiptoeing at their telephone. 'I'm all right,' he shouted in response to her eager words; and the thought of their little sitting-room, and the kids playing behind her, warmed his blood. 'I got run away with on the plains, but I'm all right — ' Her frightened ejaculation thrilled him with loving pride — 'honest I am.' And then suddenly a wave of generous emotion mounted to his head. 'Martha,' he called quickly, — 'tell Casey not to sell out Waldron — tell him right away. I'll explain to-morrow.' The connection roared and failed. He hung up the instrument. The quiet room, the gently moving woman, the immensity without, rushed back on his sight. Exhilarated, clear-hearted, looking heaven in the face, he asked the necessary questions, mounted his horse and pushed onward.

Hamden was already a blotch upon the horizon. 'Say, it's great to get into a *big* country,' he murmured, lifted his bare head to the free air, and in a curious exaltation of mind rode on dreamily. He noticed the flowers in the coarse grass, watched the wild doves flying with their quick, strong wing-beats, and swung his eye joyfully around the blue horizons that receded until one felt the curve and pitch of the world.

The mood lasted until Cargan reached the first straggling houses of the village street, so that he entered upon the rutty highway between dirt sidewalks with regret, as one whose holiday was ending. He scarcely noticed the loiterers who stared at him, nor thought of his streaked face, his trousers split at the knee, his hat lost on the wild ride.

But as he plodded onward the atmosphere of town had its effect. His eye began to take note of the size of the shops glittering under their false fronts, the new houses behind rows of stiff young trees, the number and make of automobiles. His subconsciousness grasped the financial level of Hamden, although his thoughts were still in the wide spaces of the plains. A boy ran out from the sidewalk to sell him a paper. He stuck it in his side pocket, and suddenly began to feel like a man of this world again. 'Say, sonny,' he called; 'who sells land in this burg? — Dubell — John Dubell? — Thanks.' He went more and more slowly.

A drug-store, blazing with marble and onyx in the afternoon sun, made Cargan's dry throat wrinkle with thirst. He pulled his horse toward that side of the street. There was a row of customers along the soda-water counter, and through the open windows came

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scraps of conversation: two boys were teasing each other about a girl; a group of men were talking auctions, options, prices, real estate. He drank their talk in greedily, with a pang of homesickness and a rush of returning common sense. Dismounting stiffly, he tied his horse, and stood for an instant on the cement pavement, feeling his dirt and tatters, wondering if they would throw him out for a bum. Then he slid inside the door, and ordered a chocolate soda.

The clerk was reading the paper while he juggled the milk-shakes. Cargan, carefully concealing his torn trousers, climbed a stool, and began to look back upon the vagaries of the day with sullen wonder. He brushed furtively at the caked dust on his legs, remembering, irritably, the elegance of Waldron, whom he had saved. In the mirror of the soda fountain he saw himself, torn, dirty, shrinking, and the sight filled him with disgust and anger. He felt as ridiculous as when he had come out with a glass too much from the Stoneham bar, and tripped over the steps of the main entrance. 'Gimme a cigar,' he called to the boy at the magazine counter, bit off the end, lit it, and began to think business.

The clerk, swirling a cataract of milk from glass to glass, revealed the inner sheet of the paper propped before him. Cargan read beneath his arm the full-page advertisement of a land sale — the land sale he had come through all this tomfoolery to reach. His eyes bulged as he saw that they were going to throw a thousand acres on the market. 'Good gosh,' he gulped inwardly, 'what a chance!' It was a sure thing for the man with the money.

The last of his fine sentiments evaporated. Except for Waldron he could have scooped it all in; but now four hundred was all he dared touch, — and perhaps not that. Raging against his softness back there on the plains, which seemed a hardly recognizable world, he ground his teeth, and coughed and choked over his soda. Soft-headed donkey! The reaction was complete. Suddenly a little thought no bigger than a minute arose in one corner of his brain, and spread, and spread. He looked furtively at the clock over the clerk's head, and saw that it was only half past two. With guilty deliberation he rose and walked slowly toward the door of the telephone booth, keeping back from full consciousness just what he was about to do. Then he slammed himself within, and shouted Casey's address to the operator. As he waited, his wrath mounted. 'What in heck was the matter with me anyway!' He smoked furiously in the stifling box.

'Go ahead,' said the operator; — and, at the word, 'Hey there, Casey,' he yelled at the dim voice on the wires, 'I've gotta have five thousand quick! Sell that Benningham Common — yes, Waldron's.' At the name his anger broke loose. 'The old high-brow tried to bluff me. What!! —' The connection failed and left him gasping.

'What! Sold it! He told you to! — No, I dunno anything about a court decision. Up 15 points on a merger! Well what do you think —' He gulped down the sudden reversal and felt for words. 'Say, tell him —' he licked his lips — 'tell him I'm sure glad I saved him. — I'm sure glad.'

The wires roared again, — and Cargan, putting down the receiver grinned shamefacedly into the dirty mirror. But gradually a sense of conscious virtue began to trickle pleasantly through his veins. 'I'm sure glad,' he repeated more vigorously, 'Carryin' him to-day was what did it.' A vision of Mrs. Waldron's happy face rose to bless him; the exhilaration of the morning coursed back into his heart, with a comfortable feeling of good business about

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it. He felt better and better. From somewhere a saying floated into his head: 'Doing good unto others is the only happiness.' 'By heck, that's true,' he commented aloud and sat smoking peacefully, his mind aglow with pleasant thoughts.

The bell whirred raucously. He saw that he had forgotten to replace the receiver, and putting it to his ear caught Casey's voice again: —

'Say, Carg, Jim Smith's in the office, and won't leave till he's heard from you. Montana Pacific's off two points more. Say, do you want to carry *him?* He says he's done for if you sell him out.'

A fire of indignation rushed through Cargan. 'What d' you think I am — a damned philanthropist?' he yelled. 'Sell out the old gambler! Sell him out!' And he hung up.

FUTURIST MANNERS

I SOMETIMES marvel, among other causes for marvel, which seem to multiply with increasing years, at the myth regarding successive generations as standing for a certain sympathy in taste and in conviction. As the years go on, one is supposed to link one's arm more and more closely into that of one's own generation, marching on more bravely for being in step, glad of a companion whose stride measures up with one's own, when all before and all after seem to obey a different music. As a matter of fact, for many years I have been searching for my generation, and nowhere can I find it. No quest of olden time could have been more elusive. Where shall one discover the philosopher's stone? In what remote corner lay one's finger upon the will-o'-the-wisp? Where shall one find one's generation?

We grow older in diversely selective fashion, in our tangled human progress, the parts that change, the parts that stay stable, seldom coinciding with those of friend and relative. Hence it comes to pass that one has no exact contemporaries, merely shadowy companions whom one encounters at scattered instants, only to see them flit to far distances. An old friend, looking before and after, torn this way and that, comes to seem, to one whose choices are different, a conglomerate of his forbears and of his descendants. He who sides one moment with his great-grandfather, the next with his great-great-grandchild, is a hard person to meet in any of those alleged trysting-places of middle age, where a generation takes counsel with itself, and makes a certain stand between the old and the new.

This may account for my vast loneliness when I gaze at futurist things, — futurist pictures, futurist literature, futurist statues, futurist dances, upon one or another of which most of my supposed contemporaries look with complacency. I, who would repel with just indignation the suggestion that I had passed the time of growth, and had become hard and dry and unreceptive; who would claim that I wish to hold only that which was best in the past, while waiting for anything fine and new that the future has to offer, stand

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lost in uncomprehending dismay at much of the spectacle of life before me. Most dismayed of all am I in witnessing what I may perhaps designate as futurist manners, the new rough-and-tumble ways of our young, which have so little charm to my eyes, for I fail to share the approving mood of my contemporaries, their fond mothers and adoring fathers. What do the new tendencies mean? Is human nature here, like art, 'recapturing its own essential madness?'

Our sons and daughters look odd to me when fully clad for athletics, and act as oddly. Something of the wild striding of the athletic field, the leaping, gyrating, hand-springing tendency is carried by stalwart, bare-headed youth of both sexes into urban districts, street and mart echoing to the whistles and the ringing cheers of our young men and maidens alike. There is a swiftness and dash, one might almost call it an automobile manner, in their steady stride forward with no regard for obstacles. Recently I saw an old lady of eighty, one whose slender frailty clearly proclaimed her age, totter from the sidewalk to the gutter as she met a group of three young women abreast, striding as one. They were well groomed, more 'gently dressed,' however, than 'gently bred,' if I may use the words of a quaint old friend of mine. Apparently there was to them nothing unusual in the spectacle, and they went swinging on their way, while the old lady, wearing a look of joy, as if all that she claimed as her due lay in escaping destruction, climbed triumphantly back to the sidewalk. The scene has become a haunting, symbolic memory, an allegory of contemporary youth and age.

Just how far the new manners coincide in principle with other futurist things would be hard to say, but from subway stations, entrances to lecture halls, from the aimless hurry and struggle of theatre exits, comes many a memory suggestive of 'the malcoherence aforethought of the impressionist writer.' Particularly upon the board walks of New England, — a great revealer of character, whether associated with academic institutions, sea-shore resorts, or suburban towns, — does one become aware of tendencies more than futurist, verging on cubist; for, when several maidens with intertwined arms bear heavily down, striking one in the shoulder with no word of apology, it is as if one had met a cubist picture face to face, and bore upon one's person the marks of the contact.

It was at a lecture on the new movement in art that the likeness first struck me. The speaker was warming to his subject, when a futurist maiden, in a futurist skirt (no small feat in that costume), stepped over a high wooden partition that separated her from a desired seat. 'The new movement,' the lecturer was saying, 'bears witness to the inner need of every man to express himself.' Our new manners, like the new pictures, are also impressionist, subjective, and show us similarly unaware of the shapes and contours of the outer world; hence, many a bruise, many a strained muscle, many a trodden toe.

In contemporary conduct, as in modern art, we are aware of reaction from old standards, based upon considerations of general welfare, to an individualistic standard where, as the lecturer on futurist pictures said, it is 'the duty of every man to strike out for himself.' In life as in art this need of immediate self-expression is too often gratified at the expense of the laws of beauty and of order. The new pictures 'render directly the vibration or rhythm of life.' So does a herd of stampeding cattle; so do our sons and daughters in the city streets. The futurist and post-impressionist pictures mean 'a direct

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response to certain stimuli,' we are told. Yes, but there are stimuli and stimuli, and the history of our civilization is but the history of our attempts to decide to which stimuli it is wise to respond. Alas, in regard to the new manners as in regard to the new pictures I stand confessed as one who fails to comprehend 'in the first shock of contact,' and so will forever fail!

It is especially with reference to womankind that I find the new tendencies in manner most trying. 'There *h*is n't the slightest doubt about it; might is right,' quoted an imperialistic deck-steward, overheard on a recent voyage. It may be true, though I 'ha' ma doots'; and even if true, I should hate to see it become the slogan of embattled womankind. What meaning will the term 'gentlefolk,' particularly 'gentlewomen,' have for future generations? Probably it will suggest an extinct species that died out in the process of the survival of the fittest. It is here that I part company with my generation; we are all conservatives and progressives at such odd angles that a mad geometrician would be as necessary to express us as to express The Procession, Seville, or The Dance at the Spring.

Those among my contemporaries who agree with me in questioning the manners of our daughters of to-day are precisely the ones who disagree with me in thinking that women should be allowed to use their minds, if they have them, in any way they can. I have known learned gentlewomen so exquisitely fine in manner that I can but believe that it would be possible to hold fast the older standards in regard to conduct and bearing, while permitting the wider opportunity in occupation and achievement. In other words, the athletic and the intellectual development of women do not seem to me inextricably connected in ideal theory as they are in practice. But eager as I am for the fuller intellectual life, I should rather go back to even eighteenth-century conditions than to have my sex make up so large a part of The Rude descending a Staircase.

I should promptly deny any insinuation that I am unprogressive; the fear of being unprogressive, by the way, is the one feeling in which all members of all generations now meet and agree. But I have uneasy moments of remembering, what I think many of our leaders are forgetting, that rapidity of motion and progress are not after all synonymous. One learns many things as a child in the country, and old memories of coasting remind me now and then that swiftness characterizes not ascent but descent, — the swiftest progress of all being down hill.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE HUMAN SATURATION-POINT

If a solute or soluble substance is dissolved in water or other solvent, a point is often reached that indicates that the limit of solubility has been attained, and that is called the saturation-point. The solvent cannot take up any more. Now in our relations with one another we often find that we behave as if we were solvents, and show by our saturation-points the measure of good things that we can take up or dissolve. If I do you a favor and you reward me equitably for it, and we maintain an equilibrium of favor and reward, we may, after the manner of chemists, express the situation in this way: —

My favors to you = your rewards to me.

You may reward me in greater measure than my favor deserves, and I may be able to take up or dissolve a great deal of such reward from you and be the better for it. But the chances are that I have a saturation point, and if your reward goes beyond it I shall show a precipitate, and then I cease to be the clear solution that I was. Then I am super-saturated, — and injured. Perhaps I can best explain this by the story of a man named Hans whom I had in my employ once, in a chemical factory.

Hans was a remarkably efficient workman. He had a good head, was diligent, faithful, and interested in his work. In fact, Hans was a jewel. I paid him two dollars a day. This was back in the early eighties, and two dollars was better pay then than it is now.

Hans's job was caring for a kettle, and he did it exceedingly well. The melt in his kettle nearly always came out right because he watched the thermometers carefully and knew how to manage the fire underneath. Then, too, if anything went wrong he was alert to observe it, and he would come and tell me at the first sign of disorder, instead of waiting, as some of the other men had done, until several hundred dollars' worth of material was spoiled. Then I gave him two kettles and a helper and raised his pay to $2.25 a day. The results justified my happiest expectations. Then I gave him four kettles to look after and $2.50 a day. Results were still better. In time he became gang foreman, in charge of all the kettles, and his wages were $3.00 a day. He used his judgment to good advantage. My troubles with the kettles almost ceased. There was a little more work in that department which required some attention to temperatures. It was not arduous and demanded but a little time occasionally. We discussed the problem, he was certain that he could look after it easily, and made one or two valuable suggestions. So I made him department foreman at $3.25 a day.

That last quarter of a dollar spoiled him! Straightway his conceit knew no bounds, he bullied the men under him, assumed a false dignity, would listen to no advice, knew everything better — and the finish was painful.

Across the street, in another department, Charlie went to pieces on slighter promotion.

Hans reached his saturation-point at $3.25 a day; Charlie at $2.50.

The illustration may not be a happy one; perhaps in managing my men I

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missed some principles of psychology which, duly applied, would have avoided the trouble. But I think the example holds; each reached his saturation-point — not in money necessarily, but in responsibility and reward.

The saturation-point, as we are calling it, is peculiar in this respect: we rarely observe it in ourselves although it becomes immediately patent to every one else. Now the world is full of super-saturated people. The sudden accession of wealth is the occasion of its frequent display. Access of responsibility often causes it. A prosperous or socially favorable marriage super-saturates many women, and it does the same to many men. When any one gets what is known in slang as 'the big head' he has passed his saturation-point. It is more frequently reached by master or mistress than by man or maid, but none of us is free from the possibility of it. The impertinence of others is often not their own fault, but rather our own unconscious bumptiousness — the normal human reaction against super-saturation.

The man who struts about declaring that ingratitude is the one thing he will not brook, is almost certain to have passed his point, and his call for gratitude is more often than not the cry of his own vanity for appreciation of merit that he lacks. It would seem that excess of reward sets something askew in the human mechanism. The megalomania that follows it manifests itself occasionally only on the social side, leaving the mind as clear to administer affairs as ever it was; but more often super-saturation affects more than our manners, it affects our character. At times it is ruinous. The very best of us go to pieces under it. Successful institutions are often the graves of the reputations of the men who made them; of their real creators who conceived the ideas, organized, and worked with inspiration and unceasing effort to bring about success and then, somewhere in the process, all-unexpectedly, reached their saturation-points. Then they proceeded to follow in the way of Hans.

What happens to such a man or woman? Is it a pathological process? Is some poison secreted which produces this megalomania? The creature who has passed his saturation-point is not the same as he was before. He loses patience, he thinks only of himself in relation to his work, his attention to the opinions and advice of others is inhibited, he ceases to acknowledge that he makes mistakes; and the very leader whom you have been depending upon, supporting, defending and encouraging, turns out to be inefficient and inadequate. It is a veritable tragedy; and it is constantly occurring.

We find it in politics often. The once inspiring leader is likely to change his whole nature as soon as his saturation-point of praise is reached, and to degenerate into a selfish boss or a demagogue. The man of ideals closes his mind and becomes a common scold. It almost seems as if it were not good to be fully rewarded, because the least excess — and who can measure rewards with justice? — will weigh in the balances against us and then up we go, off the earth, into the air; and so into the windmill region.

It does indeed seem odd to think of an employee cautioning his employer against paying him too great a reward lest he reach his saturation-point; nevertheless, we should all beware of great rewards, for danger lurks in them.

The professions are full of examples of this, and so is the business world. Labor leaders are often the unconscious victims of severe attacks of the malady, and it occasionally occurs that all parties to an arbitration of a labor dispute are afflicted at the same time. Then

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the poor go hungry, and dividends cease. As soon as a man's reward is too great or as soon as his job is too big for him, whether because of increasing complexities of his task or because he decreases in efficiency, the saturation-point is at hand. He may go to pieces in a nervous break-down, but usually the first symptom is his denial that his administration is open to criticism, and, out of sheer weakness, he closes his mind. Then come impatience and irascibility, — and the first person singular enters into his soul.

The ability to remain both sober and gracious under high reward or great responsibility is a quality that we greatly admire in others. To retain a simple and open mind after doing something that is acknowledged to be of merit is one of the rarest accomplishments of sanity. It makes for pleasantness in abundant measure.

Indeed it does more than this: it makes living possible, paves the way to success, begets good will, conquers hatred and uncharitableness; in short, it is the substance of comity, the evidence of grace, and the proof of a large mind that is sane.

Some of us begin to develop when rewards come. We peg away at our jobs, none too graciously, perhaps, until others begin to admire. Under this stimulus some of us ripen into exceptionally good citizens, fine, and of great benefit to the world we live in. But even those of us who have achieved great merit are not invulnerable. The hallucination that we are something that we are not, or are entitled to more than our deserts, or that our judgment is the only righteous and sound judgment, is the sign that the point of saturation has been passed.

It is, indeed, a kind of mild insanity, and we shall do well to guard against it. It is very wide-spread, and many of us are in the throes of it now.

ROMANCE AND THE BUDGET

When Valeria approached me the other day on the subject of finances among the married, I was amused. I suggested that she should write to one of those publications which in settling the problems of all women manage to settle the hash of most men.

'There's sure to be a special column in any one of them,' I said, 'particularly devoted to such aspects of married life. Now I think of it, I'm sure I've seen one, conducted by "Dodona." Write to Dodona, and you'll get an answer within two months — sooner, if you enclose an addressed, stamped envelope. And there will also be articles by contributors who have suffered.'

'Rot!' sighed Valeria. Then, grinning, 'I know what you mean: "How I Dressed My Family of Six in Paper Bags"; "A Complete Trousseau from the Ten-Cent Store"; "Agate-Ware in Household Decoration."'

'You've been reading them,' I commented.

'I?' exclaimed Valeria. 'Never!' But she blushed.

'It all comes to this,' said Valeria. 'I wish I had a *dot*.'

'We all do,' I assented.

'No, but any old *dot*,' she sighed. 'Why I knew personally — and to my impoverishment — a street-beggar in Tours who gave his daughter a dowry of ten thousand francs when she married.'

'Maurice will be amply able to support you,' I rejoined very conventionally.

'That is n't the point, and you know it.' And Valeria changed the subject.

It was not the point. I did know it; and therefore I let her change the subject.

It is by no means my intention to enter on statistics or to offer advice on the vexed question of the proper

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apportionment between two people, or among six, of any man's income. I have often been much interested, and not a little dismayed, by the immense amount of talk on the subject. It is not only the women's periodicals that go into it. I remember vividly an *Atlantic* article of some years ago, by the 'wife of a professor,' that more than touched on it; an article, by the way, that proved the value of the decimal system, inasmuch as without it the writer's family could hardly have kept their accounts at all. The temper of the author was admirable. But the temper of most of these articles is far from admirable, and points clearly to the fact that the woman writing either has, or is, a grievance.

Taken as a whole, they show a lamentable attempt to make marriage a contract after it has been entered into as a high adventure. If marriage is to be a contract at all, it would better be a contract at the beginning. But we know what all good Americans think of that theory. It goes with transatlantic marriages and coronets and debts and male cynicism and neglected innocence. We marry for love, and are almost shamelessly proud of it. That does not prevent our talking more about alimony than any of the races which dispose of that as of all other financial contingencies before anything has had a chance to go either right or wrong.

Laws are made, as everybody knows, for the people who are inclined to break them. They bear no relation whatever to the people who would never think of doing the prohibited thing. And when a woman says to me that she thinks the general attitude of men to the subject of family finances is quite wrong, I naïvely wonder why she is giving herself and her husband away. I should not be mentioning the matter in these pages at all, if the question were discussed only by the social non-entities who consult 'Dodona' as to their financial rights — not because I am a snob, but because some one might retort that 'ladies' are not troubled about their financial rights. Ladies are. I have known some curious and extreme cases among the very rich; and I have heard the question hinted at, tentatively discussed, vehemently decided in one way or another, in drawing-rooms that no one could call in question. And, as I say, the strange thing is that they never see how they are giving themselves away — not as being mercenary, or improvident, or incapable of making up their own minds, but as having missed completely the 'sacred terror.'

Yet the average happy wife in our romantic land, while she will own up to many things, will never confess that she and her husband could not have given points to Romeo and Juliet. Now, a *grande passion* can put up with almost anything and not notice it; it can even put up with keeping accounts. It can record with a fountain pen that dinner and the play, with attendant details, cost $8.65, though that looks as if one had bought pleasure at a department-store. The grande passion can do more: it can stop at home cheerfully if dinner and the play are too expensive. What the grande passion cannot do is to say, 'So much for you and so much for me.' Romeo is not disillusioned by the perception that he has less money to spend, now that he has married Juliet; and Juliet does not grow wistful because Romeo runs an account at the butcher's instead of at the florist's. It cannot be denied that Romeo sometimes regrets the account at the florist's, and that Juliet sometimes wishes that Romeo had not to pay her bills. But that is another matter. When, however, husband and wife begin to discuss an 'allowance,' they are already a long way

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from Arcady. Let Romeo and Juliet arrange their budget as they will — arranging a budget might be a very pretty nursery game—so long as arranging it is, for them, part of the high humor of life. When they come to it with grim faces, or when either accuses the other of inconsiderateness or extravagance, it is time to call in the Apothecary.

What Valeria said about the *dot*, none the less, set me to thinking. I had always held, in a vague way, that the French did things much better than we. I do not mean that I have ever believed in 'loveless marriages.' But if one marries for love, and love goes, there is nothing left; whereas a marriage of convenience can usually fall back on the convenience. The reason why I object to the eternal consulting of 'Dodona' is that we show ourselves as marrying for love and yet regretting the convenience. That is inconsistent of us. Valeria ought not to be worrying about diverting Maurice's funds to her own legitimate uses — if only because Maurice would be so distressed. Yet Valeria cannot very well help it; and even Maurice would probably be glad if Valeria had a *dot* — if only because it would keep her from worrying about his possible privations. Absurd mistakes will result from this delicacy; and in the end the blunderers will probably find that delicacy would better, at a certain point, give way to frankness. Otherwise, they will both be saddled with plans and possessions which each loathes, but which each had somehow got the impression that the other fantastically wanted.

All this, however, is not the habit of the women who consult Dodona; or who generalize after dinner while the men are smoking in the library. Still less, apparently, is it the habit of their husbands. I am not speaking, at the moment, of extravagant women or miserly men. Perhaps what I have most vividly in mind is the earnest couple who submit everything to ethical considerations, and decide, year by year, the precise amount that shall go for clothes, books, amusements, and charities; the couple who solve the vexed question of financial equality by decreeing that the wife shall dole out the amusement money and the husband the money for books; and that like sums, to a penny, shall go for their respective wardrobes. It is the righteous people with a sturdy economic consciousness who most appall me; the people who try every solution under heaven (like Mrs. Peterkin when she had put salt in her coffee) except the instinctive and spontaneous one of the common purse. Politically, they may be right; but sentimentally they are monsters. I quite see the point of an undowered woman's hesitating to consider her husband's purse common — I have privately a great deal of sympathy with Valeria. Naturally, any woman would prefer to be able to make Portia's little speech to her *fiancé*. But frankly, I find most wives quite convinced that their services as housekeepers and companions (they never seem to consider that housekeepers are not very dear, and that when they are with their husbands, they, too, are getting companionship) entitle them to half of the family income. Either the particular woman is unreasonable, or she has been humiliated. In either case, a *dot* would immensely help; and Dodona, or her upper-class equivalent, the intimate female friend, would be relieved.

I am not praying that the marriage of convenience may supplant the romantic marriage. But I should like to suggest that *fiancés* not authentically from Verona arrange their budget before they marry. They will not welcome the suggestion, for it is part of

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our modern hypocrisy that we all pretend to be from Verona. We are sentimental snobs, and would rather die than have Lady Kew in the family. But I should like also to point out to the pretenders that in the real Verona there is no Dodona — and no budget.

RAVELINGS

DESPITE long delving in old French memoirs, it is only recently that I have come upon references to a curious mania for *parfilant* — unraveling. Where that occurred in a narrative, the blind spot in my eye or brain evidently came into action. Since I took to yarning myself, however, I must some time have 'stayed to look down to Camelot' with the penalty of catching this glimpse of chivalrous *parfilage*, until now I resemble nothing so much as Mrs. Hawthorne's drawing of the Lady of Shalott, twisted and bound and meshed about in ravelings.

In this fashionable folly of the eighteenth century, ladies spent their time in separating from the silk on which it was twisted the gold thread of fabrics, fringes, tassels, and laces. Even the gold ornaments on men's coats were slyly snipped off and raveled, prompting the humorous Duke of York to the shabby trick of wearing counterfeit glitter. The supreme gallantry of the courtiers of Louis XV seemed to be to make gifts of gold to their lady-loves, fashioned forth in all sorts of forms, — hats, dolls, beds, chairs, mice, whole farmyards of fowl. The pretty trifles were admired for a day, then pitilessly cut up, raveled and sold, though the gold therefrom never amounted to a fourth of the price of the article. The Duc de Lauzun gave the Comtesse de Boufflers a harp which had cost more than a thousand pounds. His father, Gontaut, appeared at Chanteloup in a magnificent golden wig. Shouts of laughter greeted the blond Phœbus, and general admiration, after which he laid the wig at the feet of Madame de Choiseul. She in turn donned it, found it ravishing, installed herself at her toilet table, called her coiffeur, who came running and stood transfixed, comb in hand and mouth open, 'medusaed with surprise.'

Now, what could they have done with all the plebeian yarn from which the gold was untwisted? I have a fancy that some great discarded pile of it furnished forth material for those viragoes of the French Revolution, who knitted, knitted, knitted, while queen and ladies laid their proud heads on the block, raveling out 'their weaved-up follies.' It was to Madame Defarge that I owed my first nightmare. I had been engrossed in *A Tale of Two Cities*, reading it surreptitiously behind my schoolbooks and as far as possible into the evening. Then one night Madame took her post at my bedside, knitting, knitting, knitting, with hungry eyes upon me. In desperation I gathered the sheet from under me, wadded it into a ball and flung it at her. It hit a screen which in falling knocked a water pitcher to the floor, at the noise of which, seconded by family voices, Madame Defarge fled my chamber, murdering my sleep nevermore.

Indeed I woo sleep nowadays by conning over knitters, and especially ravelers, I have known. Penelope heads the list, — not only because of Shakespeare's delicious comment, that all the yarn she spun in her husband's absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths, but because so much of my own life is like hers, spent in doing and undoing what I would fain never do at all. I muse, too, upon my own mother, who once asked her little girl if she would like to learn to knit. The girl thought not, and the matter was not pressed. Instead, she told me how she herself

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was given no choice; how her unflinching grandmother used to set, and later scrutinize, the day's stint, and, finding the least unevenness, pull out the needles and ravel relentlessly. This great-grandmother kept a diary, — still extant, — in which I read that her grandfather as a boy watched from his home in Hadley the smoke of burning Deerfield, after the Indians had fired the village and carried the inhabitants captive into Canada. History knit up with such personal stitches can never be unraveled from one's memory.

What a different relationship existed between child and guardian, marking the modern milestone, in 'Oh, Christina.' The aunt, avid for the child's culture, promised that a moonlight boat-ride should follow the learning by heart of 'Lord Ullin's Daughter.' Christina did her part, but prayed for good weather, since she could not 'unlearn her pome.' In case of disappointment she would fain have done so; not an exclusively youthful attitude. Mrs. Transome, in *Felix Holt*, liked to insist that work done without her orders should be undone from beginning to end. One wishes she might have had to deal once with the tramp who, after pumping water into a waste trough for ten cents an hour, flung the last bucketful through the screen door of the kitchen, determined that some small part of his task should leave an appreciable result.

There is something in the very sound and motion of raveling that delights the child in me. To get hold of the master thread in a piece of chainstitch machine sewing, and pull and pull, and watch the seam fall apart, is music and pictures to me at one swoop; and I can understand that to ravel parfilage toys and wind up therefrom shining, salable gold was a delectable sensation, a very rhapsody of raveling. Well, I hear the reader say, when the gold is more precious than the fabric, ravel! To unlearn has been the motto of more than one. Alfieri nobly raveled out his twenty-five wasted years, beginning then with the crinkled yarn to knit up a sound fabric of knowledge and useful productiveness. Pater's and Stevenson's every page was the result of a liberal process of unraveling; and I suppose the very sorrow that ravels out some desire,

> And on the same foundation builds a higher,
> Hath more than joy for him who acquiesces.

Half the art of knitting seems to be the art of raveling, spending our funny heathen lives pulling out what we have done, in order to start it over, with finer needles and on a larger pattern and with more skilful, patient hands.

What I have no patience with is that passion for raveling which first requires useless toil of other persons. Nor do I believe in raveling out fine material just to prove that while the woof is gold the warp is cheap stuff; such ravelers ought to get only the warp for their pains. And I do not see what possible fun there is in trying to ravel Shakespeare into Bacon; or religion, which ought to unite us, into a tangled heap of discord; or conversation into twaddle; or music into ragtime; or apples of gold into coarse victuals; or the intellectual habits of college days into post-graduate lassitude. I deprecate so using present pleasures as to spoil future ones; I grieve over that *laissez faire* which lets valued friendships ravel out from mere weight of time and absence and carelessness; I hate the so-called sport which jiggles a neighbor's elbow as she works and then laughs over the fallen stitch.

Another illuminating fact which I have gleaned is that complicated stitches ravel out just as readily as does plain garter, Marianne standing no whit better chance of remaining intact in the tapestry of life than does plain

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Mary Ann. Indeed, Mary Ann often knows a commonplace backstitch which locks all raveling. Omar, 'many a knot unraveled by the road, but not the master knot of human fate.' A simpler knot than human fate baffles me, however. Tell me, dear fellow yarner, why one definition of ravel is to tangle, and the other is to untangle. *Do* never means *undo* — or stay — sometimes it does. But tell me, further, why ravel should mean unravel, and unravel should mean ravel. Had the orthographers of old been unraveling ropes of sand till the reversive became the intensive and the intensive the reversive? Or did they all belong to that famous family which spells its name Enraughty and pronounces it Darby?

A PROBLEM IN FAVORITISM

How do we come by our likes and dislikes in the minor animal domain? Walking through a hillside meadow in September, I became suddenly conscious that I was sweeping aside grasshoppers in a spirit of irritation, yet at nearly every step casting a look ahead to avoid treading upon a cricket. Why, as between these two saltatory insects, should I be constantly protecting the one and condemning the other? Mentioning the circumstance among a company of friends, I found that every one present shared my peculiar bent, but not one could account for it in himself. The theory of literary association was discarded when inquiry disclosed the fact that only three of us, and those the older members of the party, were familiar with the fable which represents the grasshopper as wasting all the summer in pleasure while the cricket takes its rightful part in the struggle for existence.

And where did the fable itself come from? Facts were made before fables, and the author of this one was not creating a prejudice, but only reflecting and embalming one already existing among the people of his day. Have the naturalists ever put on record any evidence that the grasshopper is really an idler and a parasite, or the cricket a self-respecting producer?

We set traps and spread poisons for rats, but we punish Tabby when she catches a squirrel. Why? Because the rat invades our dwellings and robs cellar and pantry, while the squirrel keeps aloof and confines his thieving to the fields and outbuildings? The distinction is not well taken. Both are conscienceless rogues, the essential difference between them being that the rat has the greater courage.

Is it a question of voice? The grasshopper has none, while the cricket appeals to us with her companionable little chirp. The rat is silent and stealthy except when terrified, and then emits a pathetic squeal; but the squirrel, from his safe lookout in a tree-top, chatters and scolds at us like any common shrew. And if there be a charm in the mere possession of a voice, why do we deplore the coming of the seventeen-year locust, which can outshrill the cricket sevenfold, and almost drown the clamor of an excited squirrel? Or why should we cherish the lady-bug while trying to exterminate the spider, neither of which can utter a sound?

What gives us our sense of loathing for the garden toad, demurely useful little neighbor that he has proved himself, while his second cousin the frog, who seems to do nothing but play the dandy and the braggart, is uniformly treated as a good fellow? If the toad gulped and croaked all night long, and made his home in slimy pools instead of in the melon-patch, would they reverse their present order in our esteem?

Does the trouble with one class of wilding creatures lie in the familiarity

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which breeds contempt? If it were the grasshopper, instead of the cricket, that warmed her toes at the kitchen hearth; if the squirrel intruded upon the family privacy while the rat affected only the hedgerows and stone-walls; and if the frog grew more affable and moved up into the hop-toad's habitat, should we find our emotions chilling toward the former objects of our partiality because we were treated to an overdose of their society?

We speak of the 'patient' snail, and love to watch him as he toils along, Arab-like, with his house on his back. The caterpillar, also patient and a crawler, arouses only the sentiment of disgust. Yet the snail remains all his life the plodding clod we see him today; whereas the instincts of the caterpillar impel him ever toward a finer and more glorious estate, in which he commands readily the admiration we are so reluctant to yield him when he is only in the stage of promise.

We wage war upon the bat, but encourage friendly relations wi h the woodpecker; yet of the two we are deeper in the bat's books for his beneficences. Is this inequity a matter of color? Does the gayety of the one inspire, and the sombreness of the other depress and repel us? Then to what shall we attribute the good-natured tolerance, and even interest, with which so many of us regard the black ant, and our abhorrence of his red kindred?

All this must point to something; but to what? In its outlook upon the lesser world, is the mind of man occupied by a faculty called reason, which is subject to the operation of definite laws; and if so, how do they explain such phenomena of attraction and repulsion as are typified in the cases I have cited? Or is a part of the mind simply set apart as a harbor for predilections and antipathies which defy any logical interpretation whatsoever?

LINES TO AN EDITOR

After reading 'Why Declined?' in The Contributors' Club for July.

SHALL I consolation find
When my manuscript's declined,
In the fact that I may read
'Not adapted to our need'?
Nay, 't is easier to flatter
Than to show me what's the matter.
Your rejection slip, forsooth,
Means (could I but know the truth),
'If this looks not good to me
What care I how bad it be?'

You're too bored to criticize,
So you tell your courteous lies;
You declare (it does you credit)
That you 'personally read it';
You 'are glad' (it sounds half-witted!)
'To read all manuscripts submitted.'
In such phrases you have sought
To disguise your secret thought:
'If this looks not good to me
What care I how bad it be?'

All your phrases debonair
Simply mean you do not care.
May there never come a season
When you'll give your real reason!
Kindly fibs I much prefer,
Go on telling them, dear Sir!
Thank me lots, as heretofore,
Never write me I'm a bore.
Mine is not a seeker's mind, —
Don't explain, please, 'why declined.'

If this makes a homeward trip,
Send your usual printed slip
With its kind appreciation:
'After due consideration' . . .
'We regret' . . . with subtle praise
In each dear familiar phrase;
All that's tactful and polite,
Only, prithee do not write
What you *really* think, i.e.,
'If this looks not good to me
What care I how bad it be?'

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